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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ON THE CYDNUS

INTERNATIONAL EDITION

The Complete Works of  
**William Shakespeare**

**W**ith historical and  
analytical Prefaces,  
Comments & Critical  
and Explanatory Notes,  
Glossaries & a Life of  
Shakespeare and  
a History of the early  
English Drama  
IN TWELVE VOLUMES  
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# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## Preface.

**The First Edition.** *Antony and Cleopatra* was first printed in the First Folio. It is mentioned among the plays entered by Blount in 1623 on the Stationers' Registers as "not formerly entered to other men." A play on the same subject was registered by the same publisher on May 20th, 1608; it was probably the present drama, but for some reason or other no Quarto was issued.

The text of the play, as printed in the First Folio, was probably derived from a carefully written manuscript copy, and is on the whole most satisfactory.

**The Date of Composition.** There is almost unanimity among scholars in assigning *Antony and Cleopatra* to 1607-8, i.e. during the year preceding the entry referred to above. This date is corroborated by internal and external evidence. Particularly striking are the results arrived at from the application of the metrical tests. In *Antony and Cleopatra* the Poet seems for the first time to have allowed himself the freedom of using the unemphatic weak monosyllables at the end of his lines—a characteristic peculiar to the plays of the Fourth Period.\* The rhyme test and the feminine ending test similarly stamp the play as belonging to the same late period.† So far as "date" of composition is concerned, *Antony and*

\* *Antony and Cleopatra* numbers 28 "weak endings"; *Coriolanus* 44, *Cymbeline* 52, *Winter's Tale* 43, *Tempest* 25, while *Macbeth* contains but 2 instances, *Hamlet* none; no play before *Antony* has more than 2; most of them have none at all.

† *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus* have each 42 rhymes.



*Cleopatra* links itself, therefore, with *Coriolanus* rather than with *Julius Cæsar*, with *Macbeth* rather than with *Hamlet*. The same is true of its "ethical" relations to these plays.\*

*Macbeth* III. i. 54-57 should be compared with *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. iii. 19-22; *Cymbeline*, II. iv. 69-73 with Act II. ii. 189-221; while the subject of *Timon* was in all probability suggested to the dramatist in reading for the present play (*vide* Preface to *Timon*).

**The Source of the Plot.** *Antony and Cleopatra* was directly derived from Sir Thomas North's famous version of Plutarch's "*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*," the book to which Shakespeare was indebted also for his *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and, to some extent, for *Timon of Athens* (*vide* Prefaces to these plays for Shakespeare's obligations to Plutarch). In the present play the dramatist follows the historian closely, but not to the same extent as in the former productions;† the glamour of the play is all the Poet's; the prose Life does not dazzle the reader; the facts of Cleopatra's history are those Shakespeare found in his original; the superb portraiture of the "enchanting queen" is among the great triumphs of the Poet's matured genius; "he paints her," wrote Campbell, "as if the gipsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil."

**Plays on the Subject of "Antony and Cleopatra."** *Cleopatra* has been among the most popular of subjects

\* The spiritual material dealt with by Shakespeare's imagination in the play of *Julius Cæsar* lay wide apart from that which forms the centre of the *Antony and Cleopatra*. Therefore the Poet was not carried directly forward from one to the other. But having in *Macbeth* studied the ruin of a nature which gave fair promise in men's eyes of greatness and nobility, Shakespeare, it may be, proceeded directly to a similar study in the case of Antony.

† A detailed analysis of the relation of *Antony and Cleopatra* to Plutarch's "*Life of Antony*" is to be found in Vol. XXI. of the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, contributed by Dr. Fritz Adler.

for the modern drama, and some thirty plays are extant, in Latin, French, Italian, and English, dealing with her fascinating story; the French dramatists contribute no less than sixteen items to the catalogue, starting with the *Cleopatre* of Jodelle, the first regular French tragedy. Two English productions preceded Shakespeare's play, Lady Pembroke's *Antonic*, translated from Garnier, and Dannel's companion drama *Cleopatra* (1594) called forth by the former:—

"thy well-graced Anthony  
(Who all alone remained long)  
Required his Cleopatra's company."

Dryden's "*All for Love*." Dryden's "*All for Love*;" or, *The World Well Lost*," "written in imitation of Shakespeare's style" (pub. 1678, 1692, 1709, 1709) was his author's favourite production.—"the only play he wrote for himself"; its popularity was great; and the older critics were fond of praising its regularity and poetic harmony, though they generously recognized that it fell short of his first model in fire and originality (cf. Dancer's *Bibliographia Dramatica*). It held the stage for a century, and has in all probability been acted ten times oftener than Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra*. Campbell avouched this fact as a proof of Hurdland's neglect of Shakespeare as a disgrace to British taste. "Dryden's *Man of Honour* is a weak volunary from first to last.

A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Shakespeare's Anthony, while an ordinary woman could have enslaved Dryden's hero."

**Duration of Action.** The Time of the Play, as represented on the stage, covers twelve days, with intervals:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i, ii, iii. *Interval of twenty days.* Day 2, Act I. Sc. iv; Act II. Sc. i, ii, iii. Day 3, Act II. Sc. iv. *Interval.* Day 4, Act II. Sc. v and vi. [Act III. Sc. iii.] *Interval.* Day 5, Act III. Sc. i and ii. *Interval.* Day 6, Act III. Sc. iii, and iv. *Interval.* Day 7, Act III.

Sc. vi. *Day 8, Act III.* Sc. vii. *Day 9, Act III.* Sc. viii.-x. *Interval. Day 10, Act III.* Sc. xi.-xiii.; *Act IV.* Sc. i.-iii. *Day 11, Act IV.* Sc. iv.-ix. *Day 12, Act IV.* Sc. x.-xv.; *Act V.* Sc. i. and ii. (*cp. Trans. New Shak. Soc., 1877-79*).

The historic period embraces as many years as there are days in the play, stretching from about B.C. 42 to 30; that is, from the events immediately following the deaths of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi to the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra in Egypt.

“The gorgeous East, with liberal hand,  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.”

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## Critical Comments.

### I.

#### Argument.

I. After the defeat of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, the Roman Empire had been divided among the triumvirs, Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus. Antony having summoned a vassal of his Eastern dominions—Cleopatra, queen of Egypt—to answer for her conduct in aiding Brutus and Cassius, is himself taken captive by her charms. He goes with her to Alexandria, where they give themselves over to the voluptuous life of her court. A messenger arrives to inform Antony of the death of his deserted wife Fulvia. Another messenger brings him word of an attack upon Italy by the maritime forces of Sextus Pompeius. Antony shakes off his amorous chains and hastens back to the seat of empire.

II. Antony reaches Rome just in time to patch up serious differences with the other two triumvirs, to whom he explains the attack upon Italy as merely a feint on the part of his late wife Fulvia to recall him from Egypt. He renews alliance with the other triumvirs by marrying Octavia, the sister of Octavius. A treaty of peace is made between the triumvirate and Pompey.

III. Octavia, instead of serving as a bond to the friendship of Octavius and Antony, becomes a knot to strangle it; for Octavius soon breaks his peace with Pompey, defeats him in battle, and presently seizes Lepidus, whom he holds in prison. None now remains between Octavius and absolute dominion save Antony, who might have proved a strong rival had not the enticements of

Cleopatra lured him once more over sea, while his wife is on a mission of peace to Octavius, who, no doubt, is incensed because of the treatment his sister has received, but is also glad to have this pretext for attacking Antony. The hostile fleets engage near Actium, where the detection of Cleopatra's admiral gives the victory to Octavius. Antony seeks to make terms with the victor, and being unsuccessful, hurls defiance at him.

IV. The forces now encounter upon land, and Antony wins the first day's fight. But on the second day the Egyptian admiral yields Antony's fleet to the foe, and the desertion of other of Antony's forces leaves him defeated, disheartened, and dishonoured. In a stormy scene he upbraids Cleopatra with treachery, and soon after falls upon his sword. He dies in her presence, begging to lay his last kiss upon her lips.

V. Cleopatra, who, despite her duplicity, has been passionately engrossed with Antony and his fortunes, determines to follow him to speedy death. Her purpose is strengthened by the fact that Octavius makes her a hostage of war, and reserves her to grace his triumph. She flees to a monument, and there perishes by the bite of an asp secretly brought to her in a basket of figs.

McSPADDEX: *Shakespearian Synopses*.

## II.

### Antony.

The tragic interest evidently centres not in Cleopatra, but in the victim of her "strong toil of grace." In tracing the operation of her spell upon Antony, Shakespeare on the whole follows Plutarch's facts as far as they go; but he interprets and expands them in the light of his own finer psychology and humaner ethics. Some coarser and duller touches in both characters he effaces. The hoyden disappears in her: the vulgar debauchee, the sour misanthrope, and the gull, in him. In her most wilful and wan-



ton moods she is still the queen; and Antony, revelling or raging, blindly rushing on his fate or desperately succumbing to it, is still the great-hearted man of genius. His subjection to Cleopatra is even more absolute in proportion as it acts through subtler and more complicated sources of attraction. It is just as fatal to his judgement and, for a moment, to his instinct of military honour. His fatuous decision to "fight at sea," and his unmanly flight in the train of Cleopatra and her fugitive galleys, seal his fate as surely in the play as in the history; and Shakespeare exposes them, through the mouth of Enobarbus, as incisively as Plutarch. But for Plutarch the whole relation of Antony to Cleopatra, and indeed of lovers in general, is typified in this fatuous oblivion of his better self.

Antony's doings in the Parthian wars are wholly omitted; his long sojourn in Rome becomes a brief visit. Of his two wives, Fulvia is only heard of as a troublesome thorn in his flesh, and Octavia's "holy, cold, and still conversation" is denuded of charm for us as for Antony. He has an exquisite phrase for her stillness, as for everything else; but his marriage is purely diplomatic, even nominal, and it hardly needed the shrewdness of Enobarbus to foresee that "the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity."

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare*.

### III.

#### Cleopatra.

I have not the slightest doubt that Shakspeare's Cleopatra is the real historical Cleopatra—the "Rare Egyptian"—individualized and placed before us. Her mental accomplishments, her unequalled grace, her woman's wit and woman's wiles, her irresistible allurements, her starts of irregular grandeur, her bursts of ungovernable temper, her vivacity of imagination, her petulant caprice, her fickleness and her falsehood, her tenderness and her truth,

her childish susceptibility to flattery, her magnificent spirit, her royal pride, the gorgeous Eastern colouring of the character; all these contradictory elements has Shakspeare seized, mingled them in their extremes, and fused them into one brilliant impersonation of classified elegance, Oriental voluptuousness, and gypsy sorcery.

What better proof can we have of the individual truth of the character than the admission that Shakspeare's Cleopatra produces exactly the same effect on us that is recorded of the real Cleopatra? She dazzles our faculties, perplexes our judgement, bewilders and bewitches our fancy; from the beginning to the end of the drama, we are conscious of a kind of fascination against which our moral sense rebels, but from which there is no escape. The epithets applied to her perpetually by Antony and others confirm this impression: "enchanting queen!"—"witch"—"spell"—"great fairy"—"cockatrice"—"serpent of old Nile"—"thou grave charm!" are only a few of them; and who does not know by heart the famous quotations in which this Egyptian Circe is described with all her infinite seductions?

To these traits we must add, that with all her violence, perverseness, egotism, and caprice, Cleopatra mingled a capability for warm affections and kindly feeling, or rather what we should call, in these days, a constitutional *good-nature*; and was lavishly generous to her favourites and dependents. These characteristics we find scattered through the play; they are not only faithfully rendered by Shakspeare, but he has made the finest use of them in his delineation of manners. Hence the occasional freedom of her women and her attendants, in the midst of their fears and flatteries, becomes most natural and consistent: hence, too, their devoted attachment and fidelity, proved even in death. But as illustrative of Cleopatra's disposition, perhaps the finest and most characteristic scene in the whole play is that in which the messenger arrives from Rome with the tidings of Antony's marriage with Octavia. She perceives at once with quickness that

all is not well, and she hastens to anticipate the worst, that she may have the pleasure of being disappointed. Her impatience to know what she fears to learn, the vivacity with which she gradually works herself up into a state of excitement, and at length into fury, is wrought out with a force of truth which makes us recoil. . . . The pride and arrogance of the Egyptian queen, the blandishment of the woman, the unexpected but natural transitions of temper and feeling, the contest of various passions, and at length—when the wild hurricane has spent its fury—the melting into tears, faintness, and languishment, are portrayed with the most astonishing power, and truth, and skill in feminine nature. More wonderful still is the splendour and force of colouring which is shed over this extraordinary scene. The mere idea of an angry woman beating her menial, presents something ridiculous or disgusting to the mind; in a queen or a tragedy heroine it is still more indecorous; yet this scene is as far as possible from the vulgar or the comic. . . .

Shakspeare has shown profound judgement and feeling in adhering closely to the classical authorities; and to say that the language and sentiments worthily fill up the outline is the most magnificent praise that can be given. The magical play of fancy and the overpowering fascination of the character are kept up to the last: and when Cleopatra, on applying the asp, silences the lamentations of her women—

Peace! peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse to sleep?—

these few words—the contrast between the tender beauty of the image and the horror of the situation—produce an effect more intensely mournful than all the ranting in the world. The generous devotion of her women adds the moral charm which alone was wanting: and when Octavius hurries in too late to save his victim, and exclaims, when gazing on her,—

She looks like sleep—  
As she would catch another Antony  
in her strong toil of grace,—

the image of her beauty and her irresistible arts, triumphant even in death, is at once brought before us, and one masterly and comprehensive stroke consummates this most wonderful, most dazzling delineation.

I am not here the apologist of Cleopatra's historical character, nor of such women as resemble her: I am considering her merely as a dramatic portrait of astonishing beauty, spirit, and originality. She has furnished the subject of two Latin, sixteen French, six English, and at least four Italian tragedies; yet Shakspeare alone has availed himself of all the interest of the story, without falsifying the character. He alone has dared to exhibit the Egyptian queen with all her greatness and all her littleness—all her frailties of temper—all her paltry arts and dissolute passions—yet preserved the dramatic propriety and poetical colouring of the character, and awakened our pity for fallen grandeur, without once beguiling us into sympathy with guilt and error.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

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Pascal says in his *Pensées*: “Si le nez de Cléopâtre eût été plus court, toute la face de la terre aurait changé.” But her nose was, as the old coins show us, exactly what it ought to have been: and in Shakespeare we feel that she is not only beauty itself, but charm, except in one single scene, where the news of Antony's marriage throws her into a paroxysm of unbeautiful rage. Her charm is of the sense-intoxicating kind, and she has, by study and art, developed those powers of attraction which she possessed from the outset, till she has become inexhaustible in inventiveness and variety. She is the woman who has passed from hand to hand, from her husband and brother to Pompey, from Pompey to the great Cæsar, from Cæsar to countless others. She is the courtesan by temperament,

but none the less does she possess the genius for a single, undivided love. She, like Antony, is complex, and being a woman, she is more so than he. *Vir duplex, femina triplex.*

From the beginning and almost to the end of the tragedy she plays the part of the great coquette. What she says and does is for long only the outcome of the coquette's desire and power to captivate by incalculable caprices. She asks where Antony is, and sends for him (I. ii.). He comes. She exclaims: "We will not look upon him," and goes. Presently his absence irks her, and again she sends a messenger to remind him of her and keep him in play (I. iii.):—

"If you find him sad,  
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick . . ."

He learns of his wife's death. She would have been beside herself if he had shown grief, but he speaks with coldness of the loss, and she attacks him because of this:—

"Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be."

This incalculability, this capriciousness of hers extends to the smallest matters. She invites Mardian to play a game of billiards with her (an amusing anachronism), and, finding him ready, she turns him off with: "I'll none now."

But all this mutability does not exclude in her the most real, most passionate love for Antony. The best proof of its strength is the way in which she speaks of him when he is absent. Nor is it irony when Enobarbus, in reply to Antony's complaint (I. ii.), "She is cunning past man's thought," makes answer, "Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love." This is literally true—only that the love is not pure in the



sense of being sublimated or unegoistic, but in the sense of being quintessential erotic emotion, chemically free from all the other elements usually combined with it.

And outward circumstances harmonize with the character and vehemence of this passion. He lays the kingdoms of the East at her feet; with reckless prodigality, she lavishes the wealth of Africa on the festivals she holds in his honour.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

#### IV.

#### Octavia.

Octavia has furnishings enough for the heroine of a great tragedy; but she is not fitted to shine in the same sphere with Cleopatra, as her mild, steady, serene light would needs be paralyzed by the meteoric showers of the Egyptian enchantress. The Poet has not done justice to her sweet and solid qualities, and indeed, from the nature of the case, the more justice they had received, the more had they suffered by contrast with the perilous brilliancy of her rival. Yet he shows that he fully knew and felt her beauty and elevation of character, by the impression others take of her. Her behaviour is always most dignified, discreet, and womanly; while her "holy, cold, and still conversation," the dreaded chastisements of her sober eye, her patience, modesty, and silent austerity of reproof, as these are reflected from the thoughts of those who have given themselves most cause to wish her other than she is, gain her something better than our admiration. The Poet's good judgement in never bringing her and Cleopatra together is deservedly celebrated.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

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I do not understand the observation of a late critic [Hazlitt] that in this play "Octavia is only a dull foil to

Cleopatra." Cleopatra requires no foil, and Octavia is not dull, though in a moment of jealous spleen her accomplished rival gives her that epithet. It is possible that her beautiful character, if brought more forward and coloured up to the historic portrait, would still be eclipsed by the dazzling splendour of Cleopatra's; for so I have seen a flight of fireworks blot out for a while the silver moon and ever-burning stars. But here the subject of the drama being the love of Antony and Cleopatra, Octavia is very properly kept in the background, and far from any competition with her rival: the interest would otherwise have been unpleasantly divided, or rather Cleopatra herself must have served but as a foil to the tender, virtuous, dignified, and generous Octavia, the very *beau idéal* of a noble Roman lady.

Dryden has committed a great mistake in bringing Octavia and her children on the scene, and in immediate contact with Cleopatra. To have thus violated the truth of history might have been excusable, but to sacrifice the truth of nature and dramatic propriety, to produce a mere stage effect, was unpardonable. In order to preserve the unity of interest, he has falsified the character of Octavia as well as that of Cleopatra: he has presented us with a regular scolding-match between the rivals, in which they come sweeping up to each other from opposite sides of the stage, with their respective trains, like two peahens in a passion. Shakspeare would no more have brought his captivating, brilliant, but meretricious Cleopatra into immediate comparison with the noble and chaste simplicity of Octavia, than a connoisseur in art would have placed Canova's *Dansatrice*, beautiful as it is, beside the Athenian *Melpomene*, or the Vestal of the Capitol.

The character of Octavia is merely indicated in a few touches, but every stroke tells. We see her with "down-cast eyes sedate and sweet, and looks demure—with her modest tenderness and dignified submission—the very antipodes of her rival! Nor should we forget that she has furnished one of the most graceful similes in the whole

compass of poetry, where her soft equanimity in the midst of grief is compared to—

The swan's down-feather,  
That stands upon the swell at full of tide  
And neither way inclines.

MRS. JAMESON : *Characteristics of Women.*

## V.

### Enobarbus.

On the whole, after Octavia, Enobarbus is rather the noblest character in the play. His blunt, prompt, rough-spoken sagacity, mingled with a certain slyness of thought, a racy infusion of humour, and a pungent, searching irony of discourse, interpret with remorseless fidelity the moral import of the characters and movements about him ; while the splitting of his heart with grief and remorse for having deserted the ship of his master, which he knew to be sinking, shows him altogether a noble vessel of manhood. That Antony's generosity kills him, approves, as nothing else could do, how generous he is himself. The character is almost entirely the Poet's own creation, Plutarch furnishing but one or two unpregnant hints towards it. In the play, he seems designed in part to serve as the organ and mouthpiece of the author's judgement respecting the other persons : so that in him we have at once a character and a commentary.

HUDSON : *The Works of Shakspeare.*

## VI.

### Shakspeare's Way and Dryden's.

If I were to select any historical play of Shakspeare, in which he has combined an almost literal fidelity to history with an equal faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and in which he superinduces the merit of skilful dramatic management, it would be [*Antony and Cleopatra*]. In his portraiture of Antony there is, perhaps,

a flattered likeness of the original by Plutarch; but the similitude loses little of its strength by Shakespeare's softening and keeping in the shade his traits of cruelty. In Cleopatra, we can discern nothing materially different from the vouched historical sorceress; she nevertheless has a more vivid meteoric and versatile play of enchantment in Shakespeare's likeness of her than in a dozen of other poetical copies in which the artists took much greater liberties with historical truth: he paints her as if the gypsy herself had cast her spell over him, and given her own witchcraft to his pencil.

At the same time, playfully interesting to our fancy as he makes this enchantress, he keeps us far from a vicious sympathy. The asp at her bosom, that lulls its nurse asleep, has no poison for our morality. A single glance at the devoted and dignified Octavia recalls our homage to virtue; but with delicate skill he withholds the purer woman from prominent contact with the wanton queen, and does not, like Dryden, bring the two to a scolding-match. The latter poet's *All for Love* was regarded by himself as his masterpiece, and is by no means devoid of merit; but so inferior is it to the prior drama, as to make it disgraceful to British taste for one hundred years that the former absolutely banished the latter from the stage. A French critic calls Great Britain the island of Shakespeare's idolaters; yet so it happens, in this same island, that Dryden's *All for Love* has been acted ten times oftener than Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Dryden's Marc Antony is a weak voluptuary from first to last. Not a sentence of manly virtue is ever uttered by him that seems to come from himself; and whenever he expresses a moral feeling, it appears not to have grown up in his own nature, but to have been planted there by the influence of his friend Ventidius, like a flower in a child's garden, only to wither and take no root. Shakespeare's Antony is a very different being. When he hears of the death of his first wife, Fulvia, his exclamation, "There's a great spirit gone!" and his reflections on his

own enthralment by Cleopatra mark the residue of a noble mind. A queen, a siren, a Shakespeare's Cleopatra alone could have entangled Mark Antony, while an ordinary wanton could have enslaved Dryden's hero.

CAMPBELL.

## VII.

### The Poet's Lesson.

We do not mistake this feeling of Cleopatra towards Antony for love; but he has been for her (who had known Cæsar and Pompey) the supreme sensation. She is neither faithful to him nor faithless; in her complex nature, beneath each fold or layer of sincerity lies one of insincerity, and we cannot tell which is the last and innermost. Her imagination is stimulated and nourished by Antony's presence. And he, in his turn, finds in the beauty and witchcraft of the Egyptian something no less incommensurable and incomprehensible. Yet no one felt more profoundly than Shakspeare—as his *Sonnets* abundantly testify—that the glory of strength and of beauty is subject to limit and to time. What he would seem to say to us in this play, not in the manner of a doctrinaire or a moralist, but wholly as an artist, is that this sensuous infinite is but a dream, a deceit, a snare. The miserable change comes upon Antony. The remorseless practice of Cleopatra upon his heart has done him to death. And among things which the barren world offers to the Queen she now finds death—a painless death—the least hateful. Shakspeare, in his high impartiality to fact, denies none of the glory of the lust of the eye and the pride of life. He compels us to acknowledge these to the utmost. But he adds that there is another demonstrable fact of the world which tests the visible pomp of the earth, and the splendour of sensuous passion, and finds them wanting. The glory of the royal festival is not dulled by Shakspeare or diminished; but, also, he shows us, in letters of flame, the handwriting upon the wall.

DOWDEN : *Shakspeare*.



## VIII.

## The Masterpiece of Passion.

Shakespeare can be complimented only by comparison with himself: all other eulogies are either heterogeneous, as when they are in reference to Spenser or Milton; or they are flat truisms, as when he is gravely preferred to Corneille, Racine, or even his own immediate successors, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and the rest. The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the *Antony and Cleopatra* is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. *Feliciter audax* is the motto for its style comparatively with that of Shakespeare's other works, even as it is the general motto of all his works compared with those of other poets. Be it remembered, too, that this happy valiancy of style is but the representative and result of all the material excellencies so expressed.

This play should be perused in mental contrast with *Romeo and Juliet*—as the love of passion and appetite opposed to the love of affection and instinct. But the art displayed in the character of Cleopatra is profound; in this, especially, that the sense of criminality in her passion is lessened by our insight into its depth and energy, at the very moment that we cannot but perceive that the passion itself springs out of the habitual craving of a licentious nature, and that it is supported and reinforced by voluntary stimulus and sought-for associations, instead of blossoming out of spontaneous emotion.

Of all of Shakespeare's historical plays, *Antony and Cleopatra* is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much—perhaps none in which he impresses it

more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature counteracting the historic abstraction. As a wonderful specimen of the way in which Shakespeare lives up to the very end of this play, read the last part of the concluding scene. And if you would feel the judgement as well as the genius of Shakespeare in your heart's core, compare this astonishing drama with Dryden's *All for Love*.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare*.

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The greatest monument of [Shakespeare's] dramatic subtlety is the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*. With all its noble bursts of passion and occasional splendour of description, this play has not perhaps the massive breadth of feeling and overpowering interest of the four great tragedies, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and *Othello*; but it is greater even than *Macbeth* and *Othello* in the range of its mastery over the fluctuations of profound passion: it is the greatest of Shakespeare's plays in the dramatist's greatest faculty. The conflict of motives in *Hamlet* is an achievement of genius that must always be regarded with wonder and reverence; but, to my mind, *Antony and Cleopatra* is the dramatist's masterpiece. One may have less interest in the final end of the subtle changes wrought in the hero and heroine: but in the pursuit and certain grasp of those changes, Shakespeare's dramatic genius appears at its supreme height.

MINTO: *Characteristics of English Poets*.

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On *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakspeare has poured out the glory of his genius in profusion, and makes us stand by, saddened and distressed, as the noble Antony sinks to his ruin, under the gorgeous colouring of the Eastern sky, the vicious splendour of the Egyptian queen; makes us look with admiring hate on the wonderful picture he has drawn, certainly far the most wonderful study of woman

he has left us, of that Cleopatra of whom Enobarbus, who knew her every turn, said,—

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety; other women  
Cloy the appetites they feed, but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies.”

That in her, the dark woman of Shakspeare's *Sonnets*, his own fickle, serpent-like, attractive mistress, is to some extent embodied, I do not doubt. What a superbly sumptuous picture, as if painted by Veronese or Titian, is that where Cleopatra first met Antony upon the river of Cydnus! How admirably transferred from Plutarch's prose! And how that fatal inability to say “No” to woman shows us Antony's weakness and the cause of his final fall.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspeare.*

一

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

VENTIDIUS,

SCARUS.

DERCETAS,

DEMETRIUS,

PHILO,

MÆCENAS,

AGRIPPA,

DOLABELLA,

PROCULEIUS,

THYREUS,

GALLUS,

MENAS,

MENECRATES,

VARRIUS.

TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*

CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*

SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.

EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar*

ALEXAS,

MARDIAN, *a eunuch.*

SELEUCUS.

DIOMEDES.

A Soothsayer.

A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN,

IRAS,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman Empire.*

# Antony and Cleopatra.

## ACT FIRST.

### Scene I.

*Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter Demetrius and Philo.*

*Phi.* Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,  
And is become the bellows and the fan  
To cool a gipsy's lust.

*Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the train,  
with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Look, where they come: 10

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new  
earth.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

*Ant.* Grates me: the sum.

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows 20  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;  
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;  
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

*Ant.* How, my love!

*Cleo.* Perchance! nay, and most like:

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.  
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say?  
both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine 30  
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame  
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch  
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.  
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life  
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair

[*Embracing.*

And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.* Excellent falsehood! 40

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?

I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony

Will be himself.



*Ant.* But stirr'd by Cleopatra.  
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,  
Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh :  
There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night ?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fie, wrangling queen !  
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives 50  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired !  
No messenger but thine ; and all alone  
To-night we 'll wander through the streets and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;  
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

*[Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.]*

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight ?

*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I am full sorry  
That he approves the common liar, who 60  
Thus speaks of him at Rome : but I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

*[Exeunt.]*

## Scene II.

*The same. Another room.*

*Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.*

*Char.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing  
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's  
the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen ?

O, that I knew this husband, which, you say,  
must charge his horns with garlands!

*Alex.* Soothsayer!

*Sooth.* Your will?

*Char.* Is this the man? Is 't you, sir, that know things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy

A little I can read.

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

10

*Enter Enobarbus.*

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough  
Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means in flesh.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

20

*Char.* Hush!

*Sooth.* You shall be more loving than beloved.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me  
be married to three kings in a forenoon, and  
widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to  
whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me  
to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion  
me with my mistress.

30

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune  
Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then belike my children shall have no names :  
prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb,  
And fertile every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

*Alex.* You think none but your sheets are privy to      40  
your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine and most of our fortunes to-night shall be  
—drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog-  
nostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee,      50  
tell her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better  
than I, where would you choose it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,  
—come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him      60  
marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I  
beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him  
a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the  
worst of all follow him laughing to his grave,

fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly! 70

*Char.* Amen.

*Alex.* Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they 'ld do 't!

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he; the queen.

*Enter Cleopatra.*

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden  
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

*Eno.* Madam?

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

*Alex.* Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.*

*Mess.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mess.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar,  
Whose better issue in the war from Italy  
Upon the first encounter drave them.

*Ant.* Well, what worst?

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool, or coward. On:  
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter'd.

*Mess.* Labienus— 100  
This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force  
Extended Asia from Euphrates,  
His conquering banner shook from Syria  
To Lydia and to Ionia,  
Whilst—

*Ant.* Antony, thou wouldst say,—

*Mess.* O, my lord!

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:  
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;  
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults  
With such full license as both truth and malice 109  
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds  
When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us  
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

*Mess.* At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

*First Att.* The man from Sicyon, is there such an one?

*Sec. Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,  
Or lose myself in dotage.

*Enter another Messenger.*

What are you?

*Sec. Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.*

Where died she?

*Sec. Mess.* In Sicyon:

120

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

*Ant.*

Forbear me.

[*Exit Sec. Messenger.*

There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:  
What our contempts do often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,  
By revolution lowering, does become  
The opposite of itself: she 's good, being gone;  
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.  
I must from this enchanting queen break off:  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, 130  
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

*Re-enter Enobarbus.*

*Eno.* What 's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why then we kill all our women. We see how  
mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer  
our departure, death 's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion let women die:  
it were pity to cast them away for nothing;  
though, between them and a great cause, they 140  
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catch-  
ing but the least noise of this, dies instantly;  
I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer



moment: I do think there is mettle in death,  
which commits some loving act upon her, she  
hath such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing  
but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call  
her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are 150  
greater storms and tempests than almanacs can  
report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be,  
she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* Would I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful  
piece of work; which not to have been blest  
withal would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

160

*Eno.* Fulvia!

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.  
When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of  
a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of  
the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes  
are worn out there are members to make new.  
If there were no more women but Fulvia, then  
had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented:  
this grief is crowned with consolation; your old 170  
smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the  
tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state  
cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here cannot

be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's,  
which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers  
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break  
The cause of our expedience to the queen 180  
And get her leave to part. For not alone  
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,  
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too  
Of many our contriving friends in Rome  
Petition us at home; Sextus Pompeius  
Hath given the dare to Cæsar and commands  
The empire of the sea: our slippery people,  
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver  
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw  
Pompey the Great and all his dignities 190  
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,  
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,  
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,  
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life  
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do 't.

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene III.

*The same. Another room.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who 's with him, what he does:

I did not send you: if you find him sad,  
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[*Exit Alexas.*]

*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,  
You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him. 10

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.

But here comes Antony.

*Enter Antony.*

*Cleo.* I am sick and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature

Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand farther from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman? You may go: 20

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know—

*Cleo.* O, never was there queen

So mightily betray'd! yet at the first

I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.*

Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Why should I think you can be mine and true,  
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, 30  
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.*

Most sweet queen,—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,  
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words: no going then;  
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,  
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor  
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.*

How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know 40  
There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.*

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services awhile; but my full heart  
Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:  
Equality of two domestic powers  
Breeds scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,  
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 50  
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And quietness grown sick of rest would purge  
By any desperate change. My more particular,

And that which most with you should save my going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me freedom,  
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read      60  
The garboils she awaked: at the last, best;  
See when and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know  
The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,  
As you shall give the advice. By the fire  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence  
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war      70  
As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come;  
But let it be: I am quickly ill and well,  
So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.  
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears  
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood: no more.      80

*Cleo.* You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

*Cleo.* And target. Still he mends;  
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,  
How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.  
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:  
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it:  
That you know well: something it is I would,—  
O, my oblivion is a very Antony, 90  
And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself.

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,  
Since my becoming kill me when they do not  
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword  
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success 100  
Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come;  
Our separation so abides and flies,  
That thou residing here go'st yet with me,  
And I hence fleeting here remain with thee.  
Away! [Exeunt.]



## Scene IV.

*Rome. Cæsar's house.*

*Enter Octavius Cæsar, reading a letter, Lepidus, and  
their train.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
Our great competitor: from Alexandria  
This is the news: he fishes, drinks and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike  
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or  
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall find  
there

A man who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think there are 10  
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:  
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary  
Rather than purchased, what he cannot change  
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not  
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,  
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,  
To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet 20  
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes  
him,—

As his composure must be rare indeed  
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony  
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear

So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones  
Call on him for 't: but to confound such time  
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud  
As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid 30  
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,  
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgement.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.

*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,  
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;  
And it appears he is beloved of those  
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports  
The discontents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less: 40  
It had been taught us from the primal state,  
That he which is was wish'd until he were;  
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love  
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,  
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

*Mess.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound  
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads 50  
They make in Italy; the borders maritime

Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt :  
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more  
Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.* Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more 60  
Than savages could suffer : thou didst drink  
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle  
Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then did  
deign  
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou browsedst. On the Alps  
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on : and all this—  
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—  
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek 70  
So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* 'Tis pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome : 'tis time we twain  
Did show ourselves i' the field ; and to that end  
Assemble we immediate council : Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able  
To front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,

It is my business too. Farewell. 80  
*I.c.p.* Farewell, my lord: what you shall know meantime  
 Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
 To let me be partaker.  
*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir ;  
 I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.

## Scene V.

*'Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*

*Cleo.* Charmian!

*Char.* Madam?

*Cleo.* Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

*Char.* Why, madam?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time  
 My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him too much.

*Cleo.* O, 'tis treason!

*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch Mardian!

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing ; I take no pleasure  
 In aught an eunuch has : 'tis well for thee, 10  
 That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
 May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed!

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam ; for I can do nothing  
 But what indeed is honest to be done :  
 Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.* O Charmian,  
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits  
he?  
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20  
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!  
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou  
movest?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'  
For so he calls me: now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison. Think on me,  
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black  
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,  
When thou wast here above the ground, I was 30  
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey  
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;  
There would he anchor his aspect and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter Alexas.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!  
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee.  
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses— 40  
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* 'Good friend,' quoth he,

‘ Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster ; at whose foot,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms ; all the east,  
Say thou, shall call her mistress.’ So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,  
Who neigh’d so high, that what I would have spoke  
Was beastly dumb’d by him.

*Cleo.* What, was he sad or merry? 50

*Alex.* Like to the time o’ the year between the extremes  
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well divided disposition ! Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, ’tis the man ; but note  
him :

He was not sad, for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his ; he was not merry,  
Which seem’d to tell them his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy ; but between both.  
O heavenly mingle ! Be’st thou sad or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes, 60  
So does it no man else. Met’st thou my posts ?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :  
Why do you send so thick ?

*Cleo.* Who’s born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.  
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæsar so ?

*Char.* O that brave Cæsar !

*Cleo.* Be choked with such another emphasis !  
Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Cæsar !

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth, 70



If thou with Cæsar paragon again  
My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My salad days,  
When I was green in judgement: cold in blood,  
To say as I said then! But come, away;  
Get me ink and paper:  
He shall have every day a several greeting,  
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exeunt.

## ACT SECOND.

### Scene I.

*Messina. Pompey's house.*

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.*

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays  
The thing we sue for.

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good; so find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well:  
The people love me, and the sea is mine;  
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope 10  
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make

No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where  
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd, but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus  
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this? 'tis false.

*Men.* From Silvius, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,  
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love, 20  
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!  
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!  
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,  
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour  
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

*Enter Varrius.*

How now, Varrius!

*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver:  
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis 30  
A space for farther travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter  
A better ear. Menas, I did not think  
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm  
For such a petty war: his soldiership  
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men.

I cannot hope

Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:

His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar; 40

His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,

Not moved by Antony.

*Pom.*

I know not, Menas.

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.

Were 't not that we stand up against them all,

'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough

To draw their swords: but how the fear of us

May cement their divisions and bind up

The petty difference, we yet not know.

Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands 50

Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.

Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

*Rome. The house of Lepidus.*

*Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.*

*Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,

And shall become you well, to entreat your captain

To soft and gentle speech.

*Eno.*

I shall entreat him

To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,

Let Antony look over Cæsar's head

And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,

Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,

I would not shave 't to-day.

*Lep.*

'Tis not a time

For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in't. 10

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion :

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes

The noble Antony.

*Enter Antony and Ventidius.*

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.

*Enter Cæsar, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.*

*Ant.* If we compose well here, to Parthia :

Hark, Ventidius.

*Cæs.* I do not know,

Mæcenas ; ask Agrippa.

*Lep.* Noble friends,

That which combined us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,

May it be gently heard : when we debate 20

Our trivial difference loud, we do commit

Murder in healing wounds : then, noble partners,

The rather for I earnestly beseech,

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,

Nor curstness grow to the matter.

*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well.

Were we before our armies and to fight,

I should do thus. [Flourish,

*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* Thank you.

*Cæs.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit, sir.

*Cæs.* Nay, then.

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill which are not so,  
Or being, concern you not.

*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at, 30  
If, or for nothing or a little, I  
Should say myself offended, and with you  
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should  
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name  
It not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was 't to you?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there  
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practised? 40

*Cæs.* You may be pleased to catch at mine intent  
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother  
Made wars upon me, and their contestation  
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

*Ant.* You do mistake your business; my brother never  
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,  
And have my learning from some true reports  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather  
Discredit my authority with yours,  
And make the wars alike against my stomach, 50  
Having alike your cause? of this my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
As matter whole you have not to make it with,  
It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgement to me, but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so;  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars 60  
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another:  
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Eno.* Would we had all such wives, that the men  
might go to wars with the women!

*Ant.* So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,  
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant  
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must 70  
But say, I could not help it.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you  
When rioting in Alexandria; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir,  
He fell upon me ere admitted: then  
Three kings I had newly feasted and did want  
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day  
I told him of myself, which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, 80  
Out of our question wipe him.

*Cæs.* You have broken  
The article of your oath, which you shall never



Have tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar!

*Ant.* No, Lepidus, let him speak:

The honour is sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;  
The article of my oath.

*Cæs.* To lend me arms and aid when I required them;  
The which you both denied.

*Ant.* Neglected rather,  
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up 90  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis noble spoken.

*Mæc.* If it might please you, to enforce no further  
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite 100  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mæcenus.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the  
instant, you may, when you hear no more  
words of Pompey, return it again: you shall  
have time to wrangle in when you have nothing  
else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

*Eno.* Go to, then ; your considerate stone. 111

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech, for 't cannot be  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge  
O' the world I would pursue it.

*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admired Octavia : great Mark Antony 120  
Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa :  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserved of rashness.

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear  
Agrippa further speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife ; whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men, 130  
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak  
That which none else can utter. By this marriage  
All little jealousies which now seem great,  
And all great fears which now import their dangers,  
Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,  
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both  
Would each to other and all loves to both  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak? 140

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'  
To make this good?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and  
His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:  
Further this act of grace; and from this hour  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves  
And sway out great designs!

*Cæs.* There is my hand. 150  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly: let her live  
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never  
Fly off our loves again!

*Lep.* Happily, amen!

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;  
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great  
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;  
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon's:  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought, 160  
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he?

*Cæs.* About the Mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What's his strength  
By land?

*Cæs.* Great and increasing: but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.  
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness;  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I'll lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus, 170  
Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me.  
[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*]

*Mæc.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenus!  
My honourable friend, Agrippa!

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus!

*Mæc.* We have cause to be glad that matters are  
so well digested. You stayed well by't in  
Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, 180  
And made the night light with drinking.

*Mæc.* Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast,  
and but twelve persons there; is this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had  
much more monstrous matter of feast, which  
worthily deserved noting.

*Mæc.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be  
square to her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed  
up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus. 190

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed, or my reporter  
devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were  
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description: she did lie 201  
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,  
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem,  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid did.

*Agr.* O, rare for Antony!

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes, 210  
And made their bends adornings: at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too, 220  
And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian!

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper: she replied,  
It should be better he became her guest,  
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart  
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench!  
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed: 230  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street;  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mæc.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never; he will not:  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety: other women cloy  
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry 240  
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things  
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests  
Bless her when she is riggish.

*Mæc.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.  
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

*The same. Cæsar's house.*

*Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them, and Attendants.*

*Ant.* The world and my great office will sometimes  
Divide me from your bosom.

*Octa.* All which time  
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir. My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :  
I have not kept my square ; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.  
Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [Exeunt all but Antony.]

*Enter Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt? 10

*Sooth.* Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see it in  
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet  
Hie you to Egypt again.

*Ant.* Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 20  
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel  
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore



Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,  
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,  
But, he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone: 30

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.

[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,  
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him,  
And in our sports my better cunning faints  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine  
When it is all to nought, and his quails ever  
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,  
I' the east my pleasure lies.

*Enter Ventidius.*

O, come, Ventidius, 40

You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;

Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene IV.

*The same. A street.*

*Enter Lepidus, Mæcenus, and Agrippa.*

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten  
Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mæc.* We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount  
Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter;  
My purposes do draw me much about:  
You'll win two days upon me.

Mac. } Sir, good success!  
Agr. }

*Lep.* Farewell. [Exeunt. 10

Scene V.

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* Give me some music; music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.

*All.* The music, ho !

*Enter Mardian the Eunuch.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone; let's to billiards: come Charmian.

*Char.* My arm is sore: best play with Mardian.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd  
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:  
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there, 10

My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say 'Ah, ha! you're caught.'

*Char.* 'Twas merry when  
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.* That time—O times!—  
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn, 20  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan.

*Enter a Messenger.*

O, from Italy!  
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Mess.* Madam, madam,—

*Cleo.* Antonius dead! If thou say so, villain,  
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,  
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss: a hand that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. 30

*Mess.* First, madam, he is well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold.  
But, sirrah, mark, we use  
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,  
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will;  
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony  
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.

*Mess.* Will't please you hear me? 41

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:  
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mess.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.* But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay 50  
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'!  
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæsar,  
In state of health, thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

*Mess.* Free, madam! no; I made no such report:  
He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mess.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mess.* Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

60

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.*

What say you? Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head:

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in lingering pickle.

*Mess.*

Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,

70

And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

*Mess.*

He 's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast lived too long. [*Draws a knife.*]

*Mess.*

Nay, then I 'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:

The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:

Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call.

80

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.*

I will not hurt him.

[*Exit Charmian.*]

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.

*Re-enter Charmian and Messenger.*

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves when they be felt.

*Mess.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do, 90  
If thou again say 'Yes.'

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam?

*Cleo.* O, I would thou didst,  
So half my Egypt were submerged and made  
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go get thee hence:  
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married?

*Mess.* Take no offence that I would not offend you:  
To punish me for what you make me do 100  
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence:  
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome  
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence ;

I faint : O Iras, Charmian ! 'tis no matter. 110

Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination ; let him not leave out

The colour of her hair : bring me word quickly.

[*Exit Alexas.*]

Let him for ever go : let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way 's a Mars. [*To Mardian*] Bid you

Alexas

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene VI.

*Near Misenum.*

*Flourish.* Enter Pompey and Menas from one side, with drum and trumpet : at another, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, Mæccenas, with Soldiers marching.

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;

And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.* Most meet

That first we come to words ; and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent ;

Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know



Act II. Sc. vi.

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth  
That else must perish here.

*Pom.* To you all three,  
The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know 10  
Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,  
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,  
There saw you labouring for him. What was 't  
That moved pale Cassius to conspire, and what  
Made the all-honour'd honest Roman, Brutus,  
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,  
To drench the Capitol, but that they would  
Have one man but a man? And that is it  
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen 20  
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant  
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome  
Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;  
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st  
How much we do o'ercount thee.

*Pom.* At land indeed  
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house :  
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

*Lep.* Be pleased to tell us—  
For this is from the present—how you take 30  
The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh

What it is worth embraced.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,  
To part with unhack'd edges and bear back  
Our targes undinted.

*Cæs.* }  
*Ant.* } That 's our offer.  
*Lep.* }

*Pom.* Know then, 40  
I came before you here a man prepared  
To take this offer: but Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience: though I lose  
The praise of it by telling, you must know,  
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey,  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks  
Which I do owe you.

*Pom.* Let me have your hand:  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here. 50

*Ant.* The beds i' the east are soft: and thanks to you,  
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:  
For I have gain'd by 't.

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act II. Sc. vi.

But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep.* Well met here.

*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:  
I crave our composition may be written  
And seal'd between us.

*Cæs.* That 's the next to do. 60

*Pom.* We 'll feast each other ere we part, and let 's  
Draw lots who shall begin.

*Ant.* That will I, Pompey.

*Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot:  
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar  
Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meanings, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to them.

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard:

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

*Eno.* No more of that: he did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you? 70

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

*Pom.* I know thee now: how farest thou, soldier?

*Eno.* Well;

And well am like to do, for I perceive  
Four feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand;  
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.* Sir,  
I never loved you much, but I ha' praised ye  
When you have well deserved ten times as much

As I have said you did.

*Pom.* Enjoy thy plainness, 80

It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all :

Will you lead, lords ?

*Cæs.* }

*Ant.* }

*Lep.* }

*Pom.*

Show us the way, sir.

Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*]

*Men.* [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have  
made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise me ; 90  
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own  
safety : you have been a great thief by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But give me  
your hand, Menas : if our eyes had authority,  
here they might take two thieves kissing.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands  
are. 100

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Men.* No slander ; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a  
drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away  
his fortune.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act II. Sc. vi.

*Eno.* If he do, sure he cannot weep 't back again.

*Men.* You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark  
Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleo-  
patra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is called Octavia. 110

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray ye, sir?

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would  
not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think the policy of that purpose made more  
in the marriage than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band 120  
that seems to tie their friendship together will  
be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is  
of a holy, cold and still conversation.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark  
Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again:  
then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up  
in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is  
the strength of their amity shall prove the im-  
mediate author of their variance. Antony will 130  
use his affection where it is: he married but his  
occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you  
aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in  
Egypt.

*Men.* Come, let's away. [Exeunt.]

Scene VII.

*On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.*

*Music plays. Enter two or three Servants, with  
a banquet.*

*First Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their  
plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i'  
the world will blow them down.

*Sec. Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

*First Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

*Sec. Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposi-  
tion, he cries out 'No more'; reconciles them to  
his entreaty and himself to the drink.

*First Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him  
and his discretion. 10

*Sec. Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great  
men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that  
will do me no service as a partisan I could not  
heave.

*First Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not  
to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes  
should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

*A sennet sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, Pom-  
pey, Agrippa, Mæcenus, Enobarbus, Menas, with  
other captains.*

*Ant. [To Caesar]* Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o'  
the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,  
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth 20  
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman  
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act II. Sc. vii.

*Lep.* You 've strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocōdile.

*Ant.* They are so.

30

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me you 'll be in till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

*Men.* [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

*Pom.* [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

*Men.* [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

40

And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* [*Aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon.—  
This wine for Lepidus?

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of it own colour too.

50

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?



Act II. Sc. vii.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he  
is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of  
that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where 's this cup I call'd for?

*Men.* [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt  
hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

*Pom.* [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou 'rt mad. The matter?  
[*Rises, and walks aside.*]

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.      60

*Pom.* Thou hast served me with much faith. What's  
else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.*                                These quick-sands, Lepidus,  
Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.*    What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's  
twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.*    But entertain it,  
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man  
Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.*    Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.  
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:      70  
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,  
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

*Pom.*    Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors,  
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;  
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act II. Sc. vii.

All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst have done,  
And not have spoke on 't! In me 'tis villany;  
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;  
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue 80  
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,  
I should have found it afterwards well done,  
But 'must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* [*Aside*] For this  
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.  
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus!

*Ant.* Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas!

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome!

*Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid. 90

*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* A' bears the third part of the world, man;  
see'st not?

*Men.* The third part then is drunk: would it were all,  
That it might go on wheels!

*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the reels.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho! 100  
Here 's to Cæsar!

*Cæs.* I could well forbear 't.  
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain



Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue  
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost  
Antick'd us all. What needs more words. Good night.  
Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you on the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir: give's your hand.

*Pom.* O Antony, 131

You have my father's house,—But, what? we are friends.

Come, down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound  
out! [*Sound a flourish, with drums.*]

*Eno.* Hoo! says 'a. There's my cap.

*Men.* Hoo! noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

*A plain in Syria.*

*Enter Ventidius, as it were in triumph, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now  
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body

Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,  
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and 10  
Put garlands on thy head.

*En.* O Silius, Silius,  
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius,  
Better to leave undone than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.  
Cæsar and Antony have ever won  
More in their officer than person: Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour. 20  
Who does it the wars more than his captain can  
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss  
Than gain which darkens him.  
I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 'twould offend him, and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that  
Without the which a soldier and his sword  
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An-  
tony?

*En.* I'll humbly signify what in his name, 30  
That magical word of war, we have effected:  
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o' the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste  
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,  
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass along!  
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

*Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.*

*Enter Agrippa at one door, and Enobarbus at another.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted?

*Eno.* They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is gone;  
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome; Caesar is sad, and Lepidus  
Since Pompey's feast, as Mena says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

*Agr.* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter. 10

*Iino.* Spake you of Caesar? How! the nonpareil!

*Aggr.* O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

*Iino.* Would you praise Caesar, say 'Caesar': go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony:  
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,  
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number—ho!—  
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,





ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act III. Sc. ii.

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

*Octa.* Sir, look well to my husband's house, and—

*Cæs.* What,  
Octavia?

*Octa.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue, the swan's down-  
feather,  
That stands upon the swell at full of tide  
And neither way inclines. 50

*Eno.* [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?

*Agr.* [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in 's face.

*Eno.* [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that, were he  
a horse;  
So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,  
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* [*Aside to Agr.*] That year indeed he was troubled  
with a rheum;  
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,  
Believe 't, till I wept too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not 60  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come;  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:  
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu; be happy!

Act III. Sc. iii.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Lcp.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way!

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*]

*Ant.* Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow?

*Alex.* Half afeard to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to.

*Enter Messenger.*

Come hither, sir.

*Alex.* Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you  
But when you are well pleased.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head  
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it? Come thou  
near.

*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold  
Octavia?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome  
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mess.* She is not, madam.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act III. Sc. iii.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or low?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

*Cleo.* That's not so good. He cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue and dwarfish.

What majesty is in her gait? Remember, 20

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps:

Her motion and her station are as one :

She shows a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain?

*Mess.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing;

I do perceive 't: there's nothing in her yet:

The fellow has good judgement.

<i>Char.</i>	Excellent.
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*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I prithee.

*Mess.* Madam,

She was a widow—

*Cleo.* Widow! Charmian, hark. 30

*Mess.* And I do think she's thirty.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or round?

*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.

Her hair, what colour?

*Mess.* Brown, madam: and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:

Act III. Sc. iv.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I will employ thee back again ; I find thee  
Most fit for business : go make thee ready ;      40  
Our letters are prepared.      [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.*      A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so : I repent me much  
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,  
This creature's no such thing.

*Char.*      Nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else defend,  
And serving you so long !

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian :  
But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write. All may be well enough.      50

*Char.* I warrant you, madam.      [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

*Athens. A room in Antony's house.*

*Enter Antony and Octavia.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,  
That were excusable, that and thousands more  
Of semblable import, but he hath waged  
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and read it  
To public ear :  
Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not  
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me ;  
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,  
Or did it from his teeth.

*Octa.*      O my good lord,      10  
Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act III. Sc. iv.

Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts:  
The good gods will mock me presently,  
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'  
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,  
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway  
'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia. 20

Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks  
Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself: better I were not yours  
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,  
Yourself shall go between's: the mean time, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;  
So your desires are yours.

*Octa.* Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,  
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be  
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men      31  
Should solder up the rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins,  
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults  
Can never be so equal, that your love  
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;  
Choose your own company, and command what cost  
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.]

*The same. Another room.*

*Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros!

*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old: what is the success?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of 10 letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more; And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns The rush that lies before him; cries 'Fool Lepidus!' And threatens the throat of that his officer That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigg'd. 20

*Eros.* For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius; My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught: But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

*Rome. Cæsar's house.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenus.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,  
 In Alexandria: here's the manner of 't:  
 I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd  
 Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
 Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat  
 Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,  
 And all the unlawful issue that their lust  
 Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
 He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her  
 Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10  
 Absolute queen.

*Mæc.*                              This in the public eye?

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise.  
 His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:  
 Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
 He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
 Syria, Cilicia and Phœnicia: she  
 In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
 That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,  
 As 'tis reported, so.

*Mæc.*                              Let Rome be thus  
 Inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, queasy with his insolence 20  
 Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it, and have now received  
 His accusations.

*Agr.*                              Who does he accuse?

*Cæs.* Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily



Act III. Sc. vi.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*Agr.*                                      Sir, this should be answer'd.                                      30

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.  
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;  
That he his high authority abused  
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,  
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mæc.*                                      He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter Octavia, with her train.*

*Octa.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee castaway!                                      40

*Octa.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not  
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach  
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way  
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,  
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come  
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented                                      51



Act III. Sc. vii.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Cas.

Welcome hither:

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,  
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led      So  
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content, these strong necessities;  
But let determin'd things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused  
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,  
To do you justice, make them ministers  
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort:  
And ever welcome to us.

Agr.

Welcome, lady.

90

*Mac.* Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off;  
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,  
That noises it against us.

*Octa.*

Is it so, sir?

*Cas.* Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,  
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

*Near Actium. Antony's camp.*

*Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.*

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act III. Sc. vii.

And say'st it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well, is it, is it?

*Cleo.* If not denounced against us, why should not we  
Be there in person?

*Eno.* [Aside] Well, I could reply :  
If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely lost ; the mares would bear  
A soldier and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is 't you say? IO

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony ;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,  
What should not then be spared. He is already  
Traduced for levity ; and 'tis said in Rome  
That Photinus, an eunuch and your maids  
Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome, and their tongues rot  
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,  
And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;  
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done. 20  
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter Antony and Canidius.*

*Ant.* Is it not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum and Brundisium  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't, sweet?

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admired  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well becomed the best of men,

Act III. Sc. vii.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea: what else?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For that he dares us to 't. 30

*Eno.* So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd,  
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:  
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepared for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land,  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forgo  
The way which promises assurance, and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better. 50.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium,  
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,  
We then can do 't at land.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA    Act III. Sc. vii.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy business?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord; he is descried;  
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;  
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship:  
Away, my Thetis!

*Enter a Soldier.*

How now, worthy soldier?

*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ; 61  
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt  
This sword and these my wounds ? Let the Egyptians  
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking : we  
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well: away!

*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows  
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led, 70  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,  
Publicola and Cælius, are for sea:  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions as

## Act III. Sc. viii.-ix. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Beguiled all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius. 80

*Can.* With news the time's with labour, and throes forth  
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene VIII.

*A plain near Actium.*

*Enter Cæsar, Taurus, with his army, marching.*

*Cæs.* Taurus!

*Taur.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,  
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed  
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies  
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene IX.

*Another part of the plain.*

*Enter Antony and Enobarbus.*

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]



Scene X.

*Another part of the plain.*

*Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way;  
and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, with his army,  
the other way. After their going in, is heard the  
noise of a sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.*

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer!  
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:  
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter Scarus.*

*Scar.* Gods and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them!

*Eno.* What 's thy passion?

*Scar.* The greater cantle of the world is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight?

*Scar.* On our side like the token'd pestilence, 9  
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt—  
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,  
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—  
The breese upon her, like a cow in June!—  
Hoists sails and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld:  
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not  
Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being loof'd,

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard, 20  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :  
I never saw an action of such shame ;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack!

*Enter Canidius.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:  
O, he has given example for our flight  
Most grossly by his own!

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then good night  
Indeed.

*Can.* Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend  
What further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render  
My legions and my horse: six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene XI.

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter Antony with Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;  
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither:  
I am so lated in the world that I

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act III. Sc. xi.

Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship  
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*All.* Fly! not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards  
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;  
I have myself resolved upon a course  
Which has no need of you; be gone: 10  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O,  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:  
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left  
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway: 20  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:  
Nay, do so; for indeed I have lost command,  
Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by.  
[Sits down.]

*Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Iras; Eros following.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

*Iras.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do! why, what else?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno!

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, sir? 30

*Ant.* O fie, fie, fie!

*Char.* Madam!

*Iras.* Madam, O good empress!

*Eros.* Sir, sir!

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept  
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I  
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.

*Cleo.* Ah! stand by.

41

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him:  
He is unqualitied with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then, sustain me: O!

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:  
Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation,  
A most unnoble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

50

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,  
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes  
By looking back what I have left behind  
Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord,  
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods

60

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA    Act III. Sc. xii.

Command me.

*Cleo.*                    O, my pardon!

*Ant.*                                    Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,  
Making and marring fortunes. You did know  
How much you were my conqueror, and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.*                                    Pardon, pardon!

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates  
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;                    70  
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;  
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.  
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune  
   knows  
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene XII.

*Egypt. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that 's come from Antony.  
Know you him?

*Dol.*                                    Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers  
Not many moons gone by.

Act III, Sc. xii.    ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Enter Euphronius, ambassador from Antony.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Euph.* Such as I am, I come from Antony:

I was of late as petty to his ends

As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf

To his grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be't so: declare thine office. 10

*Euph.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and

Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,

He lessens his requests, and to thee sues

To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,

A private man in Athens: this for him.

Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;

Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves

The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,

Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,

I have no ears to his request. The queen

Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she

From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,

Or take his life there: this if she perform,

She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Euph.* Fortune pursue thee!

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.

[Exit Euphronius.

[*To Thyrcus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time:  
dispatch;

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

And in our name, what she requires ; add more,

From thine invention, offers: women are not 20

In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Act III. Sc. xiii.

The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene XIII.

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?

*Eno.* Think, and die.

*Cleo.* Is Antony or we in fault for this?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What though you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
Frighted each other, why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,  
When half to half the world opposed, he being  
The mered question: 'twas a shame no less 10  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags  
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.* Prithee, peace.

*Enter Antony, with Euphronius the Ambassador.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer?

*Euph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy, so she



Act III. Sc. xiii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Will yield us up.

*Euph.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know 't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cleo.* That head, my lord?

*Ant.* To him again: tell him he wears the rose 20  
Of youth upon him, from which the world should  
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child as soon  
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart  
And answer me declined, sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

*[Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.]*

*Eno.* *[Aside]* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
Unstate his happiness and be staged to the show 30  
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are  
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdued  
His judgement too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony? See, my women,  
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Act III. Sc. xiii.

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir. 40

[*Exit Attend.*]

*Eno.* [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.

The loyalty well held to fools does make

Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure

To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord

Does conquer him that did his master conquer,

And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter Thyreus.*

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends: say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,

Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master 50

Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,

Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st

Further than he is Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Go on: right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows that you embrace not Antony

As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* O!

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour therefore he

Does pity as constrained blemishes,

Not as deserved.

*Cleo.* He is a god and knows 60

What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,

But conquer'd merely.

Act III. Sc xiii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Eno.* [Aside] To be sure of that,  
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit.

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desired to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony, 70  
And put yourself under his shrowd,  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation  
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can, 80  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father oft,  
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.*

*Ant.* Favours, by Jove that thunders!

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Act III. Sc. xiii.

What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and  
devils!

Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!'  
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth, 91  
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears?  
I am Antony yet.

*Enter Attendants.*

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

*Eno.* [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!  
Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her  
name,  
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, 100  
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* •Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with Thyreus.*]  
You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,

Act III. Sc. xiii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

And by a gem of women, to be abused  
By one that looks on feeders?

*Cleo.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever: 110  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—  
O misery on 't!—the wise gods seel our eyes;  
In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us  
Adore our errors; laugh at 's while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cleo.* O, is 't come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out: for I am sure, 120  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards  
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal  
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were  
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;  
And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank 130  
For being yare about him.

*Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.*

Is he whipp'd?

*First Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd he pardon:

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Act III. Sc. xiii.

*First Att.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be thou sorry  
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : henceforth  
The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,  
Tell him thy entertainment : look thou say 140  
He makes me angry with him ; for he seems  
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was : he makes me angry ;  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,  
When my good stars that were my former guides  
Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires  
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike  
My speech and what is done, tell him he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, 150  
As he shall like, to quit me : urge it thou :  
Hence with thy stripes, begone ! [*Exit Thyreus.*]

*Cleo.* Have you done yet ?

*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon  
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony.

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
With one that ties his points ?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet ?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me ?

*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be so,  
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source, and the first stone 160

Act III. Sc. xiii. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Drop in my neck: as it determines, so  
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!  
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying of this pelleted storm  
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too 170  
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.  
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear,  
lady?

If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:  
There's hope in 't yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!

*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives 180  
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me  
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more:  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.* It is my birth-day:

I had thought to have held it poor, but since my lord  
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.



*Ant.* Do so, we 'll speak to them; and to-night I 'll force  
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my  
queen; 191

There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight  
I 'll make death love me, for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*]

*Eno.* Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious  
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood  
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek 200  
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

## ACT FOURTH.

### Scene I.

*Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas, with his army:  
Cæsar reading a letter.*

*Cæs.* He calls me boy, and chides as he had power  
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal  
combat,  
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know  
I have many other ways to die, meantime  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mæc.* Cæsar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now



Act IV. Sc. ii.

Thou,—and thou,—and thou: you have served me  
well,

And kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo.* [Aside to *Eno.*] What means this?

*Eno.* [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which  
sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

*Ant.* And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men,  
And all of you clapp'd up together in  
An Antony, that I might do you service  
So good as you have done.

*Serv.* The gods forbid!

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: 20

Scant not my cups, and make as much of me

As when mine empire was your fellow too

And suffer'd my command.

*Clco.* [Aside to *Eno.*] What does he mean?

*Eno.* [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night ;

May be it is the period of your duty :

Haply you shall not see me more; or if,

A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

I turn you not away ; but, like a master 30

Married to your good service, stay till death:

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods yield you for 't!

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,

And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Transform us not to women.

Ant.

Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty  
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense ;

For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire  
you 40

To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,  
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life

Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,

And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

*The same. Before the palace.*

*Enter two Soldiers to their guard.*

*First Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

*Sec. Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

*First Sold.* Nothing. What news?

*Sec. Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

*First Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

*Enter two other Soldiers.*

*Sec. Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

*Third Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.

[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*]

*Fourth Sold.* Here we: and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

Act IV. Sc. iv.

And full of purpose.

[*Music of hautboys as under the stage.*

Peace! what noise?

List, list !

*Sec. Sold.* Hark!

Music i' the air.

Under the earth.

*Fourth Sold.* It signs well, does it not?

No.

Peace, I say!

## What should this mean?

Now leaves him.

Do hear what we do.

*Sec. Sold.* How now, masters!

hear this?

20

*Third Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

*First Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;

Let's see how it will give off.

[*Exeunt.*

### Scene IV.

*The same. A room in the palace.*

*attending.*

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Act IV. Sc. iv.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Enter Eros with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:  
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is  
Because we brave her: come.

*Cleo.* What's this for?

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.

*Cleo.* Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

*Ant.* Well, well;  
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?  
Go put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly, sir. 10

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely :  
He that unbuckles this, till we do please  
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.  
Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire  
More tight at this than thou : dispatch. O love,  
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st  
The royal occupation ! thou shouldst see  
A workman in 't.

*Enter an armed Soldier.*

Good morrow to thee ; welcome :  
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :  
To business that we love we rise betime, 20  
And go to 't with delight.

*Sold.* A thousand, sir,  
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,  
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets flourish.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act IV. Sc. v.

*Enter Captains and Soldiers.*

*Capt.* The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads :

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:

This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable 30

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee

Now like a man of steel. You that will fight,

Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't. Adieu.

[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber.

*Cleo.* Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then Antony—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

*Alexandria. Antony's camp.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.*

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

*Ant.* Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd  
To make me fight at land!

*Sold.* Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted and the soldier

That has this morning left thee would have still

Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?

*Sold.* Who!

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,  
He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar's camp  
Say 'I am none of thine.'

*Ant.* What say'st thou?

*Sold.* Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure 10  
He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sold.* Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;  
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—  
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;  
Say that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master. O, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. Enobarbus!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene VI.

*Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Flourish. Enter Cæsar with Agrippa, Enobarbus,  
and others.*

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:  
Our will is Antony be took alive;  
Make it so known.

*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.]

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near:  
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
Shall bear the olive freely.



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act IV. Sc. vi.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge Agrippa  
Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury  
Upon himself. [Exeunt all but Enobarbus. 10

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry  
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar  
And leave his master Antony: for this pains  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest  
That fell away have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill;  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.*

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony 20  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus: the messenger  
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus :  
I tell you true : best you safed the bringer  
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth, 30  
And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid

Act IV. Sc. vii.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart :  
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought : but thought will do 't, I feel.  
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek  
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life. [Exit.]

Scene VII.

*Field of battle between the camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa and others.*

*Ag.* Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far :  
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression  
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.]

*Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !  
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home  
With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H. [Retreat afar off.]

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes : I have yet  
Room for six scotches more. 10

*Enter Eros.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves  
For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind :  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA Act IV. Sc. viii.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.  
*Scar.* I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene VIII.

*Under the walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum.* Enter Antony, in a march; Scarus, with others.

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp: run one before,  
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,  
Before the sun shall see 's, we 'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;  
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought  
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been  
Each man 's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.  
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss  
The honour'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus*] Give me  
thy hand; II

*Enter Cleopatra, attended.*

To this great fairy I 'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the world,  
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing!

*Cleo.* Lord of lords!  
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale,

Act IV. Sc. ix.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl!  
though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet  
ha' we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves and can  
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:  
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day  
As if a god in hate of mankind had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserved it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march; 30  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-  
gether,  
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

Scene IX.

*Cæsar's camp.*

*Sentinels at their post.*

*First Sold.* If we be not relieved within this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard: the night  
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act IV. Sc. ix.

By the second hour i' the morn.

*Sec. Sold.* This last day was  
A shrewd one to 's.

*Enter Enobarbus.*

*Eno.* O, bear me witness, night,—

*Third Sold.* What man is this?

*Sec. Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!

*First Sold.* Enobarbus!

*Third Sold.* Peace! 10  
Hark further.

*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me,  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular, 20  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver and a fugitive:  
O Antony! O Antony! [Dies]

*Sec. Sold.* Let's speak to him.

*First Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks  
May concern Cæsar.

*Third Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

*First Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his

## Act IV. Sc. x.=xi. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Was never yet for sleep.

*Sec. Sold.* Go we to him.

*Third Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

*Sec. Sold.* Hear you, sir?

*First Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him. [*Drums  
afar off.*] Hark! the drums 30

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour  
Is fully out.

*Third Sold.* Come on, then; he may recover yet.  
[*Exeunt with the body.*]

### Scene X.

*Between the two camps.*

*Enter Antony and Scarus, with their army.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would they 'ld fight i' the fire or i' the air;  
We 'ld fight there too. But this it is; our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city  
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;  
They have put forth the haven . . .  
Where their appointment we may best discover  
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene XI.

*Another part of the same.*

*Enter Caesar, and his army.*

*Cæs.* But being charged, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA    Act IV. Sc. xii.

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene XII.

*Hills adjoining to Alexandria.*

*Enter Antony and Scarus.*

*Ant.* Yet they are not join'd : where yond pine does stand,  
I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*]

*Scar.* Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers  
Say they know not, they cannot tell ; look grimly  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*]

*Re-enter Antony.*

*Ant.* All is lost ;  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me : 10  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder  
They cast their caps up and carouse together  
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore ! 'tis thou  
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly ;  
For when I am revenged upon my charm,  
I have done all. Bid them all fly ; begone.  
[*Exit Scarus.*]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :  
Fortune and Antony part here, even here

Act IV. Sc. xii.      ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts  
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave      21  
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.  
 O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,  
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd them  
     home,  
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,  
 Like a right gipsy hath at fast and loose  
 Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.  
 What, Eros, Eros!

*Enter Cleopatra.*

   Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!      30  
*Cleo.* Why is my lord enraged against his love?  
*Ant.* Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:  
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
 Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown  
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let  
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
 With her prepared nails.      [*Exit Cleopatra.*]  
    'Tis well thou 'rt gone,  
 If it be well to live; but better 'twere      40  
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
 Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!  
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,  
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:  
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon,  
 And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club



## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA    Act IV. Sc. xiii.

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
Under this plot: she dies for 't. Eros, ho! [*Exit.*]

### Scene XIII.

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*

*Cleo.* Help me, my women! O, he is more mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly  
Was never so emboss'd.

*Char.* To the monument!  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
The soul and body rive not more in parting  
Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To the monument!  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'  
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,  
And bring me how he takes my death. To the  
monument! [*Exeunt.* 10

### Scene XIV.

*The same. Another room.*

*Enter Antony and Eros.*

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish,  
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory

Act IV. Sc. xiv.    ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world  
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these  
signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

*Eros.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct 10  
As water is in water.

*Eros.* It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body: here I am Antony,  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen—  
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,  
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't  
A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has  
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory  
Unto an enemy's triumph. 20  
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.

*Enter Mardian.*

O, thy vile lady!

She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony;  
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!  
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once,  
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do  
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA    Act IV. Sc. xiv.

Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!' 30

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony; it was divided  
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead then?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,  
And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou depart'st  
hence safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*  
Off, pluck off:

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!  
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, 40  
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace!  
No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go;  
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.

[*Exit Eros.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture: since the torch is out,  
Lie down and stray no farther: now all labour  
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.  
Eros!—I come, my queen. Eros!—Stay for me: 50  
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in  
hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts  
gaze:

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Act IV. Sc. xiv. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Re-enter Eros.*

*Eros.* What would my lord?

*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died  
I have lived in such dishonour that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack  
The courage of a woman; less noble mind 60  
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells  
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,  
That, when the exigent should come—which now  
Is come indeed—when I should see behind me  
The inevitable prosecution of  
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come:  
Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me!  
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, 70  
Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

*Ant.* Eros,  
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down  
His corrigible neck, his face subdued  
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat  
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that ensued?

*Eros.* I would not see 't.

*Ant.* Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.  
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
Most useful for thy country.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act IV. Sc. xiv.

*Eros.* O, sir, pardon me!      80

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swore'st thou not  
then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;

Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me then that noble countenance,  
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

*Ant.* Lo thee!      [*Turning from him.*]

*Eros.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once  
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.* My dear master,  
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,      90  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

*Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

*Ant.* Now, Eros.

*Eros.* Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow  
Of Antony's death.      [*Kills himself.*]

*Ant.* Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

I should and thou couldst not. My queen and  
Eros

Have by their brave instruction got upon me

A nobleness in record: but I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't      100

As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*]

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?

The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

## Act IV. Sc. xiv.    ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*Enter Dercetas and Guard.*

*First Guard.*

## What 's the noise?

*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end  
Of what I have begun.

*Sec. Guard.* The star is fall'n.

*First Guard.* And time is at his period.

*All.* Alas, and woe!

*Ant.* Let him that loves me strike me dead.

*First Guard.* Not I.

*Sec. Guard.* Nor I.

*Third Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.* 110

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter Diomedes.*

*Dio.* Where's Antony?

*Der.* There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? *[Exit Dercetas.]*

*Ant.* Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and  
give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

*Dio.* Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did she send thee?

*Dio.* Now, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is she?

*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying  
fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act IV. Sc. xv.

Which never shall be found—you did suspect  
She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage  
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;  
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.

*Dio.* What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what,  
hò!

Come, your lord calls. 130

*Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

*First Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear  
All your true followers out.

*All.* Most heavy day!

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:

I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends, 139

And have my thanks for all.

*[Excunt, bearing Antony.]*

Scene XV.

*The same. A monument.*

*Enter Cleopatra, and her maids aloft, with Charmian,  
and Iras.*

*Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not;





ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA      Act IV. Sc. xv.

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes  
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—  
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up; 30  
Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!  
Our strength is all gone into heaviness;  
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little—  
Wishers were ever fools—O, come, come, come;  
[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*]  
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:  
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight! 40

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying:  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provoked by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen:  
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me:  
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution and my hands I'll trust;  
None about Cæsar. 50

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end  
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes

Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,  
The noblest, and do now not basely die,  
Not cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;  
I can no more.

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't die?

Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide 60

In this dull world, which in thy absence is

No better than a sty? O, see, my women,

[*Antony dies.*]

The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,

The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls

Are level now with men; the odds is gone,

And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon. [Faints.]

*Char.* O, quietness, lady!

*Iras.* She's dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady!

*Iras.* Madam!

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam!

<i>Iras.</i>	Royal Egypt,	70
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Empress !

*Char.* Peace, peace, Iras!

By such poor passion as the maid that milks

And does the meanest chares. It were for me

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods,

To tell them that this world did equal theirs

Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught:

Patience is sottish, and impatience does

Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin 80  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?  
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!  
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,  
Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart:  
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,  
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:  
Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend 90  
But resolution and the briefest end.

*[Exeunt: those above bearing off Antony's body.]*

## ACT FIFTH.

### Scene I.

*'Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenus, Gallus,  
Proculeius, and others, his council of war.*

*Cæs.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks  
The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou that darest  
Appear thus to us?

*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas;  
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy  
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,

He was my master, and I wore my life  
To spend upon his haters. If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him 10  
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

*Cæs.* What is't thou say'st.

*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should make  
A greater crack: the round world  
Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;  
Not by a public minister of justice, 20  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;  
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends?  
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

*Agr.* And strange it is  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

*Mæc.* His taints and honours 30  
Waged equal with him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mac.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.*

O Antony !

I have follow'd thee to this. But we do lance  
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine; we could not stall together  
In the whole world: but yet let me lament, 40  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body and the heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars  
Unreconcilable should divide  
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—

*Enter an Egyptian.*

But I will tell you at some meeter season:  
The business of this man looks out of him; 50  
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

*Egypt.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,  
Confined in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction,  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forced to.

*Cæs.*

Bid her have good heart :

She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we  
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Egypt.*

So the gods preserve thee ! [*Exit.* 60

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,  
 We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts  
 The quality of her passion shall require,  
 Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke  
 She do defeat us; for her life in Rome  
 Would be eternal in our triumph: go,  
 And with your speediest bring us what she says  
 And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus*] Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?

*All.* Dolabella! 70

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
 How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.  
 Go with me to my tent; where you shall see  
 How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
 In all my writings: go with me, and see  
 What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene II.

*Alexandria. The monument.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
 A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
 Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,  
 A minister of her will: and it is great  
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
 Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;  
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,  
 The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, Proculeius,  
Gallus, and Soldiers.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee. IO

*Cleo.* What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cleo.* Antony  
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but  
I do not greatly care to be deceived,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own as I  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer ;  
You 're fall'n into a princely hand ; fear nothing :  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace that it flows over  
On all that need. Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find  
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* Pray you, tell him  
I am his fortune's vassal and I send him  
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn 30  
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied  
Of him that caused it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surprised.

*[Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.]*

Guard her till Cæsar come.

*[Exit.]*

*Iras.* Royal queen!

*Char.* O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands. *[Drawing a dagger.]*

*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold:  
*[Seizes and disarms her.]*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this 40  
Relieved, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death too,  
That rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.* Cleopatra,  
Do not abuse my master's bounty by  
The undoing of yourself: let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death?  
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro.* O, temperance, lady!

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;  
If idle talk will once be necessary, 50  
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,  
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,  
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye



Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up  
And show me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud  
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
Blow me into abhorring! rather make 60  
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.* . . . . . You do extend  
These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* . . . . . Proculeius,  
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen  
I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* . . . . . So, Dolabella,  
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.  
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,  
If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* . . . . . Say, I would die. 70  
[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*]

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* . . . . . Assuredly you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.  
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;  
Is't not your trick?

*Dol.* . . . . . I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dreamed there was an emperor Antony:  
O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man!

*Dol.* If it might please ye,—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck  
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted  
The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,— 81

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm  
Crested the world: his voice was propertyed  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping: his delights  
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above  
The element they lived in: in his livery 90  
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were  
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

*Dol.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Think you there was, or might be, such a man  
As this I dream'd of?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.  
But if there be, or ever were, one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff  
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet to imagine  
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam. 100  
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight: would I might never  
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites

My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cleo.* He'll lead me then in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will; I know 't. 110

[*Flourish and shout within: 'Make way there: Cæsar!'*]

*Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mæcenus, Seleucus,  
and others of his train.*

*Cæs.* Which is the Queen of Egypt?

*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleopatra kneels.*]

*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o' the world, 120

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear; but do confess I have

Been laden with like frailties which before

Have often shamed our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents,

Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek  
To lay on me a cruelty by taking  
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself 130  
Of my good purposes and put your children  
To that destruction which I'll guard them from  
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cleo.* And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,  
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate and jewels,  
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued,  
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus? 140

*Sel.* Here, madam.

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,  
Upon his peril, that I have reserved  
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Madam,  
I had rather seal my lips than to my peril  
Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve  
Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar! O, behold, 150  
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,  
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust  
Than love that's hired! What, goest thou back?  
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,

Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!  
O rarely base!

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,  
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me, 160  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,  
That I some lady trifles have reserved,  
Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,  
Some nobler token have I kept apart  
For Livia and Octavia, to induce  
Their mediation; must I be unfolded 170  
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me  
Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go  
hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,  
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus.  
[*Exit Seleucus.*]

*Cleo.* Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-thought  
For things that others do, and when we fall,  
We answer others' merits in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,  
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,  
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours, 181  
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you

Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;  
 Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear  
                     queen ;

For we intend so to dispose you as  
 Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :  
 Our care and pity is so much upon you  
 That we remain your friend ; and so, adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord !

*Cæs.* Not so. Adieu. 190

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not  
 Be noble to myself : but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*]

*Iras.* Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,  
 And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.* Hie thee again ;  
 I have spoke already, and it is provided ;  
 Go put it to the haste.

*Char.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* Where is the queen ?

*Char.* Behold, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Cleo.* Dolabella !

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,  
 Which my love makes religion to obey,  
 I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria 200  
 Intends his journey, and within three days  
 You with your children will he send before :  
 Make your best use of this : I have perform'd  
 Your pleasure and my promise.

*Cleo.* Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown

In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall 210

Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,

Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded

And forced to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid!

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy lictors

Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians

Extemporally will stage us and present

Our Alexandrian revels; Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness 220

I' the posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O the good gods!

*Cleo.* Nay, that's certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see 't; for I am sure my nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer

Their most absurd intents.

*Re-enter Charmian.*

Now, Charmian!

Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch

My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,

To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.

Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed, 230  
And when thou hast done this chare I'll give thee  
leave

To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.

[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*]

Wherefore's this noise?

*Enter a Guardsman.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow  
That will not be denied your highness' presence:  
He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. [*Exit Guardsman.*]

What poor an instrument  
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me: now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon 240  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guardsman, with Cloten bringing in a basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*]  
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not?

*Cloten.* Truly, I have him: but I would not be the  
party that should desire you to touch him, for  
his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do  
seldom or never recover.

*Cleo.* Rememberest thou any that have died on't?

*Cloten.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of 250  
one of them no longer than yesterday: a very



honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence; farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm. 260

*[Setting down his basket.]*

*Cleo.* Farewell.

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that ~~the~~ worm will do his kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people, for indeed there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding. 270

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm. *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, etc.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have 280

Immortal longings in me: now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:  
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life. So; have you done? 290  
Come then and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

*[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.]*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say  
The gods themselves do weep!

*Cleo.* This proves me base.

If she first meet the curled Antony, 301  
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss  
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal  
wretch,

*[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.]*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass  
Unpoliced!

*Char.* O eastern star!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break! 310

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*

What should I stay— [Dies.

*Char.* In this vile world? So, fare thee well.

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies

A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;

And golden Phœbus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;

I'll mend it, and then play.

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

*First Guard.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.

*First Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Char.* Too slow a messenger. 321

[*Applies an asp.*

O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

*First Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's  
beguiled.

*Sec. Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call  
him.

*First Guard.* What work is here! Charmian, is this well  
done?

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[Dies.

*Re-enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* How goes it here?

*Sec. Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts  
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming 330  
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.

[*Within.* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!']

*Re-enter Cæsar and his train.*

*Dol.* O sir, you are too sure an augurer;  
That you did fear is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last,  
She levell'd at our purposes, and being royal  
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them?

*First Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs:  
This was his basket.

*Cæs.* Poison'd then.

*First Guard.* O Cæsar,  
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake:  
I found her trimming up the diadem 341  
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,  
And on the sudden dropp'd.

*Cæs.* O noble weakness!  
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:  
The like is on her arm.

*First Guard.* This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves  
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves     351  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cæs.* Most probable  
That so she died; for her physician tells me  
She hath pursued conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,  
And bear her women from the monument:  
She shall be buried by her Antony:  
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them; and their story is 360  
No less in pity than his glory which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall  
In solemn show attend this funeral,  
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*]



Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion Sacrificing to the Gods.  
*Sculptured in the great Temple, at Dendera, upper Egypt.*

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## Glossary.

*Abhorring*, abomination; V. ii. 60.

*Abode*, staying; I. ii. 177.

*Abstract*; "the a. of all faults," a microcosm of sinfulness; I. iv. 9.

*Abused*, ill-used; III. vi. 86.

*Abysm*, abyss; III. xiii. 147.

*Admitted*, acknowledged; registered (Theobald, "omitted"); V. ii. 140.

*Afeard*, afraid; II. v. 81.

*Affect'st*, pleases (Folio I, "affects"); I. iii. 71.

*Aid*; "pray in a," seek assistance, call in help from another; V. ii. 27.

*Alcides*, Hercules; IV. xii. 44.

*Alike*; "having a. your cause," "being engaged in the same cause with you" (Malone); II. ii. 51.

*All-obeying*, obeyed by all; III. xiii. 77.

*Alms-drink*, "leavings" (according to Warburton a phrase amongst good fellows to signify that liquor of another's share which his companions drink to ease him); II. vii. 5.

*Angle*, angling-line, fishing-line; II. v. 10. (Cp. illustration.)

*Answer*, render account; III. xiii. 27.

*Antoniad*, the name of the flagship of Cleopatra; III. x. 2.

*Apace*, fast; IV. vii. 6.

*Appeal*, impeachment; III. v. 12.

*Approof*; "and as my farthest band shall pass on thy a," i.e. "such as when tried will prove to be beyond anything that I can promise" (Schmidt); III. ii. 27.

*Approves*, proves; I. i. 60.

*Arabian bird*, i.e. the Phoenix; III. ii. 12.

*Argument*, proof; III. xii. 3.

*Arm-gaunt* (*vide* Note); I. v. 48.

*Armourer*, one who has care of the armour of his master; IV. iv. 7.

*As*, as if; I. ii. 100.

*Aslowas*, lower than; III. iii. 37.

*Aspic*, asp, a venomous snake; V. ii. 293.



From a wall-painting in a Theban tomb.

*Aspic's* (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Aspects*"); V. ii. 350.

*As't*, as if it; IV. viii. 6.

*At heel of*, on the heels of, immediately after; II. ii. 159.

*Atone*, reconcile; II. ii. 102.

*Attend*, witness, take notice of; II. ii. 60.

—, await; III. x. 32.

*Augurer*, diviner, foreteller; V. ii. 333.

*Auguring*, prophesying; II. i. 10.

*Avoid*, begone, withdraw; V. ii. 242.

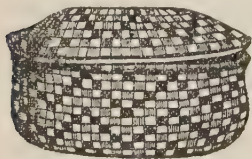
*Awry*, not straight (Pope's emendation of Folios, "*away*"); V. ii. 318.

*Band*, bond; II. vi. 128; III. ii. 26.

*Banquet*, dessert; I. ii. 11.

*Bark'd*, peeled; IV. xii. 23.

*Basket*; "enter Clown bringing in a basket"; V. ii. 241.



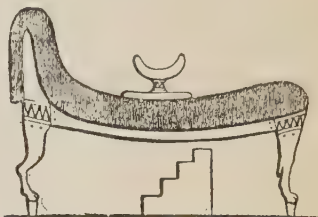
(direc.). The annexed cuts represent ancient Egyptian baskets, fig. 2 showing also the fruit covered by a palm-leaf.

*Battery*; "b. from my heart," i.e. the battery proceeding from the beating of my heart; IV. xiv. 39.

*Battle*, army; III. ix. 2.

*Beck'd*, beckoned; IV. xii. 26.

*Bed*; "the bed of Ptolemy"; I. iv. 17. (Cp. illustration.)



From a wall-painting on the tomb  
Rameses III., at Thebes.

*Beguiled*, cheated; V. ii. 323.

*Belike*, I suppose; I. ii. 35.

*Bench-holes*, holes of a privy; IV. vii. 9.

*Bereave*, deprive; V. ii. 130.

*Best*, it were best; IV. vi. 26.

*Bestrid*, did stride over; V. ii. 82.

*Betime*, betimes, in good time; IV. iv. 20.

*Blown*, swollen; V. ii. 348.

*Blows*, swells; IV. vi. 34.

*Boar*; "the b. of Thessaly," i.e. the boar killed by Meleager; IV. xiii. 2.

*Boggler*, inconstant woman; III. xiii. 110.



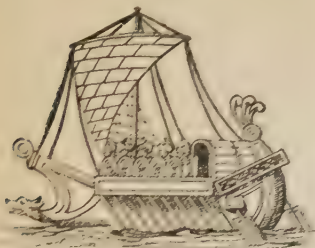
- Bolts up*, fetters; V. ii. 6.
- Bond*, "bounden duty" (Mason); I. iv. 84.
- Boot*; "make b.," take advantage; IV. i. 9.
- Boot thee with*, give thee to boot, give thee in addition; II. v. 71.
- Boy my greatness*, alluding to the fact of boys or youths playing female parts on the stage in the time of Shakespeare; V. ii. 220.
- Branded*, stigmatised; IV. xiv. 77.
- Brave*, defy; IV. iv. 5.
- Break*, communicate; I. ii. 179.
- Breather*, one who lives; III. iii. 24.
- Breathing*, utterance; I. iii. 14.
- Breese*, gadfly; III. x. 14.
- Brief*, summary; V. ii. 138.
- Bring*, take; III. v. 24.
- Bring me*, i.e. bring me word; IV. xiii. 10.
- Brooch'd*, adorned as with a brooch (Wray conj. "brook'd"); IV. xv. 25.
- Burgonet*, a close-fitting helmet; I. v. 24.
- But*, if not; V. ii. 103.
- But being*, except, unless we are; IV. xi. 1.
- But it is*, except it be, if it be not; V. i. 27.
- By*, according to; III. iii. 43.
- Call on him*, call him to account; (?) "visit" (Schmidt); I. iv. 28.
- Cattle*, piece; III. x. 6.
- Carbuncled*, set with carbuncles; IV. viii. 28.
- Carriage*; "the c. of his chafe," the bearing of his passion, i.e. his angry bearing; I. iii. 85.
- Carries beyond*, surpasses; III. vii. 76.
- Cast*, cast up, calculate; III. ii. 17.
- Chance*; "wounded ch.," broken fortunes; III. x. 36.
- , fortune; V. ii. 174.
- , occur; III. iv. 13.
- Chare*, task; V. ii. 231.
- Chares*, drudgery; IV. xv. 75.
- Charm*, charmer; IV. xii. 16.
- Check*, rebuke; IV. iv. 31.
- Chuck*, a term of endearment; IV. iv. 2.
- Circle*, crown; III. xii. 18.
- Clip*, embrace; IV. viii. 8.
- , surround; V. ii. 358.
- Close*, hidden; IV. ix. 6.
- Cloth-of-gold of tissue*, i.e. "cloth-of-gold in tissue or texture"; (?) cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue; II. ii. 202.
- Clouts, cloths*; (?) blows, knocks; IV. vii. 6.
- Cloyless*, preventing satiety; II. i. 25.
- Colour*, excuse, pretext; I. iii. 32.
- Comes dear'd*, becomes endeared (Folios, "comes fear'd"); I. iv. 44.
- Comfort*; "best of c.," i.e. "may the best of comfort be yours" (Steevens); (Rowe. "Be of comfort"); III. vi. 89.

- Command*, all power to command; III. xi. 23.
- Commission*, warrant; II. iii. 41.
- Comparisons*, advantages, *i.e.* "things in his favour, when compared to me" (Pope, "*caparisons*"); III. xiii. 26.
- Competitor*, associate; I. iv. 3.
- Compose*, come to a composition; II. ii. 15.
- Composure*, composition; I. iv. 22.
- Conclusion*; "still c.," *i.e.* quiet inference (Collier MS., "*still condition*"); IV. xv. 28.
- Conclusions*, experiments; V. ii. 354.
- Confound*, waste; I. i. 45.
- , destroy; III. ii. 58.
- Congelment*, congealed blood; IV. viii. 10.
- Content*, agreed; IV. iii. 24.
- Continent*; "thy c.," that which encloses thee; IV. xiv. 40.
- Contriving*; "many our c. friends," *i.e.* "many friends who are busy in our interest"; I. ii. 184.
- Conversation*, deportment; II. vi. 123.
- Corrigible*, submissive to correction; IV. xiv. 74.
- Couch*, lie; IV. xiv. 51.
- Could*, would gladly; I. ii. 128.
- Course*, pursue hotly; III. xiii. 11.
- Court of guard*, guard room; IV. ix. 2.
- Crack*, burst of sound; V. i. 15.
- Crescent*, increasing; II. i. 10.
- Crested*, formed the crest of; V. ii. 83.
- Crownnet*, crown; IV. xii. 27.
- Crownets*, coronets; V. ii. 91.
- Cunning*, "dexterous and trickish in dissembling"; I. ii. 147.
- , skill, art; II. iii. 34.
- Curious*, careful; III. ii. 35.
- Curstness*, ill-humour; II. ii. 25.
- Daff't*, doff it, take it off (Folio 1, "*daft*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*doft*"; Rowe, "*doft*"); IV. iv. 13.
- Dare*, defiance; I. ii. 186.
- Darkens*, obscures; III. i. 24.
- Darkling*, in the dark; IV. xv. 10.
- Dealt on lieutenantry*, acted by proxy; III. xi. 39.
- Death and honour*, honourable death; IV. ii. 44.
- Declined*, decayed, fallen; III. xiii. 27.
- Defeat'st*, dost destroy; IV. xiv. 68.
- Defend*, forbid; III. iii. 46.
- Demon*, attendant spirit; II. iii. 19.
- Demurely*, solemnly, gravely; IV. xv. 29; IV. ix. 31.
- Demuring*, looking with affected modesty; IV. xv. 29.
- Deputation*; "in d.," by deputy (Folios, "*disputation*"); III. xiii. 74.
- Derogately*, disparagingly; II. ii. 34.
- Desires*; "your d. are yours," your desires are granted; III. iv. 28.
- Determine*, decide, resolve; V. i. 59.

- Determines*, comes to an end; III. xiii. 161.
- Diminutives*, insignificant creatures; IV. xii. 37.
- Disaster*, disfigure; II. vii. 17.
- Discandy*, melt; IV. xii. 22.
- Discandying*, melting, thawing (Ff., "*discandering*"; Rowe, "*discattering*"); III. xiii. 165.
- Discontents*, malcontents; I. iv. 39.
- Dislimns*, effaces, blots out (Folios, "*dislimes*"); IV. xiv. 10.
- Dismission*, dismissal, discharge; I. i. 26.
- Disponge*, pour down; IV. ix. 13.
- Dispose*, dispose of; V. ii. 186.
- Disposed*, settled matters (Collier MS., "*compos'd*"); IV. xiv. 123.
- Disposition*; "pinch one another by the d.," "touch one another in a sore place" (Warburton); "try each other by banter" (Clarke); II. vii. 7.
- Distractions*, detachments; III. vii. 77.
- Divine*, prophesy, predict; II. vi. 116.
- Doits*, the smallest sum of money (Folios, "*Dolts*," i.e. fools; for which reading much is to be said); IV. xii. 37.
- Doughty-handed*, stout of hands; IV. viii. 5.
- Dread*, fear; IV. xiv. 127.
- Droven*, driven; IV. vii. 5.
- Dumb'd*, silenced (Folios, "*dumb*"; Warburton, "*done*"); I. v. 50.
- Ear*, plough; I. iv. 49.
- Earing*, tilling, ploughing; I. ii. 112.
- Ebb'd*, declined, decayed; I. iv. 43.
- Edges*, blades, swords; II. vi. 39.
- Edict*; "make thine own e.," decree the reward you desire; III. xii. 32.
- Effects*, realisation; V. ii. 330.
- Egypt*, i.e. the Queen of Egypt; I. iii. 78.
- Egypt's widow*, i. e. Cleopatra, who had been married to young Ptolemy, afterwards drowned; II. i. 37.
- Elder*, better, superior; III. x. 13.
- Embattle*, be drawn up in battle array; IV. ix. 3.
- Emboss'd*, foaming at the mouth; a hunting term (Folios, "*imboast*"); IV. xiii. 3.
- Enforce*, urge; II. ii. 99.
- , lay much stress upon; V. ii. 125.
- Enfranched*, enfranchised (Theobald, "*enfranchis'd*"); III. xiii. 149.
- Enfranchise*, set free, deliver; I. i. 23.
- Enow*, enough (used as plural of *enough*); I. iv. 11.
- Ensued*, followed; IV. xiv. 77.
- Entertainment*, reception; III. xiii. 140.
- , service; IV. vi. 17.

- Enter with*, recommend to; IV. xiv. 113.  
*Envy*, malice; V. ii. 164.  
*Estridge*, ostrich; III. xiii. 197.  
*Eternal*; "e, in our triumph," i.e. "be for ever recorded as the most glorious trophy of our triumph"; (Thirlby conj. "eternaling"); V. i. 66.  
*Every of*, every one of; I. ii. 38.  
*Evidence*, proof; I. iii. 74.  
*Exigent*, exigency, decisive moment; IV. xiv. 63.  
*Expedience*, expedition; I. ii. 180.  
*Extended*, seized upon; a law term; I. ii. 102.  
*Eye*, appear; I. iii. 97.  
*Faction*, dissension; I. iii. 48.  
*Fairy*, enchantress; IV. viii. 12.  
*Fall*, befall, fall upon; III. vii. 40.  
 —, let fall; III. xi. 67.  
*Fallible*; blunder for *infallible* (Folio 1, "fallible"); V. ii. 258.  
*Fame*, rumour, report; II. ii. 165.  
*Fast and loose*, a cheating game of gipsies; IV. xii. 28.  
*Fats*, vats; II. vii. 119.  
*Favour*, face, countenance; II. v. 38.  
*Fear*, frighten; II. vi. 24.  
*Fearful*, full of fear; III. xi. 55.  
*Feature*, external appearance; II. v. 112.  
*Feeders*, parasites; III. xiii. 109.  
*Fellows*, companions; IV. ii. 13.  
*Ferrecy*, eagerness; II. v. 18.  
*Fetch in*, take, capture; IV. i. 14.  
*Fever*, put in a fever; III. xiii. 138.  
*Figs*; "I love long life better than f.," a proverbial phrase; I. ii. 32.  
*Files*, lines of soldiers; I. i. 3.  
*Finish*, end, die; V. ii. 193.  
*Flaw*; "becomes his f.," i.e. "accommodates himself to his misfortune"; III. xii. 34.  
*Fleet*, float (Rowe, "float"); III. xiii. 171.  
*Flush youth*, "youth ripened to manhood" (Folios 2, 3, 4, "flesh y."); I. iv. 52.  
*Foison*, plenty; II. vii. 21.  
*Follow'd*, chased; V. i. 36.  
*Footmen*, foot soldiers; III. vii. 45.  
*For*, as for, as regards; III. vi. 34; III. xii. 19; V. ii. 66.  
*Forbear*, withdraw; V. ii. 175.  
*Forbear me*, leave me alone; I. ii. 122.  
*Formal*, ordinary; II. v. 41.  
*Forspoke*, gainsaid; III. vii. 3.  
*Forth*, out of; IV. x. 7.  
*For that*, nevertheless; II. ii. 70.  
 —, because; III. vii. 30.  
*Frame to*, conform; V. i. 55.  
*From*, away from; II. vi. 30.  
*Front*, oppose, face; I. iv. 70.  
*Fronted*, opposed; II. ii. 61.  
*Frustrate*, frustrated; V. i. 2.  
*Fulllest*, most perfect; III. xiii. 87.

*Galley*; II. vi. 82. (Cp. illustration.)



From the *Vatican Virgil MS.*

*Garboils*, disturbances, turmoils; I. iii. 61.

*Gaudy*, festive; III. xiii. 183.

*Gests*, deeds (Warburton's conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, "*guests*") ; IV. viii. 2.

*Get*, win; IV. viii. 22.

*Give*, give out, represent; I. iv. 49.

*Give off*, go off, cease; IV. iii. 23.

*Got*, won; V. ii. 30.

*Got upon*, won, gained; IV. xiv. 98.

*Grace*, honour; III. xiii. 81.

—; "to gr.," by gracing; IV. xiv. 136.

*Graceful*, favourable; II. ii. 60.

*Grants*, allows, admits; III. i. 29.

*Grates me*, it vexes me; I. i. 18.

*'Greed*, agreed; II. vi. 38.

*Green sickness*, a disease of women, characterised by a pale, lurid complexion; III. ii. 6.

*Griefts*, grievances; II. ii. 100.

*Grow to*, be added to; II. ii. 25.

*H*, formerly pronounced *ache*; here used with play upon the letter and the word; IV. vii. 8.

*Hap*, accident, chance; II. iii. 32.

*Haply*, perhaps; III. xiii. 48.

*Hardly*, with difficulty; V. i. 74.

*Harried*, vexed, put in fear; III. iii. 43.

*Hearts*; "my h.," a familiar appellation; IV. ii. 41.

*Heaviness*, used with play upon the two senses of the word (i) weight, (ii) sorrow; IV. xv. 33.

*Heavy*, sad; IV. xv. 40.

*Held my cap off*, acted as a faithful servant; II. vii. 60.

*Herod*, a common character in the old Mystery plays; typically, a fierce tyrant; I. ii. 28.

*Hie*, hasten; II. iii. 15.

*Hie thee*, hasten; V. ii. 194.

*High-battled*, commanding proud armies; III. xiii. 29.

*His*, its; III. xii. 10.

*Holding*, burden of the song; II. vii. 115.

*Homager*, vassal; I. i. 31.

*Home*, "without reserve, without ceremony"; I. ii. 106.

*Hope*, suppose; II. i. 38.

*Humanity*, human nature; V. i. 32.

*Idleness*, frivolousness; I. iii. 92.

*If that, if*; III. xiii. 80.

*Immoment*, insignificant, of no moment; V. ii. 166.

*Immortal*, blunder for *mortal*, deadly; V. ii. 247.

*Imperious*, imperial; IV. xv. 23.

*Import*, carry with them; II. ii. 134.

*Impress*, press, impressment; III. vii. 37.

*In*, in for it; II. vii. 34.

*Inclips*, encloses; II. vii. 71.

*Ingross'd*, collected, got together; III. vii. 37.

*Inhoop'd*, enclosed in a hoop; II. iii. 38. (The annexed copy of an elegant Chinese miniature painting represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually inhooped.)



*Injurious*, hurtful, malignant; IV. xv. 76.

*Intend*; "how i. you," what do you mean; II. ii. 40.

*Intrinsicate*, intricate (Capell's Errata, "*intrinsecate*"; Wray conj. "*intricate*"; V. ii. 304.

*Isis*, one of the chief Egyptian divinities; originally the goddess of the Earth, afterwards of the Moon; her worship was afterwards introduced into Rome; I. ii. 61.

*It own*, its own; II. vii. 46.

*Jack*, term of contempt; III. xiii. 93.

*Jaded*, spurned; III. i. 34.

*Jump*, hazard, stake; III. viii. 6.

*Keep*; "k. yourself within yourself," keep within bounds, restrain yourself; II. v. 75.

*Kind*; "do his k.," i.e. "act according to his nature"; V. ii. 263.

*Knave*, boy; IV. xiv. 12.

—, servant; V. ii. 3.

*Known*, known each other; II. vi. 86.

*Lack blood*, turn pale; I. iv. 52.

*Lance*, cut; in order to cure (Folios, "*launch*"; Pope, "*launce*"; V. i. 36.

*Languish*, lingering disease (Johnson conj. "*anguish*"; V. ii. 42.

*Lank'd*, became thin; I. iv. 71.

*Late*, lately; IV. i. 13.

*Lated*, belated; III. xi. 3.

*Legions*, bodies of infantry, each consisting of six thousand men; III. x. 34.

*Length*, length of life (Steevens conj. "*life*"); IV. xiv. 46.

*Lethe'd*, oblivious, unconscious (Folios, "*Lethied*"); II. i. 27.

*Levell'd at*, guessed at; V. ii. 335.

*Lichas*, the companion of Hercules (Folios, "*Licas*"); IV. xii. 45.

*Life*; "her l. in Rome," i.e. her being brought alive to Rome; V. i. 65.

*Lightness*, used in double sense, with play upon the two senses of the word; I. iv. 25.

*Like*, same; I. iii. 8; III. vi. 37. —, likely; III. xiii. 29.

*List*, listen to; IV. ix. 6.

*Loathness*, unwillingness; III. xi. 18.

*Loof'd*, luffed, brought close to the wind; III. x. 18.

*Lottery*, prize; II. ii. 246.

*Loud*, in high words; II. ii. 21.

*Luxuriously*, lustfully; III. xiii. 120.

*Make note*, notice, observe; III. iii. 26.

*Mallard*, drake; III. x. 20.

*Mandragora*, mandrake; a plant, the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure and to cause madness, and even death when torn from the ground; I. v. 4.

*Marble-constant*, firm as marble; V. ii. 240.

*Mean*, means; III. ii. 32.

*Mechanic*, vulgar, journeyman-like; IV. iv. 32.

*Medicine*, elixir; (?) physician; I. v. 36.

*Meeter*, more fitting; V. i. 49

*Meethy*, well; I. iii. 81.

*Mered*; "m. question," i.e. "the sole cause and subject of the war" (Rowe, "*meer*"; Johnson, "*mooted*"; Jackson, "*meted*"; Kinnear, "*merest*," etc.); III. xiii. 10.

*Merely*, absolutely; III. vii. 8; III. vii. 48.

*Merits*, deserts; V. ii. 178.

*Mermaids*; II. ii. 210. (Cp. illustration.)



From L. Andrewe's *Myrrour and Dyscrypcyon of the Worlde*, n. d.

*Mind*; "less noble m.," i.e. being of less noble mind (Rowe, Pope, "*less noble-minded*"); IV. xiv. 60.



*Mingle*, union; I. v. 59.  
*Misdoubt*, mistrust; III. vii. 63.  
*Mislike*, dislike; III. xiii. 147.  
*Missive*, messenger; II. ii. 74.  
*Mis-thought*, misunderstood, misjudged; V. ii. 176.  
*Modern*, ordinary; V. ii. 167.  
*Moe*, more; IV. xiv. 18.  
*Moment*; "upon far poorer m.," with less cause; I. ii. 144.  
*Moody*, sad; II. v. 1.  
*Moons*, months; III. xii. 6.  
*Morn-dew*, morning-dew; III. xii. 9.  
*Mortal*, deadly; V. ii. 303.  
*Most*, utmost; II. ii. 168.  
*Motion*; "in my m.," intuitively; II. iii. 14.  
*Mount*; "at the M.," i.e. M. Misenum; II. iv. 6.  
*Muleters*, muleteers, mule-drivers (Folios 2, 3, 4, "Muliters"; Folio 1, "Militers"); III. vii. 36.  
*Mused of*, thought of, dreamed of; III. xiii. 83.  
*Muss*, "a scramble, when any small objects are thrown down, to be taken by those who can seize them" (Nares); III. xiii. 91.  
*Naught*, worthless; IV. xv. 78.  
*Negligent*; "in n. danger," i.e. in danger through being negligent; III. vi. 81.  
*Nessus*; "the shirt of N.," the shirt dipped in the poisoned blood of Nessus, which caused Hercules the most terrible agony when he unwittingly put it on; IV. xii. 43.

*Nice*, tender, dainty; III. xiii. 180.  
*Nick'd*, "set the mark of folly on"; III. xiii. 8.  
*Noises it*, causes a disturbance; III. vi. 96.  
*Number*, put into verse; III. ii. 17.

*O*, circle; V. ii. 81.  
*Oblivion*, oblivious memory, forgetfulness; I. iii. 90.  
*Observance*, powers of observation; III. iii. 25.  
*Obstruct*, obstruction (Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, "abstract"; Keightley, "obstruction"; Cartwright conj. "obstacle"); III. vi. 61.  
*Occasion*, necessity; II. vi. 132.  
*Of*, by; I. iv. 37; II. ii. 160.  
 —, about, concerning; II. vi. 116.  
 —, from; IV. viii. 22.  
 —, for; IV. xv. 60.  
 —, with; V. ii. 212.  
*Office*, function, service; I. i. 5.  
*On*, of; I. v. 27; II. ii. 85; III. ii. 61.  
*Oppression*, difficulty (Warburton conj., adopted by Hammer, "opposition"); IV. vii. 2.  
*Orbs*, spheres; III. xiii. 146.  
*Ordinary*, meal; II. ii. 230.  
*Ostentation*, display (Theobald, "ostent"; S. Walker conj. "ostention"); III. vi. 52.  
*Out-go*; "the time shall not o.," "life shall not last longer than"; III. ii. 61.



- Outstrike*, strike faster than; IV. vi. 36.
- Owe*, own; IV. viii. 31.
- Pace*, break in; II. ii. 64.
- Pack'd*, sorted, shuffled in an unfair manner; IV. xiv. 19.
- Pacorus*, son of Orodes, King of Parthia; III. i. 4.
- Pales*, impales, encloses; II. vii. 71.
- Pall'd*, decaying, waning; II. vii. 85.
- Palter*, equivocate; III. xi. 63.
- Pants*, pantings, palpitations; IV. viii. 16.
- Paragon*, compare; I. v. 71.
- Parcel*; "a p. of," i.e. of a piece with; III. xiii. 32.
- , specify; V. ii. 163.
- Part*, depart; I. ii. 181.
- Particular*, private affairs; I. iii. 54.
- , personal relation; IV. ix. 20.
- Partisan*, a kind of halberd; II. vii. 13.
- Parts*, sides; III. iv. 14.
- Past*, beyond; I. ii. 147.
- Patch a quarrel*, make a quarrel of pieces and shreds; II. ii. 52.
- Pelleted*, formed into small balls; III. xiii. 165.
- Penetrative*, penetrating; IV. xiv. 75.
- Perforce*, of necessity; III. iv. 6.
- Period*, end; IV. ii. 25.
- Persisted*; "most p. deeds," deeds most persisted in; V. i. 30.
- Petition*; "p. us at home," request us to come home; I. ii. 185.
- Piece*, masterpiece; III. ii. 28.
- , master-piece (Warburton, adopted by Theobald, "prize"); V. ii. 99.
- Pinion'd*, bound; V. ii. 53.
- Pink eyne*, half-shut eyes; II. vii. 118.
- Placed*, fixed, firm; V. ii. 238.
- Plant*, place; IV. vi. 9.
- Planted*, rise (Warburton MS., "planned"); I. iii. 26.
- Plants*, the soles of the feet (used quibblingly); II. vii. 2.
- Plated*, clothed in armour; I. i. 4.
- Plates*, pieces of money, silver coins; V. ii. 92.
- Pleach'd*, folded; IV. xiv. 73.
- Points*, tagged laces, used for tying parts of the dress; III. xiii. 157.
- Pole*, load-star; IV. xv. 65.
- Port*, gate; IV. iv. 23.
- , carriage, bearing; IV. xiv. 52.
- Possess*, give possession; III. xi. 21.
- Possess it*, i.e. (?) "be master of it" (Collier MS., "Profess it"; Kinnear conj. "Pledge it," etc.); II. vii. 104.
- Power*, armed force; III. vii. 58.
- , vital organ; III. xii. 36.
- Practised*, plotted; II. ii. 40.
- Practise on*, plot against; II. ii. 39.
- Pray ye*, I pray you, are you in earnest or jesting?; II. vi. 113.

*Precedence*, what has preceded; II. v. 51.

*Prescript*, direction; III. viii. 5.

*Precedent*, former; IV. xiv. 83.

*Pregnant*, in the highest degree probable; II. i. 45.

*Present*, present purpose, business; II. vi. 30.

*Present*, represent; V. ii. 217.

*Presently*, immediately; II. ii. 160.

*Process*, mandate; I. i. 23.

*Project*, shape, form (Hanmer, "*parget*"; Warburton, "*procter*"; Orger conj. "*perfect*"); V. ii. 121.

*Proof of harness*, armour of proof, tested and tried armour; IV. viii. 15.

*Proper*, fine, nice; III. iii. 41.

*Propertied*, endowed with qualities; V. ii. 83.

*Prorogue*, "linger out, keep in a languishing state"; II. i. 26.

*Prosecution*, pursuit; IV. xiv. 65.

*Ptolemy*; "the queen of Pt.," i.e. belonging to the line of the Ptolemies, the Macedonian dynasty in Egypt; I. iv. 6.

*Purchased*, acquired; I. iv. 14.

*Purge*, be cured; I. iii. 53.

*Pyramises*, pyramids; II. vii. 35.

*Quality*, character; I. ii. 193.

*Queasy*, disgusted; III. vi. 20.

*Quick*, lively, sprightly; V. ii. 216.

*Quicken*, receive life; IV. xv. 39.

*Quit*, requite; III. xiii. 124.

*Race*; "r. of heaven," "of heavenly origin" (Schmidt); "smack or flavour of heaven" (Warburton); (Hanmer, "ray"); I. iii. 37.

*Rack*, floating vapour; IV. xiv. 10.

*Ram*, thrust (Hanmer, "*Rain*"; Delius conj. "*Cram*"); II. v. 24.



From the sculpture on Trajan's column at Rome.

*Ranged*, disposed in order; I. i. 34.

*Ranges*, ranks; III. xiii. 5.

*Rates*, is worth; III. xi. 69.

*Raught*, reached; IV. ix. 29.

*Reel*, stagger as a drunkard; I. iv. 20.

*Regiment*, sway III. vi. 95.

*Religion*, sacred, holy obligation; V. ii. 199.

*Remarkable*, worthy of note, distinguished; IV. xv. 67.

*Remove*, removal, departure; I. ii. 198.

*Render*, give up; III. x. 33.

*Render'd*, gave up (Folio 1, "*rendred*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*tendred*"); IV. xiv. 33.

*Reneges*, denies; I. i. 8.

*Reports*, reporters; II. ii. 47.

*Requires*, begs, asks; III. xii. 12.

*Revolted*, who have revolted; IV. ix. 8.

*Ribaudred*, lewd (Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, "*Yon'ribald-rid nag*"; Tyrwhitt conj. Collier (ed. 2), "*Yon ribald hag*," etc.); III. x. 10.

*Riggish*, wanton; II. ii. 243.

*Right*, very, true; IV. xii. 28.

*Rivality*, co-partnership; III. v. 8.

*Rive*, split, sever; IV. xiii. 5.

*Safe*, make safe; I. iii. 55.

*Safed*, conducted safely (Steevens conj.; Folios, "*saf't*"); IV. vi. 26.

*Salt*, wanton; II. i. 21.

*Scald*, scabby, scurvy; V. ii. 215.

*Scantly*, grudgingly; III. iv. 5.

*Scotches*, cuts; IV. vii. 10.

*Scrupulous*, "prying too nicely into the merits of either cause"; I. iii. 48.

*Seal*, make an end (Hanmer, "*sleep*"; Johnson conj. "*seel*"); IV. xiv. 49.

*Seel*, blind; a term of falconry; III. xiii. 112.

*Self*, same; V. i. 21.

*Semblable*, similar; III. iv. 3.

*Sennet*, a set of notes played on the trumpet or cornet; II. vii. 17 (direc.).

*Several*, separate; I. v. 62.

*Shall*, will; II. i. 1.

*Shards*, wing-cases of beetles; III. ii. 20.

*Should make*, ought to have made; V. i. 14.

*Shown*, appeared, shown yourselves; IV. viii. 7.

—, made a show of, exhibited; IV. xii. 36.

*Shows*, seems, appears; I. ii. 165.

*Shrewd*, bad; IV. ix. 5.

*Shrowd*, shelter, protection (Hanmer, "*shrowd, the great*"; Collier MS., "*shrowd, who is*"; Bulloch conj. "*stewardship*"; Gould conj. "*shield*"); III. xiii. 71.

*Signs*; "it s. well," it is a good omen; IV. iii. 14.

*Sirs*, used with reference to the waiting-women; IV. xv. 85.

*Snare*, trap; IV. viii. 18.

*So*, if only (according to some = thus); I. iii. 73.

—, if; III. xiii. 15.

*Sober*, modest, demure; V. ii. 54.

*Soils*, blemishes (Folios, "*foyles*" and "*foyls*"; Collier conj. "*foibles*"); I. iv. 24.

*Something*, somewhat; IV. viii. 20; V. ii. 348.

*Soonest*, quickest; III. iv. 27.

*Soothsay*, predict; I. ii. 48.

*Sottish*, stupid; IV. xv. 79.

*Space*, space of time, time enough; II. i. 31.

*Spaniel'd*, followed like a spaniel, a dog; IV. xii. 21.

*Speeds*, succeeds, prospers; II. iii. 35.

*Spot*, disgrace; IV. xii. 35.

*Spritley*, lively; IV. vii. 15.  
*Square*, quarrel, fight; II. i. 45; III. xiii. 41.

—; “kept my square,” *i.e.* kept my rule, proper position, “kept straight”; II. iii. 6.

*Square*, fair, just; II. ii. 188.

*Squares*, squadrons; III. xi. 40.

*Stablishment*, settled inheritance; III. vi. 9.

*Staged*, exhibited publicly; III. xiii. 30.

*Stain*, eclipse (Theobald, “strain”; Warburton MS. and Boswell conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2), “stay”; Jackson conj. “stun,” etc.); III. iv. 27.

*Stall*, dwell; V. i. 39.

*Stand on*, be particular about; IV. iv. 31.

*Stands upon*; “s. our lives u.,” *i.e.* concerns us, as we value our lives; II. i. 50.

*Station*, mode of standing; III. iii. 22.

*Stays upon*, awaits; I. ii. 116.

*Steer*, direct, control; V. i. 32.

*Still*, continually, always; III. ii. 60.

*Stirr'd*, roused, incited; I. i. 43.

*Stomach*, inclination; II. ii. 50.

—, resent; III. iii. 12.

*Stomaching*, giving way to resentment; II. ii. 9.

*Straight*, straightway, immediately; II. ii. 171; IV. xii. 3.

*Strangler*, destroyer (Folios 2, 3, 4, “stranger”; Rowe, “estranger”); II. vi. 122.

*Stroy'd*, destroyed; II. xi. 54.  
*Studied*; “well s.,” desire earnestly; II. vi. 48.

*Subscribe*, sign; IV. v. 14.

*Success*, result, issue; III. v. 6.

*Such*, very great, very considerable; III. iii. 44.

*Suffer*, sustain loss or damage; III. xiii. 34.

*Sufficing*, sufficient; IV. xiv. 117.

*Sum*; “the s.,” *i.e.* tell me the whole in few words; I. i. 18.

*Sworder*, gladiator; III. xiii. 31.

*Synod*, the assembly of the gods; III. x. 5.

*Tabourines*, drums; IV. viii. 37.

*Take in*, take, conquer; I. i. 23; III. vii. 24.

*Tall*, sturdy; II. vi. 7.

*Targes*, targets, shields; II. vi. 40.

*Teeth*; “from his t.,” not from his heart; III. iv. 10.

*Telamon*, Ajax Telamon; IV. xiii. 2.

*Temper*, freedom from excess; I. i. 8.

*Temperance*, chastity; III. xiii. 121.

—, moderation, calmness; V. ii. 48.

*Tended*; “t. her i' the eyes,” watched her very look; II. ii. 210.

*Terrene*, terrestrial, earthly; III. xiii. 153.

*Thanks*, thanks for (Capell conj. “thanks for”); V. ii. 21.

- Them*, themselves (Capell's emendation; Folios, "*his*"; Theobald, "*their*"); III. vi. 88.
- Theme*; "was th. for you," was undertaken in your interest; II. ii. 44.
- Thereabouts*, of that opinion; III. x. 30.
- Thetis*; "my Th.," i.e. "my sea-goddess"; III. vii. 61.
- Thick*; "so th.," i.e. in such quick succession; I. v. 63.
- Thickens*, grows dim; II. iii. 27.
- Think*; "th. and die," i.e. "despond and die" (Hanmer, "*Drink*"; Tyrwhitt conj. "*Wink*"; Becket conj. "*Swink*"); III. xiii. 1.
- Thought*, sorrow; IV. vi. 36.
- Throes*, puts in agony (Folios I, 2, 3, "*throws*"; Folio 4, "*throws*"; perhaps "*throws forth*"=brings forth); III. vii. 81.
- Throw upon*, bestow upon; I. ii. 189.
- Tight*, able, adroit; IV. iv. 15.
- Timelier*, earlier; II. vi. 52.
- Tinct*, tincture; I. v. 37.
- Tires*, head-dresses, head-gear; II. v. 22.
- Token'd*; "the t. pestilence," spotted plague; "the death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*" (Steevens); III. x. 9.
- Top*, height of; V. i. 43.
- To't*, to get to it; III. x. 32.
- Touch*, attain; V. ii. 330.
- Touches*, sensations, feelings; I. ii. 182.
- Toward*, in preparation; II. vi. 74.
- Toys*, trifles; V. ii. 166.
- Treaties*, proposals for a treaty; III. xi. 62.
- Triple*, third; I. i. 12.
- Triple-turn'd*, three times faithless (Jackson conj. "*triple-train'd*"); IV. xii. 13.
- Trull*, worthless woman; III. vi. 95.
- Turpitude*, extreme baseness; IV. vi. 33.
- Undoing*, destruction; V. ii. 44.
- Unequal*, unjust; II. v. 101.
- Unfolded*, exposed; V. ii. 170.
- Unnoble*, ignoble; III. xi. 50.
- Unpolicied*, devoid of policy; V. ii. 308.
- Unpurposed*, not intended; IV. xiv. 84.
- Unqualitied*, deprived of his character and faculties; III. xi. 44.
- Unseminar'd*, destitute of seed; I. v. 11.
- Unstate*, divest of estate and dignity; III. xiii. 30.
- Unto*, over; II. ii. 145.
- Upon the river*, upon the shores of the river; II. ii. 190.
- Urge*; "did u. me in his act," "made use of my name as a pretence for the war" (Warburton); II. ii. 46.
- Urgent*, pressing; I. ii. 182.

*Use*; "in u.," in usufruct; I. iii. 44.

*Use*, are used, are accustomed; II. v. 32.

*Useful*, usefully; IV. xiv. 80.

*Vacancy*, empty and idle time; I. iv. 26.

*Vantage*, advantage; III. x. 12.

*Varletry*, rabble (Folio 1, "Varlotarie"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "Varlotry"); V. ii. 56.

*Vessels*; "strike the v.," i.e. "tap the casks" (? "strike your cups together"); II. vii. 100.

*Vials*; "sacred v.," "alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend"; I. iii. 63. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From specimens found in Roman cemeteries in England.

*Vie*, contend with, rival; "v. strange forms with fancy," i.e. "contend with, rival, fancy in producing strange forms"; V. ii. 98.

*View*; "to my sister's v.," to see my sister; II. ii. 169.

*Virtue*, valour; IV. viii. 17.

*Waged*, were opposed to each other (Folio 2, "way"; Folios 3, 4, "may"; Rowe, "weigh'd"; Ritson conj. "Weigh"); V. i. 31.

*Wail'd*, bewailed; III. ii. 58.

*Waned*, faded (Folios, "wand"; Johnson conj. "fond"); II. i. 21.

*Wassails*, carousing (Pope's emendation of Folios 1, 2, 3, "Vassailles" and "Vassails"; Folio 4, "Vassals"); I. iv. 56.

*Way's*, way he is (so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, "wayes"; Hanmer, "way he's"); II. v. 117.

*Weet*, wit, know; I. i. 39.

*Well said*, well done; IV. iv. 28.

*Wharfs*, banks; II. ii. 216.

*What*, why (Collier MS., "Why"); V. ii. 313.

*Which*, who; I. ii. 4.

*Whipp'd with wire*; II. v. 65. (The engraving represents two Roman whips. The thongs of the larger one are set with bones taken from sheeps' feet, the other is composed of metal knobs and chains.)

*Whole*, well again; IV. viii. 11.

*Windowed*, placed in a window; IV. xiv. 72.

*With*, by; I. i. 56; III. x. 7; V. ii. 171.

*With's*, with us; III. i. 36.

*Woo't*, wouldst thou (Capell, "*Wou't*") ; IV. ii. 7.

*Words*, flatters with words, cajoles; V. ii. 191.

*Worky-day*, ordinary; I. ii. 51.

*Worm*, snake; V. ii. 243.

*Wot'st*, knowest; I. v. 22.

*Wrongled*, misled (Capell, "*wrong'd*") ; III. vi. 80.

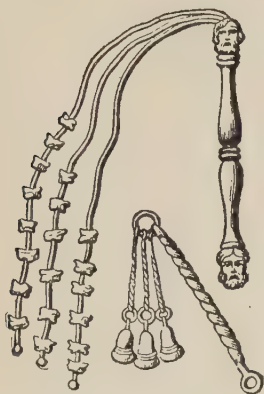
*Yarc*, light, active; III. vii. 39.

—, ready; III. xiii. 131.

—, be quick; V. ii. 283.

*Yarely*, readily; II. ii. 214.

*Yield*, reward, requite; IV. ii. 33.



Roman whips (See II. v. 65.)

## Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 18. '*Grates me: the sum.*'; Folio 1, '*Grates me, the summe.*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Rate me, the summe.*'; Rowe, '*Rate me the sum.*'; Pope, '*It grates me. Tell the sum.*'; Capell, '*T grates me:—The sum.*'; Steevens (1793), '*Grates me:—The sum.*'

I. i. 60-61. '*liar, who Thus speaks of him*'; Pope reads '*liar Fame, Who speaks him thus.*'

I. ii. 5. '*charge*'; Warburton and Southern MS. conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*change*'; Jackson conj. '*chain*'; Williams conj. '*'hang.*'

I. ii. 38. '*fertile*'; Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*foretell*' and '*foretel*'; Pope, '*foretold*'; Collier MS., '*fruitful.*'

I. ii. 59-60. '*Alexas,—come*'; Theobald's reading of the Folio text, where *Alexas* is erroneously printed as though the name of the speaker.

I. ii. 79. '*Saw you my lord?*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1 reads '*Saue you, my lord.*'

I. ii. 100-105. The arrangement of the text was first given by Steevens.

I. ii. 111. '*minds*'; Warburton conj., adopted by Hanmer; Folios 1, 2, '*windes*'; Collier conj. '*wints.*'

I. ii. 129. '*enchanting*'; so Folio 1; omitted in Folios 2, 3, 4; Rowe reads '*Ægyptian.*'

I. ii. 138. '*a compelling occasion*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*a compelling an occasion*'; Nicholson conj. '*so compelling an occasion,*' etc.

I. ii. 195-196. '*like the courser's hair,*' etc., alluding to the popular notion that horsehair put into water will turn into a snake or worm.

I. iv. 3. '*Our*'; Heath and Johnson conj., adopted by Singer; Folios, '*One*'; Hanmer, '*A.*'

I. iv. 22. '*as*'; Johnson conj. '*and.*'



I. iv. 46. '*lackeying*'; '*lacquying*,' Theobald's correction from Anon. MS.; Folios, '*lacking*'; Pope, '*lashing*'; Southern MS., '*backing*.'

I. v. 48. '*an arm-gaunt*'; Folios, '*an Arme-gaunt*'; Hanmer, '*an arm-girt*'; Mason conj., adopted by Steevens, 1793, '*a termagant*'; Jackson conj. '*a war-gaunt*'; Boaden conj., adopted by Singer, '*an arrogant*'; Lettsom conj. '*a rampaunt*'; the latter ingenious emendation certainly commends itself; unless '*arm-gaunt*' = '*having lean fore-limbs*.'

I. v. 50. '*beastly*'; Hanmer, '*beast-like*'; Collier MS., '*boastfully*'; Becket conj. '*basely*.'

II. i. 10. '*powers are crescent*'; Theobald reads, '*pow'r's a crescent*'; Becket conj. '*power is crescent*'; Anon. conj. '*power's a-crescent*.'

II. ii. 44. '*Was theme for you*,' i.e. '*had you for its theme*'; Johnson conj. '*Had theme from you*'; Collier (ed. 2), '*For theme was you*'; Staunton conj. '*Had you for theme*'; Orson conj. '*Was known for yours*,' etc.

II. ii. III. '*your considerate stone*,' i.e. '*I am silent as a stone*'; Heath conj. '*your confederate love*'; Johnson, '*your considerate ones*'; Blackstone conj. '*your consideratest one*,' etc., etc.

II. ii. 211. '*And made their bends adornings*'; i. e. "and made their very act of obeisance an improvement on their beauty" (Steevens); the passage has been variously interpreted, but this seems the simplest solution.

II. ii. 218. '*Antony, enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone*.' A good idea of the public enthronement of the Roman emperors is afforded by the accompanying engraving of a coin of Trajan. The emperor superintends the bestowal of gifts upon his citizens by his steward.

II. iii. 2. '*my prayers*'; Rowe reads '*in prayers*'; Collier MS., '*with prayers*.'



*'Antony enthroned in the market-place did sit alone.'*

II. iii. 22. '*a fear*'; Collier (ed. 2), Thirlby conj. '*afeard*'; S. Walker conj. '*afear*'.



*'His cocks do win the battle.'*

II. v. 12. '*Tawny-finn'd*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Tawny-fine*'; Rowe reads '*Tawny-fin*'.

II. v. 103. '*That art not what thou'rt sure of!*'; Hanmer, '*That say'st but what thou'rt sure of*'; Johnson conj. '*That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't,*' etc.; perhaps the words of the text mean 'that are not the evil thing of which thou art so certain'; other interpretations have been advanced.

II. v. 116. '*Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,*' alluding to the old 'perspective' pictures showing one picture from one point of view, another from another standpoint.

II. vii. 52. '*the tears of it are wet*'; Toppell's *History of Serpents* (1608) refers to the

'common proverbe *crocodili lachrima*.' (The popular sixteenth century notions of the form of the crocodile are seen in the annexed engraving, which is copied from an old woodcut.)

II. iii. 30. '*he away, 'tis*'; Pope's emendation of Folio 1, '*he alway 'tis*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*he alway is*'.

II. iii. 36. '*His cocks do win the battle*.' The accompanying representation of a cock-fight, presided over by two genii deeply interested in the game, is derived from a bas-relief on an ancient Roman lamp in terra cotta.

II. iii. 38. '*inchoop'd*,' i.e. enclosed in a hoop; Hanmer, '*incoop'd*'; Seward conj., adopted by Capell, '*in whoop'd-at*'.



*'The tears of it are wet.'*

II. vii. 76. '*there*'; Pope, '*then*'; Steevens conj. '*theirs*.'

II. vii. 97. '*increase the reels*'; Steevens '*and grease the wheels*'; Douce '*increase the revels*.'

II. vii. 115. '*bear*'; Theobald's emendation; Folios, '*beat*.'

III. v. 14. '*Then, world, thou hast*'; Hanmer's emendation; Folios, '*Then would thou hadst*'; Warburton MS., '*Then would thou hadst*'; '*chaps, no*,' Theobald's reading of Folios, '*chaps no*.'

III. vi. 53. '*left unloved*'; Collier MS., '*held unloved*'; Singer conj., adopted by Hudson, '*felt unloved*'; Seymour conj., '*left unvalued*.'

III. vii. 5. '*If not denounced against us*'; Hanmer reads, '*Is't not denounc'd 'gainst us?*'; Jackson conj., '*Is't not? Denounce against us!*'; etc.

III. vii. 69. '*his whole action grōws Not in the power on't*,' i.e. "his whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, namely, his land force, but on the caprice of a woman," etc. (Malone).

III. xii. 13. '*lessens*'; Folio, '*Lessons*.' Mr. A. E. Thiselton, in support of the Folio reading, which he interprets 'schools' or 'disciplines,' calls attention to the initial capital letter indicating 'an emphasis which the feeble *lessens* would hardly carry.'

III. xii. 28-29. '*And in our name, what she requires; add more. From thine invention, offers*'; Grant White conj., '*What she requires; and in our name add more Offers from thine invention*'; Walker, '*and more . . . From thine invention offer*.'

III. xiii. 162. '*Cæsarion smite*'; Hanmer's emendation; Folios, '*Cæsarian smile*.'

IV. iv. 3. '*mine*'; Folios, '*thind*.'

IV. iv. 5-8. The text follows Malone's arrangement and reading (*vide* Cambridge Edition, Note VI.).

IV. v. 17. '*Dispatch. Enobarbus!*'; Steevens (1773) reading; Folio 1, '*Dispatch Enobarbus*'; Folio 2, '*Dispatch Eros*'; Folios 3, 4, '*Dispatch, Eros*'; Pope, '*dispatch my Eros*'; Johnson conj. '*Dispatch! To Enobarbus!*'; Capell, '*Dispatch.—O Enobarbus!*'; Rann, '*Eros! Dispatch*'; Ritson conj., adopted by Steevens 1793, '*Eros, despatch*'; Anon. conj., '*Domitius Enobarbus!*'.

IV. vi. 13. '*persuade*'; Rowe's correction of Folios, '*dissuade*.'

IV. viii. 23. '*favouring*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*savouring*.'

IV. xii. 25. '*soul*'; Capell, '*soil*'; Singer (ed. 2) from Collier MS., '*spell*'; S. Walker conj., '*snake*'; '*grave*'; Pope reads

'gay'; Collier (ed. 2) from Collier MS., 'great'; Singer (ed. 2), 'grand.'

IV. xiv. 87. 'Lo thee'; Grant White conj., 'Lo there.'

IV. xv. 10. 'Burn the great sphere'; Hanmer, 'Turn from the sphere'; Warburton, 'Turn from th' great sphere.'

IV. xv. 11. 'shore'; Staunton conj., adopted by Hudson, 'star.'

IV. xv. 21. 'I dare not'; Malone conj., 'I dare not descend'; Ritson conj., adopted by Wordsworth, 'I dare not come down'; Anon. conj., from Plutarch, 'I dare not ope the gates'; etc.



'Fortune and her wheel.'

From a large brass coin of Gordian.

IV. xv. 44. 'the false housewife Fortune break her wheel.' (Cp. illustration.)

IV. xv. 73. 'No more, but e'en a woman'; Capell's version; Folios read 'No more but in a Woman'; Rowe, 'No more but a meer woman'; Johnson conj., adopted by Steevens, 1773, 1778, 'No more—but e'en a woman.'

V. i. 15. 'crack: the round world'; Steevens conj., 'crack than this: the ruin'd world'; Singer conj., 'crack: the round world convulsive'; Nicholson conj., 'crack: the round world in rending'; Daniel conj., 'crack in the round world'; etc.

V. i. 24. 'Splitted the heart'; Collier MS., 'Split that self noble heart'; Elze conj., 'Splitted that very heart.'

V. i. 59-60. 'live To be ungentle'; Rowe (ed. 2) and Southern MS.; Folios read 'leauē to be ungentle'; Capell, 'Leave to be gentle'; Tyrwhitt conj., 'learn To be ungentle'; Gould conj., 'bear to be ungentle.'

V. ii. 7. 'dug'; Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald, 'dugg'; Folios, 'dung'; Nicholson conj., 'tongue'; Cartwright conj., 'wrong'; Bailey conj., 'doom.'

V. ii. 50. 'necessary'; Hanmer, 'accessary'; Malone conj., 'necessary, I'll not so much as syllable a word'; Ritson conj., 'necessary, I will not speak; if sleep be necessary.'

V. ii. 87. 'an autumn 'twas'; Theobald and Thirlby conj.; Folios read 'an Anthony it was'; etc.

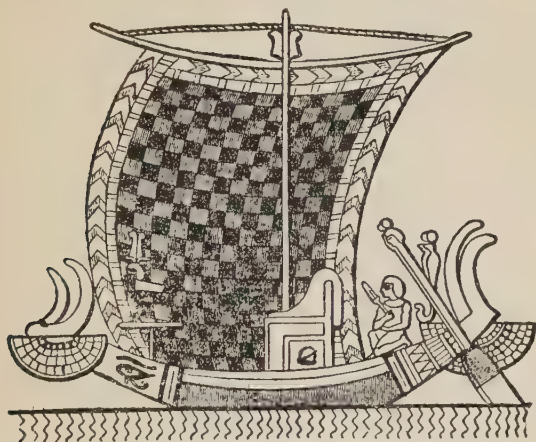
V. ii. 104. 'smites'; Capell's emendation; Folios 1. 2. 'suites';

Folios 3, 4, 'suits'; Pope 'shoots.' I am inclined to agree with Mr. A. E. Thiselton that Pope's correction is unimpeachable.

V. ii. 174. 'my chance,' i.e. my changed fortune, lot; Hanmer reads 'mischance'; S. Walker conj., 'my change'; Ingleby conj., adopted by Hudson, 'my glance.'

V. ii. 178-179. 'We answer others' merits in our name, Are'; Malone's reading; Folios, 'We answer others merits, in our name Are'; etc.

V. ii. 352. 'caves'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, 'caues'; Barry conj., 'canes'; Anon. conj., 'caves'; Perring conj., 'course.'



'The barge she sat in' (II. ii. 194.)

From a wall-painting on the tomb of Rameses III., at Thebes.

## Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

### ACT FIRST.

#### Scene I.

8. *reneges*:—Coleridge's suggestion that this word should be spelled *reneague* is supported by the following passage quoted in Richardson's *Dictionary* from Udal's New Testament, Luke i.: "Those that vaunted themselves by the glorious name of Israel, those he hath *reneagued* and put away from the inheritance of the promises made unto Israel."

1. *There's beggary*, etc.:—So in *Romeo and Juliet*, II. vi. 32: "They are but *beggars* that can count their worth." And in Martial, vi. 36: "*Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.*"

17. *Then must thou needs*, etc.:—Then must you set the boundary at a distance greater than the present visible universe affords.

44. *for the love of Love*:—That is, for the sake of the goddess of Love.

53. *To-night*, etc.:—So in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*: "Some-time also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chamber-maid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him."

60. That he *confirms* the common liar, *Fame*, in his case to be a true reporter. Shakespeare elsewhere uses *approve* for *prove*, as also *aproof* for *proof*.

## Scene II.

23. *heat my liver*:—The liver being considered the seat of love, Charmian says she would rather heat her liver with drinking than with love's fire. A heated liver was supposed to make a pimpled face.

27. *a child at fifty*:—"This," says Johnson, "is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex than breeding at an advanced period of life."

35. *no names*:—Charmian has not been married, and, if she is not to have better fortune, her children will not know their father, therefore will be bastards and nameless. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. 14-16: "That's as much as to say, *bastard* virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names*."

49, 50. *an oily palm*, etc.:—This prognostic is alluded to in *Othello*, III. iv.:—

"This *hand is moist*, my lady. . . .  
This argues *fruitfulness* and liberal heart."

101. *Stiff news is hard news*.

102. *Extended Asia from Euphrates*:—*Extend* is often found in the old writers for *seize*; *extent* for *seizure*, etc. So in *As You Like It*, III. i. 16, 17:—

"And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an *extent* upon his house and lands."

So too in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:—

Ay, though on all the world we *make extent*  
From the south pole unto the northern bear."

Plutarch tells us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had overrun Asia from Euphrates, and Syria to Lydia and Ionia. Euphrates here is accented on the first syllable. Shakespeare uses the name only in this instance. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 21, has it accented in the same way in this line: "That gliding go in state, like swelling Euphrates."

125-127. *the present pleasure*, etc.:—The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain. There seems to be an implied allusion to the turning of a wheel, suggested, as some think, by the "wheel of fortune."



## Scene III.

3. *I did not send you*:—"You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge." So in *Troilus and Cressida*, IV. ii. 72: "We met by chance; you did not find me here."

8. *I do not?*—We must understand *that* as supplied: "What should I do *that* I do not?" The ellipsis of the relative was common then, as it is now.

16, 17. *the sides of nature*, etc.:—So in *Twelfth Night*, II. iv. 95. 96:—

"There is no woman's *sides*  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion."

36. *in our brows' bent*:—That is, in the bending or arching of our brows. The brow is that part of the face which expresses most fully the mental emotions. So in *King John*, IV. ii. 90: "Why do you *bend* such solemn *brows* on me?"

57, 58. *Though age*, etc.:—Cleopatra here apparently means. "Though age could not exempt me from folly, at least it frees me from a childish and ready belief of every assertion. Is it possible that Fulvia is dead? I cannot believe it."

63, 64. *vials . . . water*:—Alluding to the lachrymatory vials filled with tears, which the Romans placed in the tomb of a departed friend.

84. *Herculean*:—Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules.

91-93. *But that*, etc.:—An antithesis is intended between *royalty* and *subject*. The meaning is, "But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, I should suppose you, from this idle discourse, to be the very genius of idleness itself."

96, 97. *Since my becoming*s, etc.:—That which would seem to become me most is hateful to me when it is not acceptable in your sight.

103, 104. *That thou residing here*, etc.:—A strikingly similar thought occurs in Sidney's *Arcadia*:—

"She went, they staid; or, rightly for to say,  
She staid with them, they went in thought with her."

## Scene IV.

12, 13. *His faults*, etc.:—As the stars or spots of heaven appear more bright and prominent from the darkness of the night, so



the faults of Antony seem enlarged by his virtues, which give relief to his faults, and make them show out more prominently.

25-28. *If he fill'd . . . call on him for't*:—If Anthony followed his debaucheries at times of leisure only, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by *surfeits* and *dry bones*.

36-38. *Pompey . . . fear'd Cæsar*:—Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar now show their affection for Pompey.

55-71. *Antony . . . lank'd not*:—This superb speech is based upon the following passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*, where the writer is relating what happened after the death of Julius Cæsar, but before the Triumvirate was formed: "Cicero, being the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, stirred up all men against Antonius, and sent Hircius and Pansa, then Consuls, to drive him out of Italy. These two Consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius, that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battell; but both the Consuls were slain there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery al at once; but the chiefest want of al other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit, he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity; and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant he shewed himselfe. And it was a wonderfull example to the souldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in al finenesse and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle water, and to eate wild fruits and roots. And moreover it is reported, that even as they passed the Alpes they did eate the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before."

## Scene V.

4. *Mandragora*:—Compare *Othello*, III. iii. 330-333:—

"Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou owedst yesterday."

So too in Adlington's translation of *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius: "I gave him no poyson but a doling drink of *mandragora*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe as though he were dead."

36, 37. *that great medicine*, etc.:—Alluding, perhaps, to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, was said to convert base metal into gold. The alchemists called the matter, whatever it was, by which they performed transmutation a *medicine*. So Chapman in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594: "O then, thou *great elixir* of all treasures." And on this passage he has the following note: "The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the *great elixir*." Walker thinks that *medicine* here means physician, and so the word was sometimes used.

## ACT SECOND.

### Scene I.

4, 5. *Whiles we are suitors*, etc.:—*Whiles* for *while*; often used so by Shakespeare. The passage means, while we are praying, the thing for which we pray is *losing its value*.

26, 27. *prorogue his honour . . . dulness*:—"Delay his sense of honour from exerting itself till he is become habitually sluggish." *Till* means *to*, according to an ancient usage.

30, 31. *since he went . . . travel*:—Since he left Egypt time enough has elapsed for a longer journey.

### Scene II.

8. *I would not shave't*:—I would meet him without even such a show of respect.

78. *told him of myself*:—Warburton, followed by others, explains this as meaning, "I told him the condition I was in when he had his last audience." Hudson's explanation (Harvard ed.) is, "I told him this of *my own accord*; or volunteered this information about myself."

85, 86. *The honour*, etc.:—Mason explains that the force of *now* does not fall with *talks*, but with *is sacred*; "the point of honour, which he talks on, is sacred with me *now*, however negligent, or untrue to my oath, I may have been *then*." He accordingly excuses his fault, asks pardon, and tenders reparation.

92-94. *mine honesty*, etc.:—My power or greatness shall not work in disregard of my honesty.

112 *et seq.* Cæsar means, "I do not think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition; for it cannot be we shall remain in friendship; yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it."

123. *Were well deserved of rashness*:—That is, you might be reproved for your rashness, and would well deserve it.

157-159. *I must thank him only*, etc.:—I must barely thank him lest I be thought too willing to forget his courtesies; and then I will defy him.

173. *from Egypt*:—In *Julius Cæsar* we have a glimpse of the ennobling developments that arose when sincere Romans stooped to drink from the well-springs of Greek philosophy and science; in *Antony and Cleopatra* we behold the counter influence and contamination from too close proximity to Asia—for Egypt is in nature Asiatic—the school of courtiers and of all the arts of servility and seduction that courts give harbour and protection to.

189, 190. Enobarbus is made to say that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there; that whilst she was on the river, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him to gaze upon her; and that when she landed he sent to her to invite her to supper.

194 *et seq.* The reader may be pleased to compare Dryden's description with that of Shakespeare:—

“ Her galley down the silver Cyndus row'd,  
 The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,  
 The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:  
 Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,  
 Where she, another seaborne Venus, lay.—  
 She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,  
 And cast a look so languishingly sweet,  
 As if secure of all beholders' hearts,  
 Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,  
 Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds  
 That play'd about her face: But if she smil'd,  
 A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad  
 That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,  
 But hung upon the object: To soft flutes  
 The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,  
 The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,  
 And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more;  
 For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds  
 Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath  
 To give their welcome voice.”

239. *Her infinite variety*:—Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus; and indeed the majority of women who have most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, were less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments.

### Scene III.

3. *bow my prayers*:—The same construction is found in *Coriolanus*, I. i. 217: "*Shouting their emulation.*" And in *King Lear*, II. ii. 82: "*Smile you my speeches?*"

### Scene V.

3. *billiards*:—Many critics have called this an anachronism, as billiards, they say, were not known to the ancients. But Hudson asks, "How do they know this? Late researches," he declares, "have shown that many things were in use in old Egypt which, afterwards lost, have been reinvented in modern times. But Shakespeare did not know this? Doubtless not; but then he knew that by using a term familiar to his audience he would lead their thoughts to what has always followed in the train of luxury and refinement. Suppose he had been so learned, and withal such a slave to his learning, as to use a term signifying some game which the English people never had heard of. Which were the greater anachronism?"

16-18. *when your diver*, etc.:—This circumstance is from Plutarch: Antony had fished unsuccessfully in Cleopatra's presence, and she laughed at him. The next time, therefore, he directed the boatman to dive under water, and attach a fish to his hook. The queen perceived the stratagem, but affecting not to notice it, congratulated him on his success. Another time, however, she determined to laugh at him once more, and gave orders to her own people to get the start of his divers, and put some dried *salt fish* on his hook.

23. *Philippan*:—The battle of Philippi being the greatest action of Antony's life, it was an adroit piece of flattery to name his sword from it. The swords of the heroes of romance have generally pompous names.

115. Cleopatra is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but of Antony.

## Scene VI.

13. *ghosted*:—This verb is used by Burton in the preface to his *Anatomy of Melancholy*: “What madness *ghosts* this old man? but what madness *ghosts* us all?”

26, 27. *At land indeed* thou dost exceed me in possessions, having added to thy own my father's house. *O'ercount* is here used equivocally, and Pompey insinuates that Antony not only outnumbered, but had overreached him. The circumstance of Antony's obtaining the house of Pompey's father the Poet had from Plutarch.

28, 29. Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.

43-47. *though I lose*, etc.:—Clarke here comments: “The historical fact of Sextus Pompey's having courteously received Antony's mother in Sicily when she fled from Italy is recorded by Plutarch; but the touch of delicacy in sentiment—declaring that to remind or reproach another with a benefit conferred is to forfeit the merit of it—is the dramatist's own exquisite addition.”

55. *What counts . . . my face*:—A metaphor from making *marks* or *lines* in casting accounts.

71. *A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress*:—This is from the margin of North's *Plutarch* (the *Life of Julius Cæsar*), 1579: “Cleopatra trussed up in a *matrasse*, and so brought to Cæsar upon Apollodorus' backe.” Reference is here made to this passage in the text. He goes on thus: “She, only taking Apollodorus Sicilian of all her friends, took a litle bote, and went away with him in it in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castell. Then, having no other meane to come into the court without being knowne, she laid herself downe upon a *matrasse* or flock-bed, which Apollodorus tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her upon his backe, and brought her thus hampered in this fardle unto Cæsar in the castle gate. This was the first occasion, it is reported, that made Cæsar to love her.” The incident is dramatized with much spirit in Fletcher's *False One*.

## Scene VII.

95-97. *The third part . . . reels*:—Difficulties have been made about this passage, in which Singer saw none. He explained it thus: "Menas says, 'The third part of the world is drunk (meaning Lepidus, one of the *triumvirs*), would it were all so, that it might go on wheels,' that is, turn round or change. To which Enobarbus replies, 'Drink thou; increase *the reels*;' that is, increase its giddy course."

118. *pink cyne*:—The following is in *Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519: "Some have mighty yies and some be *pinkyied*. Quidam pergrandis sunt luminibus, quidam peti." The flower called a *pink* is in French *aillet*, or *little eye*. To *pink* and *wink* is to contract the eyes and peep out of the lids. Hence *pinky* for tipsy, from the peculiar expression of the eyes of persons in liquor. The epithet is therefore well appropriated to the god of wine.

128, 129. *the wild disguise hath almost antick'd us all*:—Has almost made us antics or buffoons. Upon this scene Clarke observes: "The discriminative characterization developed in each of the revellers—Lepidus's fatuity and solemn dulness floundering beneath the overpowering effect of the repeated healths or toasts with which he is plied; Octavius's reluctance at the subversion of his cold equanimity by the riot of the carousal and the effect of the wine; Enobarbus's mad spirits—yet he even at length giving token of being 'weaker than the wine'; Pompey's capital bit of maudlin ('O Antony, you have my father's house—But, what? we are friends'), half lingering resentment, half drunken magnanimity of forgiveness; the untouched strength of the seasoned Mark Antony, able to bear any amount of drained cups; together with the rich gusto and classical grape-crowned animation of the whole scene, combine to render this one of the most magnificently painted orgy-descriptions ever set down on paper. It glows before our eyes like a Rubens canvas."

## ACT THIRD.

## Scene I.

[*Enter Ventidius.*] How conscientiously Shakespeare kept in view the resolve to indicate the proceeding metamorphosis of the Roman state and Roman society, at the same time that he set forth the characters and fortunes of the triumvir and his para-

mour, is well seen in the short Parthian entrance of Ventidius. He has embodied the biography of Antony by Plutarch from the point at which he takes it up with as much skill as comprehensiveness.

1. *Struck* alludes to *darting*. Thou, whose darts have often struck others, art struck now thyself.

27-29. *Thou hast, Ventidius*, etc.:—Warburton interprets thus: “‘Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.’ This was wisdom, or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him why he did not pursue his advantages; and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.”

## Scene II.

40. Octavia is to sail with Antony from Rome to Athens, and her brother wishes that the elements—winds and seas—may be kind to her; in other words, that she may have a prosperous voyage. Johnson and others, however, have explained: “May the different elements of the body be in such proportion and harmony as to keep you cheerful.”

52. *were he a horse*:—A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face*, when he has a dark-coloured spot in his forehead between the eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill temper, is of course looked upon as a great blemish. Burton has applied the phrase to the look of a female: “Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herself—thin, leane, chitty-face, have *clouds in her face*, be crooked,” etc.

59. *wept*:—The old copies have *weepe*. Theobald’s reading, here given, has been followed by most recent editors. Steevens tried to give a meaning to the old reading: “Believe that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality (like his), will be tears of joy.”

## Scene III.

32-34. *is’t long on round*, etc.:—This is from the old writers on physiognomy. So in Hill’s *Pleasant History*, 1613: “The head



very round to be forgetful and foolish." Again: "The head long, to be prudent and wary." "A low forehead," etc., p. 218.

35, 36. *her forehead as low as she would wish it*:—"As one would wish it" was a cant phrase common in Shakespeare's day. The perverted fancy of our Elizabethan ancestors for a high, that is, bald forehead, is often shown in the Poet and his contemporaries. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. iv. 198: "Ay, but her forehead's low."

44. *no such thing*:—That is, nothing very remarkable—a colloquial phrase.

### Scene IV.

10. *from his teeth*:—A common expression. So Dryden in his *Wild Gallant*: "I am confident she is only angry *from the teeth* outward." And Fuller, in his *Holie Warre*: "This bad breath, though it came but *from the teeth* of some, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others." And in Withal's *Dictionarie for Children*, 1616: "*Lingua amicus*: A friend from the teeth outward."

10-16. The situation and sentiments of Octavia resemble those of Lady Blanch in *King John*, III. i.

### Scene V.

[*Enter Enobarbus.*] The dramatic value of the character of Enobarbus, as Shakespeare has developed it, cannot be over-estimated in such a play with such a theme. Besides a remonstrance against Cleopatra's presence in the war, Plutarch furnishes little more towards the character than this: "Furthermore, he dealt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatra's mind. For he being sick of an ague when he went and took a little boat to go unto Cæsar's camp, Antonius was very sorry for it, but yet he sent after him all his carriage train and men; and the said Domitius, as though he gave him to understand that he repented of his open treason, died immediately after." In the play, Domitius, while he is largely participant in riot and irregularity, and largely accessory to hasty imprudence, and yields to none in appreciation of the seductive charm of Cleopatra, is still in perfect contrast to Antony by his freedom from infatuation. In some respects he is like Cleopatra too, who looks on at the ruin she has made, and mingles pity with her return for the passion that in itself is too degenerate to be called



love unmingled. It is when Antony is gradually overtaking the sympathies of the spectator, that they are recalled by his proofs of nobility of nature on the desertion of Domitius, and the exemplar holds us truer to the end.

14. *no more*:—Of course this phrase does not signify *no longer*, but has the same meaning as *and no more*, or *that is all*: “Thou hast now a *pair* of chaps and nothing more. Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey on between them.”

23. *Naught* has here the same meaning as *naughty* or *bad*.

## Scene VI.

3. *Tribunal* here is a stage or platform, as in the Latin usage. This scene is closely copied from North's *Plutarch*.

13. The old copy has *hither* instead of *he there*, and *King* instead of *Kings*. Corrected by Steevens.

## Scene VII.

6, 7. *If not denounced*, etc.:—In the passage of Plutarch which supplied the basis of this scene, we have the following: “Now, after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open warre against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said, furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himselfe, but Cleopatra had brought him beside himselfe by her charmes and amorous poysons; and that they that should make warre with them should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatraes bed-chamber, that frizeled her haire and dressed her head) and Charmian; the which were those that ruled all the affaires of Antonius empire.”

60. *Thetis*:—Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared like Thetis surrounded by the Nereids.

## Scene VIII.

In connection with these short scenes, which some critics regard as injuring the Poet's work with too many details and changes

in the action, it may be interesting to read this finely expressed judgement of Lloyd upon the structural quality of the drama: "The play throughout evinces the master hand of Shakespeare—It reads with unchecked freshness, as though it flowed with quickest facility from his pen, at the same time that every line is charged with the maturest autumn of his ripened mind. Luxuriant as the execution is, it is so governed by appropriateness, that I doubt whether any of Shakespeare's plays can be more justly entitled correct, in the technical sense, than *Antony and Cleopatra*—whether from any other a single line could less easily be struck out without apparent injury and loss." And Brandes has given us this observation: "Assuming that it was Shakespeare's design in *Antony and Cleopatra*, as in *King Lear*, to evoke the conception of a world-catastrophe, we see that he could not in this play, as in *Macbeth* or *Othello*, focus the entire action around the leading characters alone. He could not even make the other characters completely subordinate to them; that would have rendered it impossible for him to give the impression of majestic breadth, of an action embracing half of the then known world, which he wanted for the sake of the concluding effect."

### Scene XI.

35, 36. *he at Philippi . . . dancer*:—The meaning appears to be, Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. It is alluded to in *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. i. 32, 33. "No sword worn, but one to dance with!"

52-54. *How I convey my shame, etc.*:—How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight.

### Scene XIII.

47. [*Enter Thyreus.*] Cleopatra's entertainment of Thyreus is her most salient insincerity, and it is hard to decide how far this might not have proceeded. It was a yielding to temptation, if it was anything—the temptation of the ruling passion to fascinate and influence the powerful. Distinct plan is not to be considered in the matter.

55. *he is Cæsar*:—So the second Folio. The first Folio has,

"than he is Cæsar's," which brings obscurity. We have a clear meaning in the present reading: "Cæsar entreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider that he is Cæsar: that is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them."

127. *the hill of Basan*:—This is an allusion to the Psalms: "An high hill as *the hill of Basan*." The idea of the *horned herd* below is also from the same source: "Many oxen are come about me: fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side." It is not easy to surmise how Shakespeare came to have such allusions in a play like this.

162. *Cæsarion*:—Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

167. *I am satisfied*:—Antony surprises Cleopatra unmistakably encouraging the messenger of Cæsar, and vents his rage upon the messenger by scourging, and his anger in high reproaches and complaints; and then, as soon as the queen can gain a hearing for honeyed words and high protestation, he is soothed and satisfied at once, and turns again to his old revelry that she had taught him and so often shared.

183. Feast days, in the colleges of either university, are called *gaudy* days, as they were formerly in the inns of court. "From *gaudium*," says Blount, "because, to say truth, they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students."

## ACT FOURTH.

### Scene I.

5. *I have many other ways to die*:—Hanmer, conforming the text to the story of Plutarch, read, "*He hath* many other ways," etc. This is certainly the sense of Plutarch, and given so in modern translations; but Shakespeare perhaps was misled by the ambiguity of the old one: "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die than so."

### Scene II.

8. *Take all*:—Let the survivor take all; no composition; victory or death. So in *King Lear*, III. i. 15: "And bids what will *take all*."

26, 27. "*Or if you see me more, you will see me a mangled*

*shadow*, only the external form of what I was." The thought is, as usual, taken from North's *Plutarch*.

35. *onion-eyed*:—We have a similar allusion in I. ii. 172.

38. *Grace grow where those drops fall*:—So in *Richard II.*, III. iv. 104, 105:—

"Here did she fall a tear; here in this place  
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace."

### Scene III.

23. *Let's see how it will give off*:—This is from Plutarch: "Within a little of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and end of this warre, it is saide that sodainely they heard a marvellous sweete harmonie of sundry sortes of instruments of musicke, with the cry of a multitude of people as they had beene dauncinge, and had sung as they use in Bacchus feastes, with movings and turnings after the manner of the satyres: and it seemed that this daunce went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troupe that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now such as in reason sought the interpretacion of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them."

### Scene V.

1. This and some subsequent speeches are given to Eros in the Folios. Theobald assigned them to the soldier, at the suggestion of Thirlby.

### Scene VI.

6, 7. *the three-nook'd world*, etc.:—The meaning is, that the *three-cornered* world shall then enjoy the blessings of peace undisturbed. So in *King John*, V. vii. 116, 117:—

"Come the *three corners of the world* in arms,  
And we shall shock them."

And for a like allusion to the *olive* see 2 *Henry IV.*, IV. iv. 87: "But Peace puts forth her *olive* every where." What is the explanation of a three-cornered world, according to the notions of our ancestors? It has never been satisfactorily given.

## Scene VIII.

22. *Get goal for goal of youth*:—At all plays of barriers the boundary is called a goal. To *win a goal* is to be superior in a contest of activity.

## Scene X.

3, 4. As Brandes remarks, "Antony fights his last battle with Macbeth's Berserk fury, facing with savage bravery what he knows to be invincibly superior force."

7. *They have put forth the haven*:—The gap in this line has been filled in various ways by different editors: Rowe, *further on*; Capell, *lie we on*; Malone, *let's seek a spot*; Dyce, *forward, now* (adopted by Rolfe); White, *ascend we then*; Hudson, *mount we, then*. It should seem that any of these additions might answer well enough for the ordinary reader, whom the present text, perhaps quite as wisely, leaves to his own ingenuity.

## Scene XII.

27. *Whose bosom was my crownet*:—"That which I looked to as the reward or crown of my endeavours." The allusion is to *finis coronat opus*.

28. *Like a right gipsy*:—Three times in Shakespeare (*Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv., and *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. i. and IV. xii.) Cleopatra is slightly called *gipsy*, probably from the word's resemblance in sound to *Egyptian*. But there was a certain significance in this word-play; for the high-mindedness of the princess and the fickleness of the gipsy were mysteriously combined in her nature.

## Scene XIV.

8. *vesper's pageants*:—The beauty both of the expression and the allusion in this theatrical figure is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakespeare's age. The following apposite passage from a sermon, by Bishop Hall, is cited by Boswell: "I feare some of you are like the *pageants* of your great solemnities, wherein there is a show of a solid body, whether of a lyon, or elephant, or unicorn; but if they be curiously look'd into, there is nothing but cloth, and

sticks, and ayre." "This is, without doubt," says Hazlitt, "one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakespeare. The splendour of the imagery, the semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind—are just like the mouldering schemes of human greatness."

10. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture.

19. *To pack the cards* was often used metaphorically for contriving together to deceive another. The Poet means that Cleopatra, by collusion, played the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as *to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy*.

53. *Dido and her Æneas*:—It has been remarked that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly associated. Either the Poet forgot Virgil's celebrated description in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, or confounded Æneas with Sichæus inadvertently.

60. *Less noble mind* must be understood as if written *less noble-minded*, as some editors have it. Plutarch gives the passage thus: "O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sorry that, having bene so great a captaine and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judgd of lesse courage and noble mind then a woman."

76, 77. *branded*, etc.:—Branded with baseness him who that followed.

## Scene XV.

9-11. It should be remembered that, according to the old philosophy, the sun was accounted a planet, and thought to be whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. Supposing this consumed, the sun must wander in endless space, and the earth be involved in endless night.

62. [*Antony dies*.] When Antony and Cleopatra perished with each other, she was in her thirty ninth, he in his fifty-fourth year. She was thus almost three times as old as Juliet, he more than double the age of Romeo.

74. *Chares*:—This word—now spelt and pronounced *chores*—is used by Shakespeare only here and in V. ii. 231 of this play. It was long ago used, as it still is provincially, to denote odd jobs of work, especially daily tasks in domestic or farm service, and the like. So in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613: "She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry *chares*."

## ACT FIFTH.

## Scene I.

5. *Appear thus*:—That is, with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand.

47, 48. *should divide*, etc.:—That is, should have made us, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die.

52. *A poor Egyptian yet*:—That is, yet an Egyptian, or subject of the Queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome.

## Scene II.

4-8. *and it is great*, etc.:—The meaning appears to be that voluntary death is an act which *bolts up change*; it produces a state which has no longer need of gross terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level. "*Nurse*," says Hudson, "appears to be used here for *nourishment*. Cleopatra is speaking contemptuously of this life, as if anything that depends upon such coarse vulgar feeding were not worth keeping." Hudson, of course, reads *dung* instead of *dug*. On this alternative White, who also retains *dung*, remarks: "Warburton read 'the *dug*.' The correction is of the obvious sort, and is indicated by 'palates' and 'nurse,' as well as by the similarity in form between the original and the substituted word. But as I am unable to discern what is the *dug* which is the 'beggar's nurse and Cæsar's,' and as the word in the text is expressive of the speaker's bitter disgust of life, I make no change."

29, 30. "In yielding to him I only give him that honour which he himself has achieved."

35. [*Here Proculeius*, etc.] "This stage direction," says White, "is not in the Folio, but is formed upon the corresponding passage in North's *Plutarch*. The scene is one which it is almost impossible to play upon a modern stage; but in Shakespeare's day, when they could 'make believe' as hard as Mr. Richard Swiveller's little Marchioness did over her orange peel and water, there was no such difficulty." "Proculeius," says Plutarch, "came to the gates that were very thicke and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were some cranews through the which her voyce might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra de-



maunded the kingdome of Egypt for her sonnes; and that Proculeius aunswered her, that she should be of good cheere, and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her aunswere unto Cæsar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once againe with her, and bad him purposely hold her with talk, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high windowe, by the which Antonius was tressed up, and came down into the monument with two of his men, hard by the gate, where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women shrieked out, O poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when she sawe Proculeius behind her, as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came sodainly upon her, and taking her by both hands, sayd unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt doe thyselfe greate wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunitie openlie to shew his bounty and mercie, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeach him as though he were a cruel and mercillesse man that were not to be trusted. So even as he spake the word he tooke her dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for fear of any poison hid aboute her."

50. *Once* is used by Shakespeare for *one time, some time, any time*. We may take the meaning of this line, which Singer placed in parenthesis, to be, "If idle talk about my purposes be necessary for the nonce." Johnson has shown that *will be* is often used in conversation without relation to the future.

174. *My chance*:—Most editors have retained this reading, the meaning of which can only be that her native fire, which is now so overlaid with the ashes of misfortune as to seem extinguished, will flame up through them. Chaucer has a similar image: "Yet in our *ashen* cold is fire yreken." And in Gray's *Elegy*: "E'en in our *ashes* live their wonted fires." But Hudson (Harvard ed.) in following Dr. Ingleby and substituting *glance* for *chance* persuasively argues that her native fire might flame up through the ashes of her former beauty and burn in her eyes.

185. *Make not your thoughts your prisons*:—Be not a prisoner in imagination.

229. *Sirrah* was not anciently an appellation either reproachful or injurious: being applied, with a sort of playful kindness, to children, friends, and servants, and, what may seem more extraordinary, as in the present case, to women.



240. *Fleeting* is another form of *flitting*; is *changeable, inconstant*.

243. *Worm* was commonly used for *serpent*. The word is pure Saxon. We have it still in the *blindworm* and *slowworm*. Shakespeare uses it several times. The notion of a serpent that caused death without pain was an ancient fable, and is here adopted with propriety. The *worm of Nile* was the asp of the ancients, which is wholly unknown to us.

256, 257. *he that will believe*, etc.:—Warburton observes that “Shakespeare’s clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire”: but he would have *all* and *half* change places. The confusion was probably designed to heighten the humour of the clown’s speech.

289. *I am fire and air*:—According to the old philosophy there were four *elements*, fire, air, earth, and water, of which all things were composed. In *Henry V.*, III. vii. 22-24, the Dauphin describes his horse thus: “He is pure *air* and *fire*; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.”

293. *aspic*:—Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, to account for her falling so soon.

313. [*Dies*.] Notwithstanding that the folly of Antony and the falsehood of the Egyptian Queen are made most manifest, the modified triumph of the piece is theirs, and Cæsar and his soldiers are left duped and defied and disappointed.

319. *and then play*:—Charmian perhaps remembers the words of her mistress (231, 232): “When thou hast done this chare I’ll give thee leave to *play* till doomsday.”

352-355. *Most probable . . . die*:—The following, somewhat condensed, is from the account given by Plutarch: “Cleopatra was very carefull in gathering all sorts of poisons together, to destroy men. Now, to make prooffe of those poisons which made men die with least paine, she tried it upon condemned men in prison. She afterwards went about to prove the stinging of snakes and adders, and made some to be applyed unto men in her sight. So, when she had daily made diverse and sundry prooffes, she found none of them all so fit as the biting of an aspicke; the which causeth only a heavinesse of the head, without swouning or complaining, and bringeth also a great desire to sleepe, with a sweate in the face; and so by litle and litle taketh away the senses and vitall powers, no living creature perceiving that the patients feel any paine.”

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## Questions on

## Antony and Cleopatra.

1. What is the date of composition? To what period of Shakespeare's development does it belong, and before and after what plays does it come?

2. Where did Shakespeare derive the materials of his plot? What elements of the play are due to the dramatist's own genius? What other plays have been written on the same subject?

3. How much time is covered by the action? What historic period is embraced in the limits of the action?

## ACT FIRST.

4. How is the plot subsumed in the opening speech? Is there disregard of convention in bringing the two protagonists at once upon the stage?

5. What is the passion at once introduced? What other motive is it quickly brought in conflict with? Who is Fulvia? How does Antony receive Cleopatra's references to her?

6. What political relation did Egypt bear to Rome at this time? Who was emperor at Rome? What was his age; Antony's previous relations with him?

7. What was Antony's mission in the East? Officially what position did Antony hold in the Roman state? What is the nature of his utterance in Sc. ii., 97-100?

8. Who was Labienus? What is the recital of his achievements in the East designed to point out? What effect does the news have upon the mood of Antony?

9. What do you learn of the character of Fulvia? What had been her influence over Antony? How had the effect of this influence made him an easier mark for Cleopatra? How did Fulvia's death affect Antony?

10. How does Enobarbus meet Antony's determination to depart? What besides the death of Fulvia incited Antony to leave Egypt? Were his personal fortunes endangered?

11. What direction does Antony give to Enobarbus at the end of Sc. ii.?

12. What had induced in Cleopatra the mood she displays at the beginning of Sc. iii.? What trait of character does it show?

13. What statement of political conditions does Antony give Cleopatra? Could Cleopatra feel any personal interest in the recital? Had she the mind of a ruler?

14. Has Antony yet realized the strength of his thralldom under Cleopatra? What two opinions of Antony do you get at the opening of Sc. iv.? How much of each was just and how much due to the personal temper of the speakers?

15. Who was Lepidus? What was his relation to Octavius and Antony?

16. How large a stage does Sc. iv. set for the enveloping action? Are they historic facts that Cæsar mentions in lines 56-71?

17. What means line 69: *It wounds thine honour that I speak it now?*

18. What feeling overtakes Cleopatra in Antony's absence? What is the nature of her jests? How does she describe herself? How much is truth and how much historic exaggeration? To what do her words concerning Cæsar and Pompey refer?

19. How has Cleopatra contrived to get news of Antony during his absence? Do you call this passion of Cleopatra love? Does she so call it? How might it be named?

20. What has the first Act established as the *motif* of the play? What means are employed to suggest infinite proportions?

## ACT SECOND.

21. Is Sc. i. the only one in the play in which Pompey and his associates absorb the action? May this departure from the principles of dramatic composition be said to violate the unity of the action? How is coördination effected and the plot advanced by regarding this Scene as corresponding to a Greek chorus?

22. What really fresh point of view do we get?

23. Was the quarrel with Pompey worthy the steel of the three triumvirs?

24. What view of Antony's soldiership do we derive from Pompey?

25. Antony says to Cæsar (Sc. ii. 63), *The third o' the world is yours*: which third? What parts went to the other triumvirs?

26. What are the causes of difference between Octavius and Antony? Who comes out the better in their quarrel? What traits of character does each display?

27. What humour is in Enobarbus?

28. What bond of friendship is proposed by Agrippa? What social custom of Rome do we see in the plighting of Octavia? Was Antony even half-hearted in his acceptance?

29. What scrupulousness of honour does he display in regard to Pompey?

30. Locate Mount Misenum.

31. Give the use of the word *fame* in line 165. Did Shakespeare invent Enobarbus's description of Cleopatra *upon the river of Cydnus*?

32. What comment on Antony's susceptibility does Enobarbus make? Does anybody aside from Enobarbus thoroughly understand Antony?

33. What impression do you get of Octavia (Sc. iii.) on her first entrance?

34. If the soothsayer had reported differently, had Antony force of character enough to pursue the changed course of his actions?

35. Against whom was Ventidius's expedition to Parthia?

36. Sc. iv. represents the setting forth in which direction?

37. What line of another play of Shakespeare's does the first of Sc. v. suggest?

38. What anachronism does this Scene contain?

39. Do you see any suggestion of cruelty in Cleopatra's nature embodied in her description of the fishing? What is the incident Cleopatra and Charmian here recall? Explain Cleopatra's probable meaning in calling Antony's sword *Philippan*.

40. Compare the scene where Cleopatra receives the messenger from Rome with some modern play of similar type—say Sardou's *La Tosca*. Has Shakespeare been excelled in emotional pitch? What passions here contend for mastery in Cleopatra? Cleopatra's impatience for news defeats her means of getting it: could this trait be properly attributed to a man? In her descent to violence with the messengers can you still apply the words of Enobarbus that *vilest things become themselves in her*?

41. Where was Misenum? What was the purpose of the meeting (Sc. vi.) of the generals? What special cause of quarrel had Pompey with Mark Antony? Was it on account of the *strange courtesies* that Antony previously referred to?

42. What new view of Enobarbus do you get from Pompey?

What prophesies of future events does Enobarbus make to Menas? Do we feel the force and truth of these observations? Is Enobarbus the perfect type of the man of the world?

43. Explain the meaning of vii. 5 applied to Lepidus, *They have made him drink alms-drink*? Is there dramatic reality in this colloquy of the servants; that is, is not the pitch too high for what might rationally be expected of servants? What function as "machinery" may they be said to perform? Do you find here the key struck for the succeeding dialogue in which Lepidus figures? Does this dialogue indicate the status of Lepidus among the triumvirs?

44. What does Menas propose to Pompey? Why does Pompey reply, *In me 'tis villany*? May we believe that Pompey's only motive for not entertaining Menas's proposal was the one he alleges?

45. *Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd, shall never find it more*: Where in another often quoted phrase has Shakespeare uttered the same thought?

46. Do we discover Enobarbus to be a wit equal, let us say, to Touchstone?

### ACT THIRD.

47. What is the dramatic purpose of Sc. i.? Who was Marcus Crassus? How does this Scene extend the stage of action back of the limits of the present play? Is there justification for so doing?

48. What worldly wisdom does Ventidius display?

49. What is the temper of Enobarbus's words in his dialogue with Agrippa (Sc. ii.)?

50. What parting injunction respecting Octavia does Cæsar give Antony? What effect has it on Antony? Is the auditor sensible of a certain irony in the situation whenever these new marital relations of Antony are presented?

51. What is the effect of Sc. iii. in building up to the final catastrophe?

52. What new difference arises between Cæsar and Antony?

53. What mission is Octavia about to undertake as discussed by her and Antony in Sc. iv.?

54. What is the dramatic purpose of Sc. v.?

55. Where is Antony when Cæsar accuses him in Sc. vi.?

56. What do we learn of the developing fortunes of the triumvirs?

57. What is the æsthetic effect of the list of kings of the earth recited (vi. 68-76) by Cæsar?

58. What event has intervened before Scs. vi. and vii.?

59. What was the report current in Rome about the management of the war?

60. What advice did Antony get from his generals respecting the approaching fight? How does his conduct towards them point to his deterioration?

61. What was the condition of the fight when Cleopatra fled from the battle?

62. What does Enobarbus say about his continued allegiance to Antony?

63. What noble traits does Antony show in his shame? Do Antony's reproaches to Cleopatra at all lift the shame from his shoulders?

64. What overtures are sent by both Antony and Cleopatra to Cæsar? What is the reply of Cæsar? In what light does Cæsar's commission to Thyreus show up his previous judgement upon Antony and Cleopatra?

65. Did Cleopatra expect such answer as Enobarbus gave to her inquiry in Sc. xiii.?

66. What challenge did Antony send Cæsar after the receipt of Euphronius's message? What message does Thyreus bring? How is he answered by Cleopatra? How does she show her inconsistency?

67. In the reconciliation with Antony does Cleopatra employ deceit?

## ACT FOURTH.

68. How does Cæsar receive Mark Antony's return of his messenger?

69. What does Sc. ii. show Antony to have lost?

70. What effect of mystery does Sc. iii. convey?

71. Is there return of the old Antony in his farewell to Cleopatra before going to battle?

72. Is there dramatic fitness in the way the desertion of Enobarbus is finally accomplished? Does it strengthen the feeling of the ruin that falls about Antony? What did Mark Antony do after hearing of it?

73. What was the result of the first day's fight?

74. What was the end of Enobarbus? Who, if any, was nobler or saner than he?

75. In Sc. xii. is there dignity in the anger of Antony against Cleopatra? Why does Cleopatra escape without attempting defence? What was Cleopatra's last supreme device for winning Antony? What is the effect on Antony of the news that Cleopatra is dead? Is it "divine despair"?

76. What service does Antony demand (Sc. xiv.) of Eros? What comment on Antony's reputation does Eros furnish in his self-sacrifice?

77. How does Dercetas hope to profit through Antony's death? What message does Diomedes bring to the wounded Antony?

78. What was the "monument"? What poetic refrain (Sc. xv.) does Antony utter?

79. What are Cleopatra's parting words to the dead Antony? What suggestion do they give of her infatuation? What supreme touch of poetry is given in lines 66-68?

80. Has Cleopatra uttered any more elevated sentiments than those with which the Act closes? Does Cleopatra justify suicide for her own case? Considered dramatically and historically, has this questioning of the sin of suicide any fitness in Cleopatra's utterance? Do we possibly derive here some insight into the secret working of Shakespeare's belief?

## ACT FIFTH.

81. How does Cæsar receive the news of Antony's death?

82. What comment on Octavius does Agrippa utter?

83. What misgiving concerning Cleopatra does the entrance of the Egyptian at the particular moment when Antony's praises are sung, make on the reader?

84. What effect is produced by recalling the message with which Dolabella is sent?

85. What estimate of Cæsar does Cleopatra make in the opening of Sc. ii.? Do you feel it just? What estimate has Cæsar of Cleopatra? How does he design to use her? Where did Antony bespeak trust in Proculeius, and why? What does Cleopatra ask of Cæsar?

86. What alternative does Cleopatra prefer to going to Rome in the train of Cæsar? Who informs Cleopatra of Cæsar's determination concerning her future? What warning does Cæsar give her at their meeting? What trick of Cæsar was revealed by



Seleucus? Has Cleopatra's picture of the play at Rome historic or Elizabethan significance?

87. For inconsequence of speech, what others of Shakespeare's creations does the Clown resemble? What view of Cleopatra do you get, in that she could jest with a simple clown amid the ruin of her fortunes? Compare the self-slaughter of Cleopatra with that of Juliet. Which showed more courage?

88. What similarity of theme do you notice between this play and *Macbeth*? Is this an action or a passion drama? Has Shakespeare ever before chosen so large a stage for his action?

89. How does this play supplement *Julius Cæsar*?

90. Compare *Romeo and Juliet* with this play and state any points of similarity or contrast. Which is the greater play?

91. How closely does Shakespeare hold to Plutarch's narrative?

92. Does the play seem overcrowded with minor characters?

93. How does the character of Antony as displayed in *Julius Cæsar* compare with the Antony of the present play?

94. Which side is the real Antony, the soldier or the artist-bohemian?

95. How in this play does Shakespeare make you feel the force of the qualities of Antony that the play of *Julius Cæsar* is more occupied with? Make a list of the descriptive epithets you find applied to him by the people of the play, and compare them with the impressions you have received of him.

96. Make a list of the descriptive epithets you find applied to Cleopatra. Do you feel the truth of these in the person that Shakespeare portrays?

97. In Dryden's *All for Love* Octavia and Cleopatra are made to meet and indulge in recrimination. Do you feel that Shakespeare shows the finer art in keeping them apart?

98. Do you find that Enobarbus possesses traits in common with Hamlet, or Charles II., or Dean Swift?

99. What underlying principle of the philosophy of life does Shakespeare inculcate in this play?

100. What can you say of the purely artistic or imaginative qualities of the play? Does it contain as beautiful poetry as, for instance, *Macbeth*? Is it overmatched in Oriental opulence of colour by any other play—say *Othello*? Notice the frequency with which the moon is referred to. What effect of mystery is thus obtained?







# THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.

## Preface.

**The Early Editions.** The First Edition of *Othello* was a Quarto, published in 1622, with the following title-page:—

“THE | Tragœdy of Othello, | The Moore of Venice. |  
*As it hath beene diuers times acted at the | Globe, and at*  
*the Black-Friers, by | his Maiesties Seruants. | Written*  
*by William Shakespeare. | [Vignette] | LONDON, | Printed*  
*by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his |*  
*shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse. | 1622.”\**

In 1623 appeared the First Folio, containing *Othello* among the “Tragedies”. (pp. 310-339); the text, however, was not derived from the same source as the First Quarto; an independent MS. must have been obtained. In addition to many improved readings, the play as printed in the Folio contained over one hundred and fifty verses omitted in the earlier edition, while, on the other hand, ten or fifteen lines in the Quarto were not represented in the Folio version. Thomas Walkley had not resigned his interest in the play; it is clear from the *Stationers’ Regis-*

\* Prefixed to this First Quarto were the following lines:—

“The Stationer to the Reader.

“*To set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English prouerbe, A blew coat without a badge, & the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon mee: To commend it, I will not, for that which is good I hope euery man will commend, without interaty: and I am the bolder, because the author’s name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement. I haue ventured to print this play, and leaue it to the generall censure. Yours, Thomas Walkley.”*

ter that it remained his property until March 1st, 1627 (i.e. 1628) when he assigned "*ORTHELLO the More of Venice*" unto Richard Hawkins, who issued the Second Quarto in 1630. A Third Quarto appeared in 1655; and later Quartos in 1681, 1687, 1695.

The text of modern editions of the play is based on that of the First Folio, though it is not denied that we have in the First Quarto a genuine play-house copy; a notable difference, pointing to the Quarto text as the older, is its retention of oaths and asseverations, which are omitted or toned down in the Folio version.

**Date of Composition.** This *last* point has an important bearing on the date of the play, for it proves that *Othello* was written before the Act of Parliament was issued in 1606 against the abuse of the name of God in plays. External and internal evidence seem in favour of 1604 as the birth-year of the tragedy, and this date has been generally accepted since the publication of the *Variorum Shakespeare* of 1821, wherein Malone's views in favour of that year were set forth (Malone had died nine years before the work appeared). After putting forward various theories, he added:—"We know it was acted in 1604, and I have therefore placed it in that year." For twenty years scholars sought in vain to discover upon what evidence he *knew* this important fact, until at last, about the year 1840, Peter Cunningham announced his discovery of certain *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, containing the following item:—

"By the King's 'Hallamas Day, being the first of Nov,  
*Matis Plaiers.* A play at the bankettinge House att  
 Whitehall, called the Moor of Venis

[1604].'"\*

We now know that this manuscript was a forgery, but strange to say, there is every reason to believe that though 'the book' itself is spurious, the information which it

\**v. Shakespeare Society Publications*, 1842.

yields is genuine, and that Malone had some such entry in his possession when he wrote his emphatic statement (*vide* Grant White's account of the whole story, quoted in Furness' *Variorum* edition; *cp.* pp. 351-357).

The older school of critics, and Malone himself at first, assigned the play to *circa* 1611 on the strength of the lines, III. iv. 46, 47:—

*'The hearts of old gave hands;  
But our new heraldry is hands not hearts,'*

which seemed to be a reference to the arms of the order of Baronets, instituted by King James in 1611; Malone, however, in his later edition of the play aptly quoted a passage from the Essays of Sir William Cornwallis, the younger, published in 1601, which may have suggested the thought to Shakespeare:—"They (our forefathers) had wont to give their hands and their hearts together, but we think it a finer grace to look askint, our hand looking one way, and our heart another."

**The Original Othello.** From the elegy on the death of Richard Burbage in the year 1618, it appears that the leading character of the play was assigned to this most famous actor:—

*"But let me not forget one chiefest part  
Wherein, beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart,  
The grievèd Moor, made jealous by a slave,  
Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,  
Then slew himself upon the bloody bed.  
All these and many more with him are dead."\**

**The Source of the Plot.** The story of '*Il Moro di Venezia*' was taken from the *Heccatomithi* of the Italian novelist Giraldi Cinthio; it is the seventh tale of the third decade, which deals with "The unfaithfulness of Husbands and Wives." No English translation of the novel

\**v.* Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse* (*New Shak. Soc.*), 2nd edition, p. 131, where the elegy is discussed, and a truer version printed.

existed in Shakespeare's time (at least we know of none), but a French translation appeared in the year 1584, and through this medium the work may have come to England. Cinthio's novel may have been of Oriental origin, and in its general character it somewhat resembles the tale of *The Three Apples* in *The Thousand and One Nights*; on the other hand it has been ingeniously maintained that "a certain Christophal Moro, a Luogotenente di Cipro, who returned from Cyprus in 1508, after having lost his wife, was the original of the Moor of Venice of Giraldi Cinthio." "Fronting the summit of the *Giants' Stair*," writes Mr. Rawdon Brown, the author of this theory, "where the Doges of Venice were crowned, there are still visible four shields spotted with mulberries (*strawberries* in the description of Desdemona's handkerchief), indicating that that part of the palace portal on which they are carved was terminated in the reign of Christopher Moro, whose insignia are three mulberries sable and three bends azure on a field argent; the word *Moro* signifying in Italian either mulberry-tree or blackamoor." Perhaps Shakespeare learnt the true story of *his* Othello from some of the distinguished Venetians in England; "Cinthio's novel would never have sufficed him for his *Othello*"\* (*vide* Furness, pp. 372-389. Knowing, however, Shakespeare's transforming power, we may well maintain that, without actual knowledge of Christopher Moro's history, he was capable of creating Othello from Cinthio's savage Moor, Iago from the cunning cowardly ensign of the original, the gentle lady Desdemona from "the virtuous lady of marvellous beauty, named Disde-

\* The title of the novel summarises its contents as follows:—

"A Moorish Captain takes to a wife a Venetian Dame, and his Ancient accuses her of adultery to her husband: it is planned that the Ancient is to kill him whom he believes to be the adulterer: the Captain kills the woman, is accused by the Ancient, the Moor does not confess, but after the infliction of extreme torture, is banished; and the wicked Ancient, thinking to injure others, provided for himself a miserable death."

mona (*i.e.* 'the hapless one'),"\* who is beaten to death "with a stocking filled with sand," Cassio and Emilia from the vaguest possible outlines. The tale should be read side by side with the play by such as desire to study the process whereby a not altogether artless tale of horror† has become the subtlest of tragedies—"perhaps the greatest work in the world."‡ "The most pathetic of human compositions."§

\* "Dreams, Books, are each a world: and books, we know,  
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;  
Round them with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.  
There find I personal theme, a plenteous store,  
Matter wherein right voluble I am,  
To which I listen with a ready ear;  
Two shall be named pre-eminently dear,—  
The gentle Lady married to the Moor;  
And heavenly Una, with her milk-white Lamb."

\* This is the only name given by Cinthio. Steevens first pointed out that "Othello" is found in Reynold's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, standing in one of his arguments as follows:—"She marries Othello, an old German soldier." The name "Iago" also occurs in the book. It is also found in "*The first and second part of the History of the famous Euordanus, Prince of Denmark. With the strange adventures of Iago, Prince of Saxonic: and of both their several fortunes in Love. At London, 1605.*"

† Mrs. Jameson rightly calls attention to a striking incident of the original story:—Desdemona does not accidentally drop the handkerchief: it is stolen from her by Iago's little child, an infant of three years old, whom he trains and bribes to the theft. The love of Desdemona for this child, her little playfellow—the pretty description of her taking it in her arms and caressing it, while it profits by its situation to steal the handkerchief from her bosom, are well imagined and beautifully told, etc.

‡ Macaulay.

§ Wordsworth—"The tragedy of *Othello*, Plato's records of the last scenes in the career of Socrates, and Izaak Walton's *Life of George Herbert* are the most pathetic of human compositions." (A valuable summary of criticisms, English and foreign, will be found in Furness's *Othello*, pp. 407-453.)

**Duration of Action.** The action seems to cover three days:—Act I., one day. Interval for voyage. Act II., one day. Acts III., IV., V., one day. In order to get over the difficulty of this time-division various theories have been advanced, notably that of Double Time, propounded by Halpin and Wilson; according to the latter, "Shakespeare counts off days and hours, as it were, by two clocks, on one of which the true Historic Time is recorded, and on the other the Dramatic Time, or a false show of time, whereby days, weeks, and months may be to the utmost contracted" (Furness, pp. 358-372).

According to Mr. Fleay, the scheme of time for the play is as follows:—

Act I., one day. Interval for voyage. Act II., one day. Act III., one day (Sunday). Interval of a week, at least. Act IV. Sc. i., ii., iii.; Act V. Sc. i., ii., iii., one day: where Act IV. begins with what is now Act III. Sc. iv., and Act V. with the present Act IV. Sc. iii.



# THE MOOR OF VENICE

## Critical Comments.

### I.

#### Argument.

I. Desdemona, a beautiful and high-born Venetian maiden, is wooed and won by Othello, a Moorish general, whose dusky skin cannot conceal a chivalrous and adventurous spirit such as women love. Desdemona's father, Brabantio, learning of their secret marriage, is much incensed and goes before the Duke of Venice and complains that his daughter has been stolen from him. But it so happens that Othello's warlike qualities are in demand upon the very night in which these affairs culminate. He has been in the service of the Venetian government, and the state now requires his presence in Cypress to oppose a Turkish fleet. He is therefore suffered to depart in peace with his wife Desdemona, especially since she, in the council chamber, declares her love and confidence in him.

II. Iago, Othello's ancient or ensign, has sworn secret enmity against his master because the Moor raised Cassio instead of himself to the chief lieutenancy. The enmity has taken the form of carefully laid plots, which began with the very nuptial night of Othello. In Cyprus, whither Othello and his train repair, the plots have abundant time for ripening. A storm has wrecked the Turkish fleet, and Othello remains in command on land amid a general revelry, authorized by him, to celebrate the dispersion of the enemy and in honor of his own nuptials. During the feasting Iago makes Cassio drunk and involves him in a street brawl. Othello arrives on the scene and deprives the officer of his lieutenancy.

III. Iago advises Cassio to sue for favor and restoration of rank through Desdemona, since Othello will deny her nothing. Cassio, unsuspecting of treachery, obtains an interview with her, and Iago lures Othello to the scene—innocent enough, but greeted by Iago with an ominous shake of the head. Othello, seeing the gesture, questions his ensign, whereupon the latter instils the poison of jealousy into his master's ears, making him to doubt Desdemona's relations with Cassio. The doubt is intensified when that lady, in the kindness of her heart, intercedes for Cassio. Henceforward Iago loses no opportunity to add to his master's jealousy. He procures by stealth a handkerchief given by Othello to Desdemona, and causes it to be found in Cassio's possession.

IV. Othello becomes convinced that his wife has been untrue to him. He determines upon her death, and charges his supposed friend Iago with the task of despatching Cassio. Nothing loth, Iago embroils Cassio in a night combat with Roderigo, a former suitor of Desdemona's, entangled in the meshes of Iago.

V. Cassio wounds Roderigo. Iago desires the death of both, and so, unseen, stabs Cassio. Meanwhile Othello goes to Desdemona's bedchamber and smothers her to death. Emilia, the wife of Iago and devoted servant of Desdemona, proves to Othello that the wife he has just murdered is innocent. Iago kills Emilia. Othello wounds Iago, then kills himself. Cassio, who still lives, is advanced to the government of Cyprus. Iago is reserved for lingering torture.

## II.

### Iago and Roderigo.

Admirable is the preparation, so truly and peculiarly Shakespearian, in the introduction of Roderigo, as the dupe on whom Iago shall first exercise his art, and in

so doing display his own character. Roderigo, without any fixed principle, but not without the moral notions and sympathies with honour, which his rank and connections had hung upon him, is already well fitted and predisposed for the purpose; for very want of character and strength of passion, like wind loudest in an empty house, constitute his character. The first three lines happily state the nature and foundation of the friendship between him and Iago—the purse—as also the contrast of Roderigo's intemperance of mind with Iago's coolness—the coolness of a preconceiving experimenter. The mere language of protestation—

If ever I did dream of such a matter; abhor me—

which falling in with the associative link, determines Roderigo's continuation of complaint—

Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate—

elicits at length a true feeling of Iago's mind, the dread of contempt habitual to those, who encourage in themselves, and have their keenest pleasure in, the expression of contempt for others. Observe Iago's high self-opinion, and the moral, that a wicked man will employ real feelings, as well as assume those most alien from his own, as instruments of his purposes:—

And, by the faith of man,

I know my place, I am worth no worse a place.

I think Tyrwhitt's reading of " life " for " wife "—

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair *wife*—

the true one, as fitting to Iago's contempt for whatever did not display power, and that intellectual power. In what follows, let the reader feel how by and through the glass of two passions, disappointed vanity and envy, the very vices of which he is complaining, are made to act upon him as if they were so many excellences, and the more appropriately, because cunning is always admired and wished for by minds conscious of inward

weakness;—but they act only by half, like music on an inattentive auditor, swelling the thoughts which prevent him from listening to it.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

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Roderigo thinks he is buying up Iago's talents and efforts. This is just what Iago means to have him think; and it is something doubtful which glories most, the one in having money to bribe talents, or the other in having wit to catch money. Still it is plain enough that Iago, with a pride of intellectual mastery far stronger than his love of lucre, cares less for the money than for the fun of wheedling and swindling others out of it. . . .

Still, to make his scheme work, he must allege some reasons for his purpose touching the Moor: for Roderigo, gull though he be, is not so gullible as to entrust his cause to a groundless treachery; he must know something of the strong provocations which have led Iago to cherish such designs. Iago understands this perfectly: he therefore pretends a secret grudge against Othello, which he is but holding in till he can find or make a fit occasion; and therewithal assigns such grounds and motives as he knows will secure faith in his pretence; whereupon the other gets too warm with the anticipated fruits of his treachery to suspect any similar designs on himself. Wonderful indeed are the arts whereby the rogue wins and keeps his ascendancy over the gull! During their conversation, we can almost see the former worming himself into the latter, like a corkscrew into a cork.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

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Iago has no other aim than his own advantage. It is the circumstance that not he, but Cassio, has been appointed second in command to Othello, which first sets his craft to work on subtle combinations. He

coveted this post, and he will stick at nothing in order to win it. In the meantime, he takes advantage of every opportunity of profit that offers itself; he does not hesitate to fool Roderigo out of his money and his jewels. He is always masked in falsehood and hypocrisy; and the mask he has chosen is the most impenetrable one, that of rough outspokenness, the straightforward, honest bluntness of the soldier who does not care what others think or say of him. He never flatters Othello or Desdemona, or even Roderigo. He is the free-spoken, honest friend.

He does not seek his own advantage without side-glances at others. He is mischievousness personified. He does evil for the pleasure of hurting, and takes active delight in the adversity and anguish of others. He is that eternal envy which merit or success in others never fails to irritate—not the petty envy which is content with coveting another's honours or possessions, or with holding itself more deserving of another's good fortune. No; he is an ideal personification. He is blar-eyed rancour itself, figuring as a great power—nay, as *the* motive force—in human life. He embodies the detestation for others' excellences which shows itself in obstinate disbelief, suspicion, or contempt; the instinct of hatred for all that is open, beautiful, bright, good, and great.

Shakespeare not only knew that such wickedness exists; he seized it and set his stamp on it, to his eternal honour as a psychologist.

Every one has heard it said that this tragedy is magnificent in so far as the true and beautiful characters of Othello and Desdemona are concerned; but Iago—who knows him?—what motive underlies his conduct?—what can explain such wickedness? If only he had even been frankly in love with Desdemona, and therefore hated Othello, or had had some other incentive of a like nature!

Yes, if he had been the ordinary amorous villain and slanderer, everything would undoubtedly have been much simpler; but, at the same time, everything would have sunk into banality, and Shakespeare would here have been unequal to himself.

No, no! precisely in this lack of apparent motive lies the profundity and greatness of the thing. Shakespeare understood this. Iago in his monologues is incessantly giving himself reasons for his hatred. Elsewhere, in reading Shakespeare's monologues, we learn what the person really is; he reveals himself directly to us; even a villain like Richard III. is quite honest in his monologues. Not so Iago. This demi-devil is always trying to give himself reason for his malignity, is always half fooling himself by dwelling on half motives, in which he partly believes, but disbelieves in the main. Coleridge has aptly designated this action of his mind: "The motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity." Again and again he expounds to himself that he believes Othello has been too familiar with his wife, and that he will avenge the dishonour. He now and then adds, to account for his hatred of Cassio, that he suspects him too of tampering with Emilia. He even thinks it worth while to allege, as a secondary motive, that he himself is enamoured of Desdemona.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

### III.

#### Othello.

Othello must not be considered as a negro, but a high and chivalrous Moorish chief. Shakespeare learned the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry, which was prevalent in England in his time. Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature, whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his

heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It was the struggle *not* to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall:—"But yet the *pity* of it, Iago! —O Iago! the *pity* of it, Iago!" In addition to this, his honour was concerned: Iago would not have succeeded but by hinting that his honour was compromised. There is no ferocity in Othello; his mind is majestic and composed. He deliberately determines to die; and speaks his last speech with a view of showing his attachment to the Venetian State, though it had superseded him.

Schiller has the material Sublime; to produce an effect, he sets you a whole town on fire, and throws infants with their mothers into the flames, or locks up a father in an old tower. But Shakespeare drops a handkerchief, and the same or greater effects follow.

Lear is the most tremendous effort of Shakespeare as a poet; Hamlet as a philosopher or meditator; and Othello is the union of the two. There is something gigantic and unformed in the former two; but in the latter, everything assumes its due place and proportion, and the whole mature powers of his mind are displayed in admirable equilibrium

COLERIDGE: *Table Talk*.

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Now what is Othello? He is night. An immense fatal figure. Night is amorous of day. Darkness loves the dawn. The African adores the white woman. Desdemona is Othello's brightness and frenzy! And then how easy to him is jealousy! He is great, he is dignified, he is majestic, he soars above all heads, he has as an escort bravery, battle, the braying of trumpets, the banner of war, renown, glory; he is radiant with twenty victories, he is studded with stars, this Othello: but he is black. And thus how soon, when jealous, the hero becomes monster, the black becomes the negro! How



speedily has night beckoned to death! By the side of Othello, who is night, there is Iago, who is evil. Evil, the other form of darkness. Night is but the night of the world; evil is the night of the soul. How deeply black are perfidy and falsehood! To have ink or treason in the veins is the same thing. Whoever has jostled against imposture and perjury knows it. One must blindly grope one's way with roguery. Pour hypocrisy upon the break of day, and you put out the sun, and this, thanks to false religions, happens to God. Iago near Othello is the precipice near the landslip. "This way!" he says in a low voice. The snare advises blindness. The being of darkness guides the black. Deceit takes upon itself to give what light may be required by night. Jealousy uses falsehood as the blind man his dog. Iago the traitor, opposed to whiteness and candour, Othello the negro, what can be more terrible! These ferocities of the darkness act in unison. These two incarnations of the eclipse comprise together, the one roaring, the other sneering, the tragic suffocation of light.

HUGO: *William Shakespeare.*

The Moor has for the most part been regarded as specially illustrating the workings of jealousy. Whether there be anything, and, if so, how much, of this passion in him, may indeed be questions having two sides; but we may confidently affirm that he has no special predisposition to jealousy; and that whatsoever of it there may be in him does not grow in such a way, nor from such causes, that it can justly be held as the leading feature of his character, much less as his character itself; though such has been the view more commonly taken of him. On this point, there has been a strange ignoring of the inscrutable practices in which his passion originates. Instead of going behind the scene, and taking its grounds of judgement directly from the subject him-



self, criticism has trusted overmuch in what is said of him by other persons in the drama, to whom he must perforce seem jealous, because they know and can know nothing of the devilish cunning that has been at work with him. And the common opinion has no doubt been much furthered by the stage; Iago's villainy being represented as so open and barefaced, that the Moor must have been grossly stupid or grossly jealous not to see through him; whereas, in fact, so subtle is the villain's craft, so close and involved are his designs, that Othello deserves but the more respect and honour for being taken in by him.

It seems clear enough that a passion thus self-generated and self-sustained ought not to be confounded with a state of mind superinduced, like Othello's, by forgery or external proofs,—a forgery wherein himself has no share but as the victim. And we may safely affirm that he has no aptitude for such a passion; it is against the whole grain of his mind and character. Iago evidently knows this; knows the Moor to be incapable of spontaneous distrust; that he must see, before he'll doubt; that when he doubts, he'll prove; and that when he has proved, he will retain his honour at all events, and retain his love, if it be compatible with honour. Accordingly, lest the Moor should suspect himself of jealousy, Iago pointedly warns him to beware of it; puts him on his guard against such self-delusion, that so his mind may be more open to the force of evidence, and lest from fear of being jealous he should entrench himself in the opposite extreme, and so be proof against conviction.

The struggle, then, in Othello is not between love and jealousy, but between love and honour; and Iago's machinations are exactly adapted to bring these two latter passions into collision. Indeed it is the Moor's very freedom from a jealous temper, that enables the villain to get the mastery of him. Such a character as his, so open, so generous, so confiding, is just the

one to be taken in the strong toils of Iago's cunning; to have escaped them, would have argued him a partaker of the strategy under which he falls.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

#### IV.

#### Desdemona.

At the period of the story a spirit of wild adventure had seized all Europe. The discovery of both Indies was yet recent; over the shores of the western hemisphere still fable and mystery hung, with all their dim enchantments, visionary terrors, and golden promises! perilous expeditions and distant voyages were every day undertaken from hope of plunder, or mere love of enterprise; and from these the adventurers returned with tales of "antres vast and deserts wild—of cannibals that did each other eat—of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders." With just such stories did Raleigh and Clifford, and their followers, return from the New World: and thus by their splendid or fearful exaggerations, which the imperfect knowledge of those times could not refute, was the passion for the romantic and marvellous nourished at home, particularly among the women. A cavalier of those days had no nearer, no surer way to his mistress's heart than by entertaining her with these wondrous narratives. What was a general feature of his time, Shakespeare seized and adapted to his purpose with the most exquisite felicity of effect. Desdemona, leaving her household cares in haste, to hang breathless on Othello's tales, was doubtless a picture from the life; and her inexperience and her quick imagination lend it an added propriety: then her compassionate disposition is interested by all the disastrous chances, hair-breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field, of which he has to tell; and her exceeding gentleness and timidity, and

her domestic turn of mind, render her more easily captivated by the military renown, the valour, and lofty bearing of the noble Moor. . . .

When Othello first outrages her in a manner which appears inexplicable, she seeks and finds excuses for him. She is so innocent that not only she cannot believe herself suspected, but she cannot conceive the existence of guilt in others.

Something, sure, of state,  
 'Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice  
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,  
 Hath puddled his clear spirit.

'T is even so—

Nay, we must think, men are not gods,  
 Nor of them look for such observances  
 As fit the bridal.

And when the direct accusation of crime is flung on her in the vilest terms, it does not anger but stun her, as if it transfixed her whole being; she attempts no reply, no defence; and reproach or resistance never enters her thought.

And there is one stroke of consummate delicacy, surprising, when we remember the latitude of expression prevailing in Shakspeare's time, and which he allowed to his other women generally; she says, on recovering from her stupefaction—

*Desd.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, sweet lady?

*Desd.* That which she says my lord did say I was.

So completely did Shakspeare enter into the angelic refinement of the character.

Endued with that temper which is the origin of superstition in love as in religion—which, in fact, makes love itself a religion—she not only does not utter an upbraiding, but nothing that Othello does or says, no outrage, no injustice, can tear away the charm with which her imagination had invested him, or impair her faith

in his honour. "Would you had never seen him!" exclaims Emilia.

*Desd.* So would not I!—my love doth so approve him,  
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns  
Have grace and favour in them.

There is another peculiarity, which, in reading the play of *Othello*, we rather feel than perceive: through the whole of the dialogue appropriated to Desdemona there is not one general observation. Words are with her the vehicle of sentiment, and never of reflection; so that I cannot find throughout a sentence of general application.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

## V.

### Emilia, Instrument of Nemesis.

It is Iago's own wife Emilia whose quick woman's wit is the first to pierce the web of intrigue, and stimulated by sight of her murdered mistress she gives her suspicions vent, though at the point of her husband's sword. The principle underlying this nemesis is one of the profoundest of Shakespeare's moral ideas—that evil not only corrupts the heart, but equally undermines the judgement. To Iago is applicable the biting sentence of *Junius*: "Virtue and simplicity have so long been synonymous that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of ability." It is because he knows himself unfettered by scruples that Iago feels himself infallible, and considers honest men fools; he never sees how his foul thoughts have blinded his perceptive powers, and made him blunder where simple men would have gone straight. True, he brings infinite acuteness to bear upon the details of his intrigues; but he never perceives, what the reader sees at a glance, that the whole ground of his action

in these intrigues—his suspicions that Emilia has been tampered with by Cassio and Othello—is a stupid mistake, which no one with any wholesome knowledge of human nature would make. And the same want of insight into honest human nature, which made him set up his atrocious schemes, is the cause now of their failure. He thought he had foreseen everything: it never occurred to him that his wife might betray him *with nothing to gain by such betrayal*, simply from affection and horror.

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!  
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress!

In vain Iago seeks to stop her mouth; a few words put all the suspicious circumstances together, until in rage and spite Iago stabs Emilia, though the blow seals his own ruin. This detail is a fresh touch in the perfection of the nemesis upon Iago: in a sense different from what he intended he is now “evened” with Othello, “wife for wife.” The nemesis draws items of equal retribution from all the intrigues of Iago. It was on account of Emilia that he played the villain, and it is Emilia who betrays him. He had made a tool of Roderigo, and the contents of the dead Roderigo's pockets furnish the final links of evidence against him. His main purpose was to oust Cassio both from office and life: Cassio lives to succeed Othello as Governor, and make his first official act the superintendence of Iago's torturing.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

## VI.

### Other Characters.

The subordinate figures are worked out with hardly less skill than the principal characters of the tragedy. Emilia especially is inimitable—good-hearted, honest,

and not exactly light, but still sufficiently the daughter of Eve to be unable to understand Desdemona's naïve and innocent chastity.

At the end of Act IV. (in the bedroom scene) Desdemona asks Emilia if she believes that there really are women who do what Othello accuses her of. Emilia answers in the affirmative. Then her mistress asks again: "Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?" and receives the jesting answer, "The world's a huge thing; it is a great price for a small vice:—

"Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world! . . . Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right."

In passages like this a mildly playful note is struck in the very midst of the horror. And according to his habit and the custom of the times, Shakespeare also introduces, by means of the Clown, one or two deliberately comic passages; but the Clown's merriment is subdued, as Shakespeare's merriment at this period always is.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

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Cassio is an enthusiastic admirer, almost a worshipper, of Desdemona. O, that detestable code that excellence cannot be loved in any form that is female, but it must needs be selfish! Observe Othello's "honest," and Cassio's "bold" Iago, and Cassio's full guileless-hearted wishes for the safety and love-raptures of Othello and "the divine Desdemona." And also note the exquisite circumstance of Cassio's kissing Iago's wife, as if it ought to be impossible that the dullest auditor should not feel Cassio's religious love of Desdemona's purity. Iago's answers are the sneers which a proud bad intellect feels towards women, and expresses to a wife.

Surely it ought to be considered a very exalted compliment to women, that all the sarcasms on them in Shakespeare are put in the mouths of villains.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

## VII.

### Spiritual Import of the Play.

Were Othello but the spirited portrait of a half-tamed barbarian, we should view him as a bold and happy poetical conception, and, as such, the Poet's work might satisfy our critical judgement; but it is because it depicts a noble mind, wrought by deep passion and dark devices to agonies such as every one might feel, that it awakens our strongest sympathies. We see in this drama a grand and true moral picture; we read in it a profound ethical lesson; for (to borrow the just image of the classical Lowth) while the matchless work is built up to the noblest height of poetry, it rests upon the deepest foundations of true philosophy.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

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The central point of its spiritual import lies in the contrast between Iago and his victim. Iago, with keen intellectual faculties and manifold culture in Italian vice, lives and thrives after his fashion in a world from which all virtue and all beauty are absent. Othello, with his barbaric innocence and regal magnificence of soul, must cease to live the moment he ceases to retain faith in the purity and goodness which were to him the highest and most real things upon earth. Or if he live, life must become to him a cruel agony. Shakspeare compels us to acknowledge that self-slaughter is a rapturous energy—that such prolonged agony is joy in comparison with the earthly life-in-death of such a soul as that of Iago. The noble nature is taken in the toils because it



## Comments

is noble. Iago suspects his wife of every baseness, but the suspicion has no other effect than to intensify his malignity. Iago could not be captured and constrained to heroic suffering and rage. The shame of every being who bears the name of woman is credible to Iago, and yet he can grate from his throat the jarring music:—

“And let me the canakin clink, clink!

And let me the canakin clink!”

There is, therefore, Shakspeare would have us understand, something more inimical to humanity than suffering—namely, an incapacity for noble pain. To die as Othello dies is indeed grievous. But to live as Iago lives, devouring the dust and stinging—this is more appalling.

Such is the spiritual motive that controls the tragedy. And the validity of this truth is demonstrable to every sound conscience. No supernatural authority needs to be summoned to bear witness to this reality of human life. No pallid flame of hell, no splendour of dawning heaven, needs show itself beyond the verge of earth to illumine this truth. It is a portion of the ascertained fact of human nature, and of this our moral existence.

DOWDEN : *Shakspeare.*



The Tragedy of  
Othello, The Moor of Venice.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, *a senator.*

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, *brother to Brabantio.*

LODOVICO, *kinsman to Brabantio.*

OTHELLO, *a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.*

CASSIO, *his lieutenant.*

IAGO, *his ancient.*

RODERIGO, *a Venetian gentleman.*

MONTANO, *Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.*

Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, *daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.*

EMILIA, *wife to Iago.*

BIANCA, *mistress to Cassio.*

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and  
Attendants.

SCENE: *Venice: a seaport in Cyprus.*

# The Tragedy of Othello, The Moor of Venice.

## ACT FIRST.

### Scene I.

*Venice. A street.*

*Enter Roderigo and Iago.*

*Rod.* Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly  
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse  
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

*Iago.* 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:  
If ever I did dream of such a matter,  
Abhor me.

*Rod.* Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

*Iago.* Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,  
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant;  
Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man, 10  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:  
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance  
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;  
And, in conclusion,  
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,  
'I have already chose my officer.'  
And what was he?  
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20  
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;

That never set a squadron in the field,  
 Nor the division of a battle knows  
 More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,  
 Wherein the toged consuls can propose  
 As masterly as he: mere prattle without practice  
 Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:  
 And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof  
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds  
 Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd  
 By debtor and creditor: this counter-caster, 31  
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
 And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.

*Rod.* By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

*Iago.* Why, there 's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,  
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
 And not by old gradation, where each second  
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself  
 Whether I in any just term am affined  
 To love the Moor.

*Rod.* I would not follow him then. 40

*Iago.* O, sir, content you;  
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him:  
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark  
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
 That doting on his own obsequious bondage  
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
 For nought but provender, and when he's old,  
 cashier'd:  
 Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are  
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty, 50  
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,  
 And throwing but shows of service on their lords

Do well thrive by them, and when they have lined  
their coats

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul,  
And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

In following him, I follow but myself;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end: 60

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

*Rod.* What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,  
If he can carry 't thus!

*Iago.* Call up her father,  
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,  
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,  
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell, 70  
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,  
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't  
As it may lose some colour.

*Rod.* Here is her father's house; I 'll call aloud.

*Iago.* Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell  
As when, by night and negligence, the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.

*Rod.* What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

*Iago.* Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves!  
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!  
Thieves! thieves! 81

*Brabantio appears above, at a window.*

*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible summons?  
What is the matter there?

*Rod.* Signior, is all your family within?

*Iago.* Are your doors lock'd?

*Bra.* Why, wherefore ask you this?

*Iago.* 'Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on  
your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, 90

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:

Arise, I say.

*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits?

*Rod.* Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

*Bra.* Not I: what are you?

*Rod.* My name is Roderigo.

*Bra.* The worser welcome:

I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors:

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say

My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,

Being full of supper and distempering draughts,

Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come 100

To start my quiet.

*Rod.* Sir, sir, sir,—

*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure

My spirit and my place have in them power

To make this bitter to thee.

*Rod.* Patience, good sir.

*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;

My house is not a grange.

*Rod.* Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

*Iago.* 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are 110 ruffians, you 'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you 'll have your nephews neigh to you; you 'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

*Bra.* What profane wretch art thou?

*Iago.* I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

*Bar.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are—a senator. 119

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,  
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,  
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,  
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,  
Transported with no worse nor better guard  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—  
If this be known to you, and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;  
But if you know not this, my manners tell me 130  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe  
That, from the sense of all civility,  
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:  
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,

Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes,  
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger  
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:  
If she be in her chamber or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state 140  
For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, ho!  
Give me a taper! call up all my people!  
This accident is not unlike my dream:  
Belief of it oppresses me already.  
Light, I say! light! [Exit above.

*Iago.* Farewell; for I must leave you:  
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,  
To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—  
Against the Moor: for I do know, the state,  
However this may gall him with some check,  
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd  
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, 151  
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,  
Another of his fathom they have none  
To lead their business: in which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,  
Yet for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely  
find him,  
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;  
And there will I be with him. So farewell. [Exit.

*Enter below, Brabantio, in his night-gown, and  
Servants with torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil: gone she is; 161



And what's to come of my despised time  
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!  
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father!  
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives me  
Past thought! What said she to you? Get more tapers.  
Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think you?

*Rod.* Truly, I think they are.

*Bra.* O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the  
blood! 170

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds  
By what you see them act. Is there not charms  
By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
Of some such thing?

*Rod.* Yes, sir, I have indeed.

*Bra.* Call up my brother. O, would you had had her!  
Some one way, some another. Do you know  
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

*Rod.* I think I can discover him, if you please  
To get good guard and go along with me. 180

*Bra.* Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;  
I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!  
And raise some special officers of night.  
On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene II.

*Another street.*

*Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience

To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity  
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times  
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the  
    ribs.

*Oth.* 'Tis better as it is.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against your honour,  
That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, sir,  
Are you fast married? Be assured of this, 11  
That the magnifico is much beloved,  
And hath in his effect a voice potential  
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you,  
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance  
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,  
Will give him cable.

*Oth.* Let him do his spite:  
My services, which I have done the signiory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know—  
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour, 20  
I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal siege, and my demerits  
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into a circumscription and confine  
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come  
    yond?

*Iago.* Those are the raised father and his friends:  
You were best go in.



DESDEMONA



*Oth.* Not I; I must be found: 30  
My parts, my title and my perfect soul,  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Enter Cassio, and certain Officers with torches.*

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.  
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!  
What is the news?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general,  
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,  
Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you?

*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:  
It is a business of some heat: the galleys 40  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night at one another's heels;  
And many of the consuls, raised and met,  
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly call'd  
for;  
When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
The senate hath sent about three several quests  
To search you out.

*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.  
I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you. [Exit

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here?

*Iago.* Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack: 50  
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.

*Cas.* To who?

*Re-enter Othello.**Iago.* Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?*Oth.* Have with you.*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for you.*Iago.* It is Brabantio: general, be advised;

He comes to bad intent.

*Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers with torches  
and weapons.**Oth.* Hallo! stand there!*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.*Bra.* Down with him, thief!*[They draw on both sides.]**Iago.* You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust  
them.Good signior, you shall more command with years  
Than with your weapons. 61*Bra.* O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my  
daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,

So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense

That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,

Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

70

That weaken motion: I'll have 't disputed on;  
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.  
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist, 80  
Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,  
Both you of my inclining and the rest:  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
Without a prompter. Where will you that I go  
To answer this your charge?

*Bra.* To prison, till fit time  
Of law and course of direct session  
Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey?  
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,  
Whose messengers are here about my side,  
Upon some present business of the state 90  
To bring me to him?

*First Off.* 'Tis true, most worthy signior;  
The duke 's in council, and your noble self,  
I am sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How! the duke in council!  
In this time of the night! Bring him away:  
Mine 's not an idle cause: the duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;  
For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene III.

*A council-chamber.**The Duke and Senators sitting at a table; Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition in these news  
That gives them credit.

*First Sen.* Indeed they are disproportion'd;  
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.

*Sec. Sen.* And mine, two hundred:  
But though they jump not on a just account,—  
As in these cases, where the aim reports,  
'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgement:  
I do not so secure me in the error, 10  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

*Sailor.* [*Within*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!

*First Off.* A messenger from the galleys.

*Enter Sailor.*

*Duke.* Now, what 's the business?

*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;  
So was I bid report here to the state  
By Signior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change?

*First Sen.* This cannot be,  
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant  
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider  
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk, 20



And let ourselves again but understand  
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,  
But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in : if we make thought of this,  
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful  
To leave that latest which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
To wake and wage a danger profitless. 30

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.

*First Off.* Here is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,  
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

*First Sen.* Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

*Mess.* Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance  
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40  
With his free duty recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

*Duke.* 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.

Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

*First Sen.* He 's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us to him: post-post-haste dispatch.

*First Sen.* Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; 50

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;  
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business  
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care  
Take hold on me; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter! O, my daughter!

*All.* Dead?

*Bra.* Ay, to me;  
She is abused, stol'n from me and corrupted 60  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
Sans witchcraft could not.

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding  
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter  
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace. 70  
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,  
Your special mandate for the state-affairs  
Hath hither brought.

*All.* We are very sorry for 't.

*Duke.* [*To Othello*] What in your own part can you say  
to this?

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Old.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approved good masters,  
That I have taken away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her:  
The very head and front of my offending                    80  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons waned, they have used  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious pa-  
tience,  
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver                    90  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
What conjuration and what mighty magic—  
For such proceeding I am charged withal—  
I won his daughter.

*Bra.*                    A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion  
Blush'd at herself; and she—in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing—  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!  
It is a judgement main'd and most imperfect,  
That will confess perfection so could err                    100  
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell.  
Why this should be, I therefore vouch again,  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,

He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this, is no proof,  
Without more certain and more overt test  
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

*First Sen.* But, Othello, speak: 110  
Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?  
Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father:  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither. 120

*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.  
[*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*]

And till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father loved me, oft invited me,  
Still questioned me the story of my life  
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes, 130  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travels' history:  
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, 140  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch  
heaven,

It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;  
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She 'ld come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse: which I observing, 150  
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intentively: I did consent,  
And often did beguile her of her tears  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
strange; 160

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd  
me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:  
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
And I loved her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used.  
Here comes the lady; let her witness it. 170

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think this tale would win my daughter too.  
Good Brabantio,  
Take up this mangled matter at the best:  
Men do their broken weapons rather use  
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak:  
If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:  
Do you perceive in all this noble company  
Where most you owe obedience?

*Des.* My noble father, 180  
I do perceive here a divided duty:  
To you I am bound for life and education;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,  
I am hitherto your daughter: but here 's my husband,  
And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor my lord.

*Bra.* God be with you! I have done.  
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs: 190

I had rather to adopt a child than get it.  
Come hither, Moor:  
I here do give thee that with all my heart,  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence  
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers 200  
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief,  
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile; 210  
We lose it not so long as we can smile.  
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;  
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
These sentences, to sugar or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:  
But words are words; I never yet did hear  
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.  
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty preparation 221  
makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the

place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators, 230  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize  
A natural and prompt alacrity  
I find in hardness; and do undertake  
These present wars against the Ottomites.  
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife,  
Due reference of place and exhibition,  
With such accommodation and besort  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please, 240  
Be 't at her father's.

*Bra.* I 'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I, I would not there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts  
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,  
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,  
And let me find a charter in your voice  
To assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm of fortunes 250  
May trumpet to the world: my heart 's subdued



Even to the very quality of my lord:  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,  
And to his honours and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence. Let me go with him. 260

*Oth.* Let her have your voices.  
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite;  
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects  
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction;  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:  
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think  
I will your serious and great business scant  
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys  
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness 270  
My speculative and officed instruments,  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation!

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste,  
And speed must answer 't; you must hence to-night.

*Des.* To-night, my lord?

*Duke.* This night.

*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again. 280  
Othello, leave some officer behind,

And he shall our commission bring to you;  
With such things else of quality and respect  
As doth import you.

*Oth.* So please your grace, my ancient;  
A man he is of honesty and trust:  
To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good grace shall think  
To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.  
Good night to every one. [*To Brab.*] And, noble  
signior,  
If virtue no delighted beauty lack, 290  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*First Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see  
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

*Oth.\** My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:  
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;  
And bring them after in the best advantage.  
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour  
Of love, of worldly matters and direction, 300  
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

*Rod.* Iago!

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, thinkest thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed and sleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.  
Why, thou silly gentleman!

*Rod.* It is silliness to live when to live is torment;  
and then have we a prescription to die when 310  
death is our physician.

*Iago.* O villanous! I have looked upon the world  
for four times seven years; and since I could  
distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I  
never found man that knew how to love himself.  
Ere I would say I would drown myself for  
the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my  
humanity with a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess it is my shame  
to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to 320  
amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are  
thus or thus. Our bodies are gardens: to the  
which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will  
plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed  
up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or  
distract it with many, either to have it sterile  
with idleness or manured with industry, why,  
the power and corrigible authority of this lies  
in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not 330  
one scale of reason to poise another of sensual-  
ity, the blood and baseness of our natures would  
conduct us to most preposterous conclusions:  
but we have reason to cool our raging motions,  
our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof  
I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or  
scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission  
of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself! 340

drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness: I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and 350 thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more deli- 360 cate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on 370 the issue?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me: go, make money: I have

told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this 380 to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to: farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

*Rod.* What say you?

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear?

*Rod.* I am changed: I'll go sell all my land. [Exit.

*Iago.* Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,  
If I would time expend with such a snipe 391

But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;

But I for mere suspicion in that kind

Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;

To get his place, and to plume up my will

In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see:— 400

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear

That he is too familiar with his wife.

He hath a person and a smooth dispose

To be suspected; framed to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so ;  
And will as tenderly be led by the nose  
As asses are.  
I have 't. It is engender'd. Hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.  
[Exit.

## ACT SECOND.

## Scene I.

*A sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.*

*Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.*

*Mon.* What from the cape can you discern at sea ?

*First Gent.* Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood ;  
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,  
Descry a sail.

*Mon.* Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;  
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :  
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortise ? What shall we hear of this ?

*Sec. Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet : 10  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds  
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous  
mane,  
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole :  
I never did like molestation view  
On the enchafed flood.

# THE MOOR OF VENICE

## Act II. Sc. i.

*Mon.* If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;  
It is impossible to bear it out.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

*Third Gent.* News, lads! our wars are done. 20  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
That their designment halts: a noble ship of Venice  
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How! is this true?

*Third Gent.* The ship is here put in,  
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,  
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

*Mon.* I am glad on 't; 'tis a worthy governor. 30

*Third Gent.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of  
comfort  
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly  
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest.

*Mon.* Pray heavens he be;  
For I have served him, and the man commands  
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the seaside, ho!  
As well to see the vessel that 's come in  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,  
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue  
An indistinct regard.

*Third Gent.* Come, let 's do so; 40  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

*Enter Cassio.*

*Cas.* Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,  
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

*Mon.* Is he well shipp'd?

*Cas.* His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot  
Of very expert and approved allowance;  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, 50  
Stand in bold cure.

[*A cry within: 'A sail, a sail, a sail!'*]

*Enter a fourth Gentleman.*

*Cas.* What noise?

*Fourth Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea  
Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'

*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the governor.  
[*Guns heard.*]

*Sec. Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:  
Our friends at least.

*Cas.* I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

*Sec. Gent.* I shall. [Exit.]

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your general wived? 60

*Cas.* Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid  
That paragon's description and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in the essential vesture of creation  
Does tire the ingener.

*Re-enter second Gentleman.*

How now! who has put in?



*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

*Cas.* He has had most favourable and happy speed:  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,  
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel, 70  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

*Mon.* What is she?

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,  
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts  
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms, 80  
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
And bring all Cyprus comfort.

*Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and  
Attendants.*

O, behold,  
The riches of the ship is come on shore!  
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.  
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round!

*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

*Cas.* He is not yet arrived: nor know I aught  
But that he's well and will be shortly here. 90

*Des.* O, but I fear—How lost you company?

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and skies

Parted our fellowship—But, hark! a sail.

[*A cry within: 'A sail, a sail!' Guns heard.*]

*Sec. Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel:

This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.* See for the news. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Good ancient, you are welcome. [*To Emilia*] Welcome, mistress:

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,

That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding

That gives me this bold show of courtesy. 100

[*Kissing her.*]

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of her lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,

You 'ld have enough.

*Des.* Alas, she has no speech.

*Iago.* In faith, too much;

I find it still when I have list to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart

And chides with thinking.

*Emil.* You have little cause to say so.

*Iago.* Come on, come on; you are pictures out of  
doors, 110

Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,

Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your  
beds.

*Des.* O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:

You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.* No, let me not.

*Des.* What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;  
For I am nothing if not critical. 120

*Des.* Come on, assay—There 's one gone to the harbour?

*Iago.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry; but I do beguile  
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.  
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it; but indeed my invention  
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize;  
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labours,  
And thus she is deliver'd.  
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit, 130  
The one's for use, the other useth it.

*Des.* Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was fair;  
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old fond paradoxes to make fools  
laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise 140  
hast thou for her that 's foul and foolish?

*Iago.* There 's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,  
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

*Des.* O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best.  
But what praise couldst thou bestow on a de-  
serving woman indeed, one that in the author-  
ity of her merit did justly put on the vouch of  
very malice itself?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud, 150  
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,  
Fled from her wish and yet said ' Now I may ' ;  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly;  
She that in wisdom never was so frail  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;  
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following and not look behind;  
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

*Des.* To do what? 160

*Iago.* To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

*Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not  
learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.  
How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane  
and liberal counsellor?

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam: you may relish him  
more in the soldier than in the scholar.

*Iago.* [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well  
said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I  
ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon 170  
her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.  
You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as  
these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had  
been better you had not kissed your three fin-  
gers so oft, which now again you are most apt  
to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an  
excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again  
your fingers to your lips? would they were clys-  
ter-pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet within.*]  
The Moor! I know his trumpet. 180

*Cas.* 'Tis truly so.

*Des.* Let 's meet him and receive him.

*Cas.* Lo, where he comes!

*Enter Othello and Attendants.*

*Oth.* O my fair warrior!

*Des.* My dear Othello!

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my content  
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!  
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas  
Olympus-high, and duck again as low 190  
As hell 's from heaven! If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Des.* The heavens forbid  
But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
Even as our days do grow!

*Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers!  
I cannot speak enough of this content;  
It stops me here; it is too much of joy: 199  
And this, and this, the greatest discords be  
[Kissing her.  
That e'er our hearts shall make!

*Iago.* [Aside] O, you are well tuned now!  
But I 'll set down the pegs that make this music.  
As honest as I am.

*Oth.* Come, let us to the castle.  
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are  
drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?  
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;  
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,  
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers: 210  
Bring thou the master to the citadel;  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,  
Once more well met at Cyprus.

*[Exeunt all but Iago and Roderigo.]*

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.  
Come hither. If thou be'st valiant—as, they  
say, base men being in love have then a nobility  
in their natures more than is native to them—  
list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on  
the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this: 220  
Desdemona is directly in love with him.

*Rod.* With him? why, 'tis not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be in-  
structed. Mark me with what violence she first  
loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her  
fantastical lies: and will she love him still for  
prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her  
eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have  
to look on the devil? When the blood is made  
dull with the act of sport, there should be, again 230  
to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite,  
loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners  
and beauties; all which the Moor is defective  
in: now, for want of these required conveniences,  
her delicate tenderness will find itself abused,

begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already. 240 250

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blest condition.

*Iago.* Blest fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blest, she would never have loved the Moor: blest pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that? 260

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and

main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish!  
But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought  
you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for 270  
the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio  
knows you not: I'll not be far from you: do  
you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either  
by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline,  
or from what other course you please, which the  
time shall more favourably minister.

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and  
haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he  
may; for even out of that will I cause these of 280  
Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall  
come into no true taste again but by the dis-  
planting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter  
journey to your desires by the means I shall  
then have to prefer them, and the impediment  
most profitably removed, without the which  
there were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if I can bring it to any oppor-  
tunity.

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the 290  
citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore.  
Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;  
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:  
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,  
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;  
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona  
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too,



Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure 300  
 I stand accountant for as great a sin,  
 But partly led to diet my revenge,  
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor  
 Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof  
 Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards;  
 And nothing can or shall content my soul  
 Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;  
 Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
 At least into a jealousy so strong  
 That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,  
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash 311  
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,  
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,  
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb;  
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;  
 Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me,  
 For making him egregiously an ass  
 And practising upon his peace and quiet  
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused: 319  
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. [*Exit.*

## Scene II. \*

*A street.*

*Enter a Herald with a proclamation; people following.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for,

besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour 10 of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene III.

*A hall in the castle.*

*Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:  
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
Not to outsport discretion.

*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do;  
But notwithstanding with my personal eye  
Will I look to't.

*Oth.* Iago is most honest.  
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest  
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,  
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;  
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you. 10  
Good night.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]

*Enter Iago.*

*Cas.* Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore

blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

*Cas.* She's a most exquisite lady.

*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Cas.* Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature. 20

*Iago.* What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

*Cas.* An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

*Iago.* And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

*Cas.* She is indeed perfection.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black 30 Othello.

*Cas.* Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

*Iago.* O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

*Cas.* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with 40 any more.

*Iago.* What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

*Cas.* Where are they?

*Iago.* Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

*Cas.* I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit.

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him,  
 With that which he hath drunk to-night already,  
 He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence 50  
 As my young mistress' dog. Now my sick fool  
     Roderigo,  
 Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,  
 To Desdemona hath to-night caroused  
 Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:  
 Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,  
 That hold their honours in a wary distance,  
 The very elements of this warlike isle,  
 Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,  
 And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of  
     drunkards,  
 Am I to put our Cassio in some action 60  
 That may offend the isle. But here they come:  
 If consequence do but approve my dream,  
 My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter Cassio; with him Montano and Gentlemen:  
     Servants following with wine.*

*Cas.* 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I  
     am a soldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho!

[*Sings*] And let me the canakin clink, clink;  
     And let me the canakin clink:

    A soldier's a man;

    A life's but a span;

    Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

*Cas.* 'Fore God, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane 80  
dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your  
Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere  
the next pottle can be filled.

*Cas.* To the health of our general!

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you justice.

*Iago.* O sweet England!

[*Sings*] King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown;  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
With that he call'd the tailor lown. 90

He was a wight of high renown,  
And thou art but of low degree:  
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;  
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear 't again?

*Cas.* No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well: God's above 100  
all; and there be souls must be saved, and there  
be souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* It's true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part—no offence to the general,  
nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved.

*Iago.* And so do I too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. God forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let's look 110 to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient: this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

*Mon.* To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch. 120

*Iago.* You see this fellow that is gone before;  
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar  
And give direction: and do but see his vice;  
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,  
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.  
I fear the trust Othello puts him in  
On some odd time of his infirmity  
Will shake this island.

*Mon.* But is he often thus?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:  
He'll watch the horologe a double set, 130  
If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.* It were well  
The general were put in mind of it.  
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature  
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio  
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

*Enter Roderigo.*

*Iago.* [*Aside to him*] How now, Roderigo!

I pray you, after the lieutenant; go! [*Exit Roderigo.*]

*Mon.* And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place as his own second

With one of an ingraft infirmity:

140

It were an honest action to say

So to the Moor.

*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island:

I do love Cassio well, and would do much

To cure him of this evil:—But, hark! what noise?

[*A cry within: 'Help! help!'*]

*Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.*

*Cas.* 'Zounds! you rogue! you rascal!

*Mon.* What's the matter, lieutenant?

*Cas.* A knave teach me my duty! But I'll beat the  
knave into a wicker bottle.

*Rod.* Beat me!

*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking Roderigo.* 150

*Mon.* Nay, good lieutenant; I pray you, sir, hold  
your hand.

*Cas.* Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

*Mon.* Come, come, you're drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk!

[*They fight.*]

*Iago.* [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go out, and cry  
a mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo.*]

Nay, good lieutenant! God's will, gentlemen!

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed!

[*A bell rings.*]

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold; 160  
 You will be shamed for ever.

*Re-enter Othello and Attendants.*

*Oth.* What is the matter here?

*Mon.* 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.

[*Faints.*

*Oth.* Hold, for your lives!

*Iago.* Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, hold, for shame!

*Oth.* Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage 171

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle

From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

*Iago.* I do not know: friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed; and then, but now,

As if some planet had unwitting men, 180

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds;

And would in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

*Oth.* How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?



*Cas.* I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

*Oth.* Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great 190  
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,  
That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich opinion for the name  
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

*Mon.* Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—  
While I spare speech, which something now offends  
me—  
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught  
By me that's said or done amiss this night;  
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice, 200  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin  
When violence assails us.

*Oth.* Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,  
And passion, having my best judgement collied,  
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on,  
And he that is approved in this offence,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth, 210  
Shall lose me. What, in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!  
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began 't?

*Mon.* If partially affined, or leagued in office,  
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,

Thou art no soldier.

*Iago.*

Touch me not so near:

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth  
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio; 220  
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow crying out for help,  
And Cassio following him with determined sword,  
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause:  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out— 229  
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,  
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night  
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—  
For this was brief,—I found them close together,  
At blow and thrust; even as again they were  
When you yourself did part them.  
More of this matter cannot I report:  
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him, 240  
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,  
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received  
From him that fled some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

*Oth.*

I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;  
But never more be officer of mine.

*Re-enter Desdemona, attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up!  
I'll make thee an example.

*Des.* What 's the matter?

*Oth.* All 's well now, sweeting: come away to bed, 250  
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:

*[To Montano, who is led off.]*

Lead him off.

Iago, look with care about the town,  
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life

To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

*[Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.]*

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cas.* Ay, past all surgery.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have 260  
lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal  
part of myself, and what remains is bestial.  
My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had  
received some bodily wound; there is more  
sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is  
an idle and most false imposition; oft got with-  
out merit and lost without deserving: you have  
lost no reputation at all, unless you repute your-  
self such a loser. What, man! there are ways 270  
to recover the general again: you are but now  
cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy  
than in malice; even so as one would beat his  
offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion:  
sue to him again, and he 's yours.

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O 280 thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

*Iago.* What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

*Cas.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is 't possible?

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we 290 should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

*Cas.* It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moraler: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country 300 stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and

by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!  
Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the in-  
gredient is a devil. 310

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

*Cas.* I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

*Iago.* You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark 320 and denotement of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before. 330

*Cas.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

*Cas.* I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago. [Exit. 340]

*Iago.* And what 's he then that says I play the villain?  
When this advice is free I give and honest,  
Probal to thinking, and indeed the course  
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy  
The inclining Desdemona to subdue  
In any honest suit. She's framed as fruitful  
As the free elements. And then for her  
To win the Moor, were 't to renounce his baptism,  
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,  
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love, 350  
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,  
Even as her appetite shall play the god  
With his weak function. How am I then a villain  
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,  
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!  
When devils will the blackest sins put on,  
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,  
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool  
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,  
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, 360  
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,  
That she repeals him for her body's lust;  
And by how much she strives to do him good,  
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.  
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;  
And out of her own goodness make the net  
That shall enmesh them all.

*Enter Roderigo.*

How now, Roderigo!

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound

that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night 370 exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

*Iago.* How poor are they that have not patience!  
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?  
Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,  
And wit depends on dilatory time.  
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, 380  
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio:  
Though other things grow fair against the sun,  
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:  
Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning;  
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.  
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:  
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:  
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things are  
to be done:  
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;  
I 'll set her on; 390  
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,  
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
Soliciting his wife: ay, that 's the way;  
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

## ACT THIRD.

## Scene I.

*Before the castle.*

*Enter Cassio and some Musicians.*

Cas. Masters, play here; I will content your pains;  
Something that 's brief; and bid 'Good morrow,  
general.' [Music.]

*Enter Clown.*

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in  
Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

First Mus. How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

First Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I 10  
know. But, masters, here 's money for you:  
and the general so likes your music, that he de-  
sires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise  
with it.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard,  
to 't again: but, as they say, to hear music the  
general does not greatly care.

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll 20  
away: go; vanish into air; away!

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?



*Clo.* No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

*Cas.* Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There 's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

*Clo.* She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

30

*Cas.* Do, good my friend.

[*Exit Clown.*]

*Enter Iago.*

In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been a-bed, then?

*Cas.* Why, no; the day had broke  
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,  
To send in to your wife: my suit to her  
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona  
Procure me some access.

*Iago.* I'll send her to you presently;  
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor  
Out of the way, that your converse and business  
May be more free.

40

*Cas.* I humbly thank you for 't. [*Exit Iago.*] I never knew  
A Florentine more kind and honest.

*Enter Emilia.*

*Emil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry  
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.  
The general and his wife are talking of it,  
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,  
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus  
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom

Act III. Sc. ii.-iii.      TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.

He might not but refuse you; but he protests he  
loves you,

And needs no other suitor but his likings      50  
To take the safest occasion by the front  
To bring you in again.

*Cas.*      Yet, I beseech you,  
If you think fit, or that it may be done,  
Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
With Desdemona alone.

*Emil.*      Pray you, come in:  
I will bestow you where you shall have time  
To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.*      I am much bound to you.  
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

*A room in the castle.*

*Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.*

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;  
And by him do my duties to the senate:  
That done, I will be walking on the works;  
Repair there to me.

*Iago.*      Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?

*Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordship.      [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

*The garden of the castle.*

*Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.*

*Des.* Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Emil.* Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband  
As if the case were his.

*Des.* O, that 's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,  
But I will have my lord and you again  
As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,  
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
He 's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* I know 't: I thank you. You do love my lord: 10  
You have known him long; and be you well assured  
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off  
Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,  
That, I being absent and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that; before Emilia here  
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee, 20  
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it  
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;  
I 'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;  
I 'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;  
For thy solicitor shall rather die  
Than give thy cause away.

*Enter Othello and Iago, at a distance.*

*Emil.* Madam, here comes my lord.

*Cas.* Madam, I 'll take my leave.

30

*Des.* Nay, stay and hear me speak.

*Cas.* Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,  
Unfit for mine own purposes.

*Des.* Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*]

*Iago.* Ha! I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,  
That he would steal away so guilty-like,  
Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.

*Des.* How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here.  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is 't you mean?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,  
If I have any grace or power to move you,  
His present reconciliation take;  
For if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,  
I have no judgement in an honest face:  
I prithee, call him back. 50

*Oth.* Went he hence now?

*Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled,  
That he hath left part of his grief with me,  
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

*Des.* But shall 't be shortly?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall 't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home;  
I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why then to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn; 60  
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:  
I prithee, name the time; but let it not  
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;  
And yet his trespass, in our common reason—  
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples  
Out of their best—is not almost a fault  
To incur a private check. When shall he come?  
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,  
What you would ask me, that I should deny, 69  
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,  
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time  
When I have spoke of you disparagingly  
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do  
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much—

*Oth.* Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;  
I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.* Why, this is not a boon;  
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,  
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,  
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit  
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit 80  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing:  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.

*Des.* Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;  
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

*Oth.* Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul, 90  
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,  
Know of your love?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought;  
No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

*Oth.* O, yes, and went between us very oft. 100

*Iago.* Indeed!

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that?  
Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord!

*Oth.* Honest! ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord!

*Oth.* Think, my lord! By heaven, he echoes me,  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean some-  
thing:

I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,  
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like? 110  
And when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criest ' Indeed ! '  
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think thou dost;  
And for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty  
And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them  
breath,  
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:  
For such things in a false disloyal knave 121  
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just  
They're close delations, working from the heart,  
That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,  
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem;  
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why then I think Cassio's an honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this: 130  
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts  
The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me:  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false;  
And where's that palace whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure

But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit 140  
With meditations lawful?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear  
A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beeseech you—  
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,  
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,  
From one that so imperfectly conceits,  
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and unsure observance. 151  
It were not for your quiet nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,  
nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him 160  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;  
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock



The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er  
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

*Oth.* O misery!

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*Iago.* Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;  
But riches fineless is as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!

*Oth.* Why, why is this!  
Think'st thou I 'ld make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt  
Is once to be resolved: exchange me for a goat, 180  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,  
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous  
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;  
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove; 190  
And on the proof, there is no more but this,  
Away at once with love or jealousy!

*Iago.* I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason  
To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife: observe her well with Cassio;

Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:  
I would not have your free and noble nature  
Out of self-bounty be abused; look to 't: 200  
I know our country disposition well;  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best con-  
science

Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you;  
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,  
She loved them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to then;  
She that so young could give out such a seeming,  
To seal her father's eyes up close as oak— 210  
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much to  
blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon  
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* I' faith, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from my love; but I do see you're moved:  
I am to pray you not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues nor to larger reach  
Than to suspicion. 220

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy  
friend—

My lord, I see you're moved.

*Oth.* No, not much moved:

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from itself—

*Iago.* Ay, there's the point: as—to be bold with you—

Not to effect many proposed matches

Of her own clime, complexion and degree, 230

Whereto we see in all things nature tends—

Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,

Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.

But pardon me: I do not in position

Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear

Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,

May fall to match you with her country forms,

And happily repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;

Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago. 240

*Iago.* [*Going*] My lord, I take my leave.

*Oth.* Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*Iago.* [*Returning*] My lord, I would I might entreat your  
honour

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:

Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,

For sure he fills it up with great ability,

Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,

You shall by that perceive him and his means:

Note if your lady strain his entertainment 250

With any strong or vehement importunity;

Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears—  
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—  
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

*Oth.* Fear not my government.

*Iago.* I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*

*Oth.* This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,  
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard, 260  
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
I 'ld whistle her off and let her down the wind  
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have, or for I am declined  
Into the vale of years,—yet that 's not much—  
She 's gone; I am abused, and my relief  
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon, 271  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;  
Prerogativèd are they less than the base;  
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:  
Even then this forked plague is fated to us  
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

*Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia.*

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!  
I 'll not believe 't.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello!

Your dinner, and the generous islanders 280  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why do you speak so faintly?  
Are you not well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Faith, that 's with watching; 'twill away again:  
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;  
[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and she drops it.*  
Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.  
[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin: 290  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,  
For he conjured her she should ever keep it,  
That she reserves it evermore about her  
To kiss and talk to. I 'll have the work ta'en out,  
And give 't Iago: what he will do with it  
Heaven knows, not I;  
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

*Re-enter Iago.*

*Iago.* How now! what do you here alone? 300

*Emil.* Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

*Iago.* A thing for me? it is a common thing—

*Emil.* Ha!

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emil.* O, is that all? What will you give me now  
For that same handkerchief?

*Iago.* What handkerchief?

*Emil.* What handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stol'n it from her? 310

*Emil.* No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,  
And, to the advantage, I being here took 't up.  
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench; give it me.

*Emil.* What will you do with 't, that you have been so  
earnest

To have me filch it?

*Iago.* [Snatching it] Why, what 's that to you?

*Emil.* If 't be not for some purpose of import,  
Give 't me again: poor lady, she 'll run mad  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it.

Go, leave me. [Exit Emilia. 320

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it. Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison:  
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,  
But with a little act upon the blood  
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:  
Look, where he comes!

*Re-enter Othello.*

Not poppy, nor mandragora, 330  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep

Which thou owedst yesterday.

*Oth.* Ha! ha! false to me?

*Iago.* Why, how now, general! no more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:

I swear 'tis better to be much abused

Than but to know 't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord!

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:

I slept the next night well, was free and merry; 340

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,

Let him not know 't and he 's not robbed at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,

Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,

So I had nothing known. O, now for ever

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!

Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars

That make ambition virtue! O, farewell, 350

Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

The royal banner and all quality,

Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!

And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats

The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!

*Iago.* Is 't possible, my lord?

*Oth.* Villain; be sure thou prove my love a whore;

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; 360

Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog

Than answer my waked wrath!

*Iago.* Is 't come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to see 't; or at the least so prove it,  
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop  
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her and torture me,  
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate; 370  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
Greater than that.

*Iago.* O grace! O heaven defend me!  
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?  
God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched  
fool,  
That livest to make thine honesty a vice!  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,  
To be direct and honest is not safe.  
I thank you for this profit, and from hence  
I 'll love no friend sith love breeds such offence. 380

*Oth.* Nay, stay: thou shouldst be honest.

*Iago.* I should be wise; for honesty 's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.

*Oth.* By the world,  
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:  
I 'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black  
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I 'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied! 390



*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:  
I do repent me that I put it to you.  
You would be satisfied?

*Oth.* Would! nay, I will.

*Iago.* And may: but, how? how satisfied, my lord?  
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?  
Behold her topp'd?

*Oth.* Death and damnation! O!

*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring them to that prospect: damn them then,  
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster  
More than their own! What then? how then? 400  
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?  
It is impossible you should see this,  
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  
If imputation and strong circumstances,  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

*Oth.* Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office: 410

But sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,  
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,  
And being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.  
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:  
One of this kind is Cassio:  
In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,  
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves'; 420

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,

Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,  
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and sigh'd and kiss'd, and then  
Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!'

*Oth.* O monstrous! monstrous!

*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion:  
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs 430  
That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;  
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this;  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief  
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand:

*Oth.* I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that: but such a handkerchief—  
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that,—

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers, 440  
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.  
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;  
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:  
'Tis gone.  
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!  
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

*Iago.* Yet be content. 450

*Oth.* O, blood, blood, blood!

*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable and wide revenge 459  
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*  
I here engage my words.

*Iago.* Do not rise yet. [*Kneels.*  
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,  
You elements that clip us round about,  
Witness that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody business ever. [*They rise.*

*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to 't: 471  
Within these three days let me hear thee say  
That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:  
But let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!  
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,

To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene IV.

*Before the castle.*

*Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.*

*Dcs.* Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

*Clo.* I dare not say he lies any where.

*Dcs.* Why, man?

*Clo.* He 's a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

*Dcs.* Go to: where lodges he?

*Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

*Dcs.* Can any thing be made of this? 10

*Clo.* I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

*Dcs.* Can you inquire him out and be edified by report?

*Clo.* I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions and by them answer.

*Dcs.* Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf and hope all will be well. 20

*Clo.* To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*]

*Dcs.* Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

*Emil.* I know not, madam.

*Dcs.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor  
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness  
As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.

*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who, he? I think the sun where he was born 30  
Drew all such humours from him.

*Emil.* Look, where he comes.

*Des.* I will not leave him now till Cassio  
Be call'd to him.

*Enter Othello.*

How is 't with you, my lord?

*Oth.* Well, my good lady. [*Aside*] O, hardness to dis-  
semble!

How do you, Desdemona?

*Des.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

*Des.* It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:  
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, 40  
Much castigation, exercise devout;  
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,  
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,  
A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so;  
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

*Oth.* A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;  
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck?

*Dcs.* I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you. 50

*Oth.* I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

*Des.* Here, my lord.

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Dcs.* I have it not about me.

*Oth.* Not?

*Dcs.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That's a fault. That handkerchief  
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;  
She was a charmer, and could almost read  
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she  
kept it  
'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father  
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it 60  
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt  
After new fancies: she dying gave it me,  
And bid me, when my fate would have me wife,  
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't;  
Make it a darling like your precious eye;  
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition  
As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is 't possible?

*Oth.* 'Tis true: there's magic in a web of it:  
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world 70  
The sun to course two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;  
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;  
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful  
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

*Des.* Indeed, is 't true?

*Oth.* Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

*Des.* Then would to God that I had never seen 't!

*Oth.* Ha! wherefore?

*Des.* Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

*Oth.* Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' the way? 80

*Des.* Heaven bless us!

*Oth.* Say you?

*Des.* It is not lost; but what an if it were?

*Oth.* How!

*Des.* I say, it is not lost.

*Oth.* Fetch 't, let me see it.

*Des.* Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:

Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

*Oth.* Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.

*Des.* Come, come;

90

You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

*Oth.* The handkerchief!

*Des.* I pray, talk me of Cassio.

*Oth.* The handkerchief!

*Des.* A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,

Shared dangers with you,—

*Oth.* The handkerchief!

*Des.* In sooth, you are to blame.

*Oth.* Away!

[Exit.

*Emil.* Is not this man jealous?

*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.

100

Sure there 's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

*Emil.* 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

They are all but stomachs and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full  
They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my husband.

*Enter Cassio and Iago.*

*Iago.* There is no other way; 'tis she must do 't:  
And, lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

*Des.* How now, good Cassio! what 's the news with you?

*Cas.* Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you 110  
That by your virtuous means I may again  
Exist, and be a member of his love  
Whom I with all the office of my heart  
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.  
If my offence be of such mortal kind,  
That nor my service past nor present sorrows  
Nor purposed merit in futurity  
Can ransom me into his love again,  
But to know so must be my benefit;  
So shall I clothe me in a forced content 120  
And shut myself up in some other course  
To fortune's alms.

*Des.* Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!  
My advocacy is not now in tune;  
My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him  
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.  
So help me every spirit sanctified,  
As I have spoken for you all my best  
And stood within the blank of his displeasure  
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:  
What I can do I will; and more I will 130  
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

*Iago.* Is my lord angry?

*Emil.* He went hence but now,



And certainly in strange unquietness.

*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,  
And, like the devil, from his very arm  
Puff'd his own brother; and can he be angry?  
Something of moment then: I will go meet him:  
There's matter in 't indeed if he be angry.

*Dcs.* I prithee, do so.

[*Exit Iago.*

Something sure of state, 140  
Either from Venice some unhatch'd practice  
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,  
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;  
For let our finger ache, and it indues  
Our other healthful members even to that sense  
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,  
Nor of them look for such observancy  
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia, 150  
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,  
And he's indicted falsely.

*Emil.* Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,  
And no conception nor no jealous toy  
Concerning you.

*Dcs.* Alas the day, I never gave him cause!

*Emil.* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;  
They are not ever jealous for the cause, 160  
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*Dcs.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

*Emil.* Lady, amen.

*Des.* I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout :

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,

And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

*[Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.]*

*Enter Bianca.*

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio!

*Cas.* What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca? 170

I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?

O weary reckoning!

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca:

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd:

But I shall in a more continue time

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

*[Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.]*

Take me this work out.

*Bian.* O Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend: 181

To the felt absence now I feel a cause:

Is't come to this? Well, well.

*Cas.* Go to, woman!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous now

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance :

No, by my faith, Bianca.

- Bian.* Why, whose is it?  
*Cas.* I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.  
I like the work well: ere it be demanded—  
As like enough it will—I 'ld have it copied: 190  
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.  
*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore?  
*Cas.* I do attend here on the general;  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.  
*Bian.* Why, I pray you?  
*Cas.* Not that I love you not.  
*Bian.* But that you do not love me.  
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;  
And say if I shall see you soon at night.  
*Cas.* 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;  
For I attend here: but I 'll see you soon. 200  
*Bian.* 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT FOURTH.

## Scene I.

*Cyprus. Before the castle.*

*Enter Othello and Iago.*

- Iago.* Will you think so?  
*Oth.* Think so, Iago!  
*Iago.* What,  
To kiss in private?  
*Oth.* An unauthorized kiss.  
*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend in bed  
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?  
*Oth.* Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts and they tempt heaven.

*Iago.* So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief—

10

*Oth.* What then?

*Iago.* Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and being hers,

She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too:

May she give that?

*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;

They have it very oft that have it not:

But for the handkerchief—

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it;

Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,

20

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that?

*Oth.*

That 's not so good now.

*Iago.*

What,

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say—as knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab—

*Oth.*

Hath he said anything?

*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,

30

No more than he 'll unswear.

*Oth.*

What hath he said?

*Iago.* Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

*Oth.* What, what?

*Iago.* Lie—

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her, on her; what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her!—We say lie on her, when they belie her.—Lie with her! 'Zounds, that 's fulsome! Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour; first, to be hanged, and then to confess. I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus. Pish! Noses, ears and lips. Is 't possible?—Confess?—Handkerchief?—O devil!

*[Falls in a trance.]*

*Iago.* Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught:

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,  
All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord!  
My lord, I say! Othello!

*Enter Cassio.*

How now, Cassio!

*Cas.* What 's the matter?

50

*Iago.* My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* No, forbear;

The lethargy must have his quiet course:  
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:  
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight: when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.

[*Exit Cassio.*]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you! no, by heaven. 61  
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

*Oth.* A horned man's a monster and a beast.

*Iago.* There's many a beast then in a populous city,  
And many a civil monster.

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.* Good sir, be a man;  
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked  
May draw with you there's millions now alive  
That nightly lie in those unproper beds  
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.  
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock, 71  
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;  
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

*Oth.* O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart;  
Confine yourself but in a patient list.  
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief—  
A passion most unsuited such a man—  
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,  
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy; 80  
Bade him anon return and here speak with me;  
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,  
And mark the fleers, the gibes and notable scorns  
That dwell in every region of his face;  
For I will make him tell the tale anew,

Where, how, how oft, how long ago and when  
He hath and is again to cope your wife:  
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;  
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,  
And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago? 90

I will be found most cunning in my patience;  
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

*Iago.* That 's not amiss;  
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello retires.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
A housewife that by selling her desires  
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature  
That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's plague  
To beguile many and be beguiled by one.  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes. 100

*Re-enter Cassio.*

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;  
And his unbookish jealousy must construe  
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behaviour,  
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

*Cas.* The worser that you give me the addition  
Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.  
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,  
How quickly should you speed!

*Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff!

*Oth.* Look, how he laughs already! 110

*Iago.* I never knew a woman love man so.

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly and laughs it out.

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio?

*Oth.* Now he importunes him  
To tell it o'er: go'to; well said, well said.

*Iago.* She gives it out that you shall marry her:  
Do you intend it?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha!

120

*Oth.* Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

*Cas.* I marry her! what, a customer! I prithee,  
bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so  
unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.

*Iago.* Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

*Cas.* Prithee, say true.

*Iago.* I am a very villain else.

*Oth.* Have you scored me? Well.

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out: she is  
persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love  
and flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

*Cas.* She was here even now: she haunts me in every  
place. I was the other day talking on the sea-  
bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes  
the bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus  
about my neck—

*Oth.* Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his ges-  
ture imports it.

140

*Cas.* So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me; so  
hales and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Now he tells how she plucked him to my



chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! look, where she comes.

*Cas.* 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

*Enter Bianca.*

What do you mean by this haunting of me? 150

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now! I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

*Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how 160 now!

*Oth.* By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

*Bian.* An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. *[Exit.*

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* Faith, I must; she'll rail i' the street else.

*Iago.* Will you sup there?

*Cas.* Faith, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you; for I would 170 very fain speak with you.

*Cas.* Prithee, come; will you?

*Iago.* Go to; say no more. *[Exit Cassio.*

*Oth.* *[Advancing]* How shall I murder him, Iago?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

*Oth.* O Iago!

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief?

*Oth.* Was that mine?

*Iago.* Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes  
the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, 180  
and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine  
woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

*Iago.* Nay, you must forget that.

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-  
night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is  
turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my  
hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter crea-  
ture: she might lie by an emperor's side, and  
command him tasks. 190

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her! I do but say what she is: so deli-  
cate with her needle: an admirable musician:  
O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear:  
of so high and plenteous wit and invention:—

*Iago.* She's the worse for all this.

*Oth.* O, a thousand thousand times: and then, of so  
gentle a condition!

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain: but yet the pity of it, Iago! 200  
O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her  
patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it  
comes near nobody.

*Oth.* I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

*Iago.* O, 'tis foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me some poison, Iago; this night. I'll not  
expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty 210  
unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed,  
even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

*Iago.* And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you  
shall hear more by midnight.

*Oth.* Excellent good. [*A trumpet within.*] What  
trumpet is that same?

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico  
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* God save the worthy general!

*Oth.* With all my heart, sir.

*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you. 221

[*Gives him a letter.*]

*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

*Des.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, signior;  
Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lod.* I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

*Iago.* Lives, sir.

*Des.* Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord  
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that? 230

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* [*Reads*] 'This fail you not to do as you will—'

*Lod.* He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

*Des.* A most unhappy one: I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Are you wise?

*Des.* What, is he angry?

*Lod.* May be the letter moved him;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

*Des.* By my troth, I am glad on 't.

*Oth.* Indeed!

*Des.* My lord? 240

*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.

*Des.* Why, sweet Othello?

*Oth.* Devil! [Striking her.

*Des.* I have not deserved this.

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,  
Though I should swear I saw 't: 'tis very much;  
Make her amends; she weeps.

*Oth.* O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.  
Out of my sight!

*Des.* I will not stay to offend you. [Going.

*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady: 250

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

*Oth.* Mistress!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord?

*Oth.* Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn ·  
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;  
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,  
Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.  
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—  
I am commanded home. Get you away; 260  
I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,  
And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt!

[*Exit Desdemona.*]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,  
I do entreat that we may sup together:  
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and mon-  
keys! [Exit.]

*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate  
Call all in all sufficient? This the nature  
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue  
The shot of accident nor dart of chance 270  
Could neither graze nor pierce?

*Iago.* He is much changed.

*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

*Iago.* He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure  
What he might be: if what he might he is not,  
I would to heaven he were!

*Lod.* What, strike his wife.

*Iago.* Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew  
That stroke would prove the worst!

*Lod.* Is it his use?  
Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new create this fault?

*Iago.* Alas, alas!  
It is not honesty in me to speak 280

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,  
And his own courses will denote him so  
That I may save my speech: do but go after,  
And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am sorry that I am deceived in him. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene II.

*A room in the castle.*

*Enter Othello and Emilia.*

*Oth.* You have seen nothing, then?

*Emil.* Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

*Emil.* But then I saw no harm, and then I heard  
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

*Oth.* What, did they never whisper?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way?

*Emil.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

*Emil.* Never, my lord. 10

*Oth.* That's strange.

*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,  
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.  
If any wretch have put this in your head,  
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!  
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,  
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives  
Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither: go. [*Exit Emilia.*  
She says enough: yet she's a simple bawd 20

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,  
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets;  
And yet she 'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do 't.

*Enter Desdemona with Emilia.*

*Des.* My lord, what is your will?

*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither.

*Des.* What is your pleasure?

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes;  
Look in my face.

*Des.* What horrible fancy 's this?

*Oth.* [*To Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress,  
Leave procreants alone and shut the door;  
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:  
Your mystery, your mystery: nay, dispatch. 30  
[*Exit Emilia.*]

*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?  
I understand a fury in your words,  
But not the words.

*Oth.* Why, what art thou?

*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself;  
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves  
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-  
damn'd;  
Swear thou art honest.

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.

*Oth.* Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?

*Oth.* O Desdemona! Away! away! away! 41

*Des.* Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?  
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me : if you have lost him,  
Why, I have lost him too.

*Oth.* Had it pleased heaven  
To try me with affliction ; had they rain'd  
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips, 50  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,  
I should have found in some place of my soul  
A drop of patience : but, alas, to make me  
A fixed figure for the time of scorn  
To point his slow unmoving finger at !  
Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :  
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,  
Where either I must live or bear no life,  
The fountain from the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence ! 60  
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads  
To knot and gender in ! Turn thy complexion there,  
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,  
Ay, there, look grim as hell !

*Des.* I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

*Oth.* O, ay ; as summer flies are in the shambles,  
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,  
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet  
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er  
been born !

*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ? 70

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
Made to write ' whore ' upon ? What committed !  
Committed ! O thou public commoner !



I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!  
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;  
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,  
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear it. What committed! 80  
Impudent strumpet!

*Des.* By heaven, you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?

*Des.* No, as I am a Christian:  
If to preserve this vessel for my lord  
From any other foul unlawful touch  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, not a whore?

*Des.* No, as I shall be saved.

*Oth.* Is 't possible?

*Des.* O, heaven forgive us!

*Oth.* I cry you mercy then:  
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice  
That married with Othello. [*Raising his voice*]  
You, mistress, 90  
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell!

*Re-enter Emilia.*

You, you, ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your  
pains:

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

*Emil.* Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

*Des.* Faith, half asleep.

*Emil.* Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord?

*Des.* With who?

*Emil.* Why, with my lord, madam.

100

*Des.* Who is thy lord?

*Emil.* He that is yours, sweet lady.

*Des.* I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;

I cannot weep, nor answer have I none

But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;

And call thy husband hither.

*Emil.* Here 's a change indeed!

[*Exit.*

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.

How have I been behaved, that he might stick

The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

*Re-enter Emilia, with Iago.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with  
you?

110

*Des.* I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so: for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What 's the matter, lady?

*Emil.* Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,

As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Des.* Such as she says my lord did say I was.

## THE MOOR OF VENICE

Act IV, Sc. ii.

*Emil.* He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink      120  
 Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

*Iago.* Why did he so?

*Des.* I do not know: I am sure I am none such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

*Emil.* Hath she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father and her country and her friends,  
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for't!  
How comes this trick upon him?

*Des.* Nay, heaven doth know.

*Emil.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain, 130  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,  
Have not devised this slander ; I'll be hang'd else.

*Iago.* Fie, there is no such man ; it is impossible.

*Des.* If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

*Emil.* A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones?  
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her com-  
pany?  
What place? what time? what form? what likeli-  
hood?

The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave,  
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow. 140  
O heaven, that such companions thou 'ldst unfold,  
And put in every honest hand a whip  
To lash the rascals naked through the world  
Even from the east to the west!

*Iago.* Speak within door.

*Emil.* O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was  
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,

And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool; go to.

*Des.*

O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel: 151

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them in any other form,

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will, though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life, 160

But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore':

It doth abhor me now I speak the word;

To do the act that might the addition earn

Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

*Iago.* I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:

The business of the state does him offence,

And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If 'twere no other,—

*Iago.* 'Tis but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

The messengers of Venice stay the meat: 170

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

*Enter Roderigo.*

How now, Roderigo!

*Rod.* I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered. 180

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* Faith, for I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none. 190

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: by this hand, I say 'tis very scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I 200 will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and

even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt more directly in thy affair.

210

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

230

*Rod.* How do you mean, removing of him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me to do?

*Iago.* Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honourable

fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I 240 will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.]

### Scene III.

*Another room in the castle.*

*Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

*Oth.* O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Des.* Your honour is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir?

O,—Desdemona,—

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord. 10

[Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants]

*Emil.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says he will return incontinent:

He hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.*

Dismiss me!

*Des.* It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,  
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:  
We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I would you had never seen him!

*Des.* So would not I: my love doth so approve him, 19  
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—  
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in  
them.

*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the  
bed.

*Des.* All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!  
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me  
In one of those same sheets.

*Emil.*

Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:  
She was in love; and he she loved proved mad  
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow';  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it: that song to-night 30  
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do  
But to go hang my head all at one side  
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

*Des.*

No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emil.* A very handsome man.

*Des.* He speaks well.

*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice would have walked  
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether  
lip.



*Des.* [*Singing*] The poor souls at sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow;  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow:  
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her  
moans;  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—  
Lay by these:—

[*Singing*] Sing willow, willow, willow;

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon:— 50

[*Singing*] Sing all a green willow must be my garland.  
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next. Hark! who is't that knocks?  
*Emil.* It's the wind.

*Des.* [*Singing*] I call'd my love false love; but what  
said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow:  
If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men.  
So get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;  
Doth that bode weeping?

*Emil.* 'Tis neither here nor there.

*Des.* I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!  
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—  
That there be women do abuse their husbands 62  
In such gross kind?

*Emil.* There be some such, no question.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* Why, would not you?

*Des.* No, by this heavenly light!

*Emil.* Nor I neither by this heavenly light ; I might  
do 't as well i' the dark.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

*Emil.* The world's a huge thing : it is a great price  
For a small vice.

*Des.* In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

*Emil.* In troth, I think I should ; and undo 't when I 71  
had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing  
for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor  
'for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty  
exhibition ; but, for the whole world,—why,  
who would not make her husband a cuckold to  
make him a monarch ? I should venture purga-  
tory for 't.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong  
For the whole world. 80

*Emil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world ;  
and having the world for your labour, 'tis a  
wrong in your own world, and you might  
quickly make it right.

*Des.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen ; and as many to the vantage as  
would store the world they played for.  
But I do think it is their husbands' faults  
If wives do fall : say that they slack their duties  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps, 90  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us, or say they strike us,  
Or scant our former having in despite,  
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,  
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know  
Their wives have sense like them : they see and smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do  
When they change us for others? Is it sport?  
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?  
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs? 100  
It is so too: and have not we affections,  
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?  
Then let them use us well: else let them know,  
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

*Dcs.* Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,  
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT FIFTH.

### Scene I.

*Cyprus. A street.*

*Enter Iago and Roderigo.*

*Iago.* Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:  
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:  
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:  
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,  
And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.

[*Retires.*]

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed;  
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:  
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies. 10

*Iago.* I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,  
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,  
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gain : live Roderigo,  
He calls me to a restitution large  
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,  
As gifts to Desdemona :  
It must not be : if Cassio do remain,  
He hath a daily beauty in his life  
That makes me ugly ; and besides, the Moor 20  
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril :  
No, he must die. Be 't so. I hear him coming.

*Enter Cassio.*

*Rod.* I know his gait ; 'tis he. Villain, thou diest !  
[*Makes a pass at Cassio.*  
*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,  
But that my coat is better than thou know'st :  
I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds Roderigo.*

*Rod.* O, I am slain !

[*Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit.*

*Cas.* I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho ! murder ! murder !  
[*Falls.*

*Enter Othello.*

*Oth.* The voice of Cassio : Iago keeps his word.

*Rod.* O, villain that I am !

*Oth.* It is even so.

*Cas.* O, help, ho ! light ! a surgeon ! 30

*Oth.* 'Tis he. O brave Iago, honest and just,  
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !  
Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,  
And your unblest fate hies : strumpet, I come !  
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted :  
Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted.  
[*Exit.*

*Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.*

*Cas.* What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

*Gra.* 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

*Cas.* O, help!

*Lod.* Hark!

40

*Rod.* O wretched villain.

*Lod.* Two or three groan: it is a heavy night:

These may be counterfeits: let's think 't unsafe

To come into the cry without more help.

*Rod.* Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

*Lod.* Hark!

*Re-enter Iago, with a light.*

*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

*Iago.* Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

*Lod.* We do not know.

*Iago.* Did not you hear a cry? 49

*Cas.* Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

*Iago.* What's the matter?

*Gra.* This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

*Lod.* The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

*Iago.* What are you here that cry so grievously?

*Cas.* Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

*Iago.* O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

*Cas.* I think that one of them is here about,

And cannot make away.

*Iago.* O treacherous villains?

What are you there? come in and give some help.

[*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*

*Rod.* O, help me here!

60

*Cas.* That's one of them.

*Iago.* O murderous slave! O villain!  
[Stabs Roderigo.]

*Rod.* O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

*Iago.* Kill men i' the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?  
How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

*Lod.* As you shall prove us, praise us.

*Iago.* Signior Lodovico?

*Lod.* He, sir.

*Iago.* I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt by villains.

*Gra.* Cassio! 70

*Iago.* How is 't, brother?

*Cas.* My leg is cut in two.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

Light, gentlemen: I 'll bind it with my shirt.

*Enter Bianca.*

*Bian.* What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried?

*Iago.* Who is 't that cried!

*Bian.* O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O  
Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

*Iago.* O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect  
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

*Cas.* No. 80

*Gra.* I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

*Iago.* Lend me a garter. So. O, for a chair,  
To bear him easily hence!

*Bian.* Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

*Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
To be a party in this injury.

Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come;

Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?

Alas, my friend and my dear countryman  
Roderigo? no:—yes, sure: O heaven! Roderigo.

*Gra.* What, of Venice? 91

*Iago.* Even he, sir: did you know him?

*Gra.* Know him! ay.

*Iago.* Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;  
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,  
That so neglected you.

*Gra.* I am glad to see you.

*Iago.* How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair?

*Gra.* Roderigo!

*Iago.* He, he, 'tis he. [*A chair brought in.*] O, that's  
well said; the chair:

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;  
I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*To Bianca*] For  
you, mistress, 100

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,  
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?

*Cas.* None in the world; nor do I know the man.

*Iago.* [*To Bian.*] What, look you pale? O, bear him out  
o' the air. [*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*]  
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mis-  
tress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,  
Though tongues were out of use. 110

*Enter Emilia.*

*Emil.* 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, hus-  
band?

*Iago.* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped:  
He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

*Emil.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

*Iago.* This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,  
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.  
What, do you shake at that?

*Bian.* He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

*Iago.* O, did he so? I charge you, go with me. 120

*Emil.* Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

*Bian.* I am no strumpet; but of life as honest  
As you that thus abuse me.

*Emil.* As I! foh! fie upon thee!

*Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio dress'd.  
Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.  
Emilia, run you to the citadel,  
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd!  
Will you go on? I pray. [*Aside*] This is the night  
That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene II.

*A bedchamber in the castle: Desdemona in bed  
asleep; a light burning.*

*Enter Othello.*

*Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul:  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!  
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then put out the light:  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,



I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me: but once put out thy light, 10  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd  
the rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,  
It must needs wither: I'll smell it on the tree.

[*Kissing her.*]

Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more:  
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
And love thee after: one more, and this the last:  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, 20  
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;  
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

*Des.* Who's there? Othello?

*Oth.* Ay, Desdemona.

*Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord?

*Oth.* Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

*Des.* Ay, my lord.

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime  
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by: 30  
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;  
No; heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul.

*Des.* Talk you of killing?

*Oth.* Ay, I do.

*Des.* Then heaven have mercy on me!

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart!

*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

*Oth.* Hum!

*Des.* And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then  
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,  
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

*Des.* They are loves I bear to you. 40

*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou diest.

*Des.* That death's unnatural that kills for loving.  
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:  
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,  
They do not point on me.

*Oth.* Peace, and be still!

*Des.* I will so. What's the matter?

*Oth.* That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee  
Thou gavest to Cassio.

*Des.* No, by my life and soul! 49  
Send for the man, and ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

*Oth.* Yes, presently:  
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;  
For to deny each article with oath  
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception  
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* Then Lord have mercy on me!

*Oth.* I say, amen.

*Des.* And have you mercy too! I never did  
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio  
But with such general warranty of heaven 60

As I might love: I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.  
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,  
And makest me call what I intend to do  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:  
I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it then;  
I never gave it him: send for him hither;  
Let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* He hath confess'd.

*Des.* What, my lord?

*Oth.* That he hath used thee.

*Des.* How? unlawfully?

*Oth.* Ay. 70

*Des.* He will not say so.

*Oth.* No, his mouth is stopp'd;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

*Des.* O, my fear interprets! what, is he dead?

*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

*Des.* Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!

*Oth.* Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

*Des.* O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

*Oth.* Down, strumpet!

*Des.* Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night! 80

*Oth.* Nay, if you strive,—

*Des.* But half an hour!

*Oth.* Being done, there is no pause.

*Des.* But while I say one prayer!

*Oth.* It is too late. [*He stifles her.*]

*Emil.* [*Within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord,  
my lord!

*Oth.* What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?  
I that am cruel am yet merciful;  
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:  
So, so.

*Emil.* [*Within*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!

*Oth.* Who's there?

*Emil.* [*Within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word  
with you! 90

*Oth.* Yes: 'tis Emilia. By and by. She's dead.  
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.  
The noise was here. Ha! no more moving?  
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't good?  
I think she stirs again. No. What's best to do?  
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:  
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.  
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!  
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe too  
Should yawn at alteration.

*Emil.* [*Within*] I do beseech you  
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

*Oth.* I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia.  
Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.  
Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*]

*Enter Emilia.*

What's the matter with thee now?

*Emil.* O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done!

*Oth.* What, now?

*Emil.* But now, my lord.

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon;  
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont

And makes men mad.

III

*Emil.* Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian  
Call'd Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

*Emil.* No, Cassio is not kill'd.

*Oth.* Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

*Emil.* Alas, what cry is that?

*Oth.* That! what?

*Emil.* Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.

Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again! 120

Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Emil.* O, who hath done this deed?

*Des.* Nobody; I myself. Farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [*Dies.*]

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?

*Emil.* Alas, who knows?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself, It was not I.

*Emil.* She said so: I must needs report the truth.

*Oth.* She's like a liar gone to burning hell:

'Twas I that kill'd her.

*Emil.* O, the more angel she, 130

And you the blacker devil!

*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

*Emil.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water.

*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say  
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

*Oth.* Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

*Emil.* My husband!

140

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emil.* That she was false to wedlock?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,  
If heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Emil.* My husband!

*Oth.* Ay, 'twas he that told me first:  
An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Emil.* My husband!

149

*Oth.* What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy husband.

*Emil.* O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!  
My husband say that she was false!

*Oth.* He, woman;  
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?  
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

*Emil.* If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Emil.* Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven  
Than thou wast worthy her. 160

*Oth.* Peace, you were best.

*Emil.* Thou hast not half that power to do me harm  
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!  
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives. Help! help, ho! help!  
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

*Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.*

*Mon.* What is the matter? How now, general!

*Emil.* O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,  
That men must lay their murders on your neck. 170

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Emil.* Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:  
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:  
I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain.  
Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought, and told no more  
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emil.* But did you ever tell him she was false?

*Iago.* I did.

*Emil.* You told a lie, an odious, damned lie; 180  
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie!  
She false with Cassio! Did you say with Cassio?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:  
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—

*All.* O heavens forfend!

*Emil.* And your reports have set the murder on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters: it is true indeed.

*Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth.

*Mon.* O monstrous act!

*Emil.* Villany, villany, villany! 190  
I think upon 't: I think: I smell 't: O villany!  
I thought so then: I'll kill myself for grief:  
O villany, villany!

*Iago.* What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O! O! O! [*Falling on the bed.*]

*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* [*Rising*] O, she was foul! 200

I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,

Whose breath indeed these hands have newly stopp'd:

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows 210

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:

It was a handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother.

*Emil.* O heaven! O heavenly powers!

*Iago.* 'Zounds! hold your peace.

*Emil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace! 220

No, I will speak as liberal as the north:

Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.



# THE MOOR OF VENICE

Act V. Sc. ii.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

*Emil.* I will not.

*[Iago offers to stab Emilia.]*

*Gra.* Fie!

Your sword upon a woman!

*Emil.* O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my husband;  
For often with a solemn earnestness,  
More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,  
He begg'd of me to steal it.

*Iago.* Villanous whore!

*Emil.* She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it, 230  
And I did give 't my husband.

*Iago.* Filth, thou liest!

*Emil.* By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.  
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool  
Do with so good a wife?

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven  
But what serve for the thunder? Precious villain!

*[He runs at Iago: Iago, from behind,  
stabs Emilia, and exit.]*

*Gra.* The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

*Emil.* Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side.

*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,  
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor: 240  
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,  
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,  
For 'tis a damned slave.

*[Exeunt all but Othello and Emilia.]*

*Oth.* I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword.  
But why should honour outlive honesty?  
Let it go all.

*Emil.* What did thy song bode, lady?  
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,  
And die in music. [*Singing*] Willow, willow, willow.  
Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;  
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true; 250  
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [*Dies.*]

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber;  
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.—  
O, 'here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra.* [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:  
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

*Oth.* Look in upon me then, and speak with me,  
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*Re-enter Gratiano.*

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Oth.* Behold, I have a weapon;  
A better never did itself sustain 260  
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day  
That with this little arm and this good sword  
I have made my way through more impediments  
Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast!  
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.  
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;  
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:  
Man but a rush against Othello's breast, 270  
And he retires. Where should Othello go?

# THE MOOR OF VENICE

## Act V. Sc. ii.

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!  
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,  
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!  
 Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave!  
 Whip me, ye devils,  
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!  
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!  
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! 280  
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!  
 Oh! Oh! Oh!

*Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio carried in a chair,  
 and Officers, with Iago, prisoner.*

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

*Oth.* That 's he that was Othello: here I am.

*Lod.* Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

*Oth.* I look down towards his feet; but that 's a fable.  
 If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

*[Wounds Iago.]*

*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.

*Iago.* I bleed, sir, but not kil! 'd.

*Oth.* I am not sorry neither: I 'ld have thee live;  
 For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die. 290

*Lod.* O thou Othello, that wert once so good,  
 Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,  
 What shall be said to thee?

*Oth.* Why, any thing:  
 An honourable murderer, if you will;  
 For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

*Lod.* This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:  
 Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.

*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask your pardon. 300

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil

Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing; what you know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

*Lod.* What, not to pray?

*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,

And here another: the one of them imports 310

The death of Cassio to be undertook

By Roderigo.

*Oth.* O villain!

*Cas.* Most heathenish and most gross!

*Lod.* Now here's another discontented paper,

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,

Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;

But that, belike, Iago in the interim

Came in and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O the pernicious caitiff!

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief

That was my wife's?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber: 320

And he himself confess'd but even now

That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose

Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* O fool! fool! fool!

*Cas.* There is besides in Roderigo's letter,

How he upbraids Iago, that he made him  
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came  
That I was cast : and even but now he spake  
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

*Lod.* You must forsake this room, and go with us : 330  
Your power and your command is taken off,  
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,  
If there be any cunning cruelty  
That can torment him much and hold him long,  
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state. Come, bring away.

*Oth.* Soft you ; a word or two before you go.  
I have done the state some service, and they know 't.  
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters, 340  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak  
Of one that loved not wisely but too well ;  
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose subdued eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees 350  
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this ;  
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog  
And smote him, thus. [Stabs himself.

*Lod.* O bloody period!

*Gra.* All that 's spoke is marr'd.

*Oth.* I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this,  
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

*[Falls on the bed, and dies.]*

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon; 360  
For he was great of heart.

*Lod.* *[To Iago]* O Spartan dog,  
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!  
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;  
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;  
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,  
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,  
Remains the censure of this hellish villain,  
The time, the place, the torture: O, enforce it!  
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state 370  
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. *[Exeunt.]*

# THE MOOR OF VENICE

## Glossary.

*Abhor*; "it doth a. me," it is abhorrent to me; IV. ii. 162.

*About*, out; I. ii. 46.

*Abuse*, deceive; I. iii. 401.

*Abused*, deceived; I. i. 174.

*Abuser*, corrupter; I. ii. 78.

*Achieved*, won; II. i. 61.

*Acknown on't*, confess any knowledge of it; III. iii. 319.

*Act*, action, working; III. iii. 328.

*Action*, accusation; I. iii. 70.

*Addiction*, inclination; II. ii. 6.

*Addition*, honour; III. iv. 194.

*Advantage*; "in the best a.," at the most favourable opportunity; I. iii. 298.

*Advised*, careful; I. ii. 55.

*Advocation*, advocacy; III. iv. 123.

*Affined*, bound by any tie; I. i. 39.

*Affinity*, connexions; III. i. 49.

*Agnize*, confess with pride; I. iii. 232.

*Aim*, conjecture; I. iii. 6.

*All in all*, wholly, altogether; IV. i. 89.

*Allowance*; "and your a.," and has your permission; I. i. 128.

*Allowed*, acknowledged; I. iii. 224.

*All's one*, very well; IV. iii. 23.

*Almain*, German; II. iii. 86.

*Ancient*, ensign (Folio I, "Auntient"); I. i. 33.

*Anthropophagi*, cannibals (Quartos, "*Anthropophagie*"; Folio I, "*Antropophage*"); I. iii. 144. For 'men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.' Cp. illustration.



From Kuchlein's illustrations of the Tourney held at Stuttgart, 1609.

*Antres*, caverns; I. iii. 140.

*Apart*, aside; II. iii. 391.

*Approve*, prove, justify; II. iii. 64.

—, love, adore; IV. iii. 19.

*Approved*, proved to have been involved; II. iii. 211.

*Apt*, natural; II. i. 295.

*Arraigning*, accusing; III. iv. 152.

*Arrivance*, arrival (Folios, "*Arrivancy*" or "*Arrivancie*"); II. i. 42.

*As*, as if; III. iii. 77.

*Aspics*, venomous snakes; III. iii. 450.

*Assay*, a test; I. iii. 18.

—, try; II. i. 121.

*Assure thee*, be assured; III. iii. 20.

*At*, on; I. ii. 42.

*Atone*, reconcile; IV. i. 236.

*Attach*, arrest; I. ii. 77.

*Attend*, await; III. iii. 281.

*Bauble*, fool (used contemptuously); IV. i. 137.

*Bear*, the Constellation so called; II. i. 14.

*Bear out*, get the better of; II. i. 19.

*Beer*; "small beer," small accounts, trifles; II. i. 161.

*Be-lee'd*, placed on the lee (Quarto 1, "*be led*"); I. i. 30.

*Beshrew me*, a mild asseveration; III. iv. 150.

*Besort*, what is becoming; I. iii. 239.

*Best*; "were b.," had better; I. ii. 30.

*Bestow*, place; III. i. 56.

*Betimes*, early; I. iii. 383.

*Bid* "good morrow," alluding to the custom of friends bidding *good-morrow* by serenading a newly married couple on the morning after their marriage; III. i. 2.

*Birdlime*, lime to catch birds; II. i. 127.

*Black*, opposed to "fair"; III. iii. 263.

*Blank*, the white mark in the centre of the butt, the aim; III. iv. 128.

*Blazoning*, praising; II. i. 63.

*Blood*, anger, passion; II. iii. 205.

*Blown*, empty, puffed out; III. iii. 182.

*Bobb'd*, got cunningly; V. i. 16.

*Boding*, foreboding, ominous; IV. i. 22.

*Bootless*, profitless; I. iii. 209.

*Brace*, state of defence (properly, armour to protect the arm); I. iii. 24.

*Brave*, defy; V. ii. 326.

*Bravery*, bravado, defiance; I. i. 100.

*Bring on the way*, accompany; III. iv. 197.

*Bulk*, the projecting part of a shop on which goods were exposed for sale; V. i. 1.

*Butt*, goal, limit; V. ii. 267.

*By*, aside; V. ii. 30.

—, "how you say by," what say you to; I. iii. 17.

*By and by*, presently; II. iii. 309.

*Cable*; "give him c.," give him scope; I. ii. 17.

*Caitiff*, thing, wretch; a term of endearment; IV. i. 109.

*Callet*, a low woman; IV. ii. 121.

*Calm'd*, becalmed, kept from motion; I. i. 30.

*Canakin*, little can; II. iii. 71.

*Cannibals*; I. iii. 143. *Cp.* illustration.

*Capable*, ample; III. iii. 459.





From a rare old broadside depicting the habits of the aboriginal Mexicans.

*Carack*, large ship, galleon; I. ii. 50.

*Caroused*, drunk; II. iii. 55.

*Carve for*, indulge (Quarto I, "carve forth"); II. iii. 173.

*Case*, matter (Folios, "cause"); III. iii. 4.

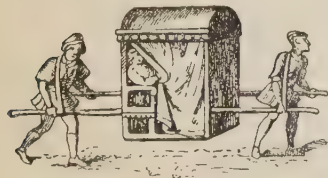
*Cast*, dismissed, degraded from office; V. ii. 327.

*Censure*, judgement; II. iii. 193.

—, opinion; IV. i. 273.

*Certes*, certainly; I. i. 16.

*Chair*; "a chair, to bear him easily hence"; V. i. 82. *Cp.* illustration.



From a plate in *Sandy's Travels* (1621), depicting a sick person carried to the sulphur-baths at Pozzuoli, near Naples.

*Challenge*, claim; I. iii. 188.

*Chambercrs.*, effeminate men; III. iii. 265.

*Chances*, events; I. iii. 134.

*Charm*, make silent, restrain; V. ii. 183.

*Charmer*, enchantress, sorceress; III. iv. 57.

*Cherubin*, cherub; IV. ii. 62.

*Chidden*, chiding, making an incessant noise; II. i. 12.

*Chide*, quarrel; IV. ii. 167.

*Chuck*, a term of endearment; III. iv. 49.

*Circumscription*, restraint; I. ii. 27.

*Circumstance*, circumlocution; I. i. 13.

—, appurtenances; III. iii. 354.

*Circumstanced*, give way to circumstances; III. iv. 201.

*Civil*, civilised; IV. i. 65.

*Clean*, entirely, altogether; I. iii. 366.

*Clime*, country; III. iii. 230.

*Clip*, embrace; III. iii. 464.

*Clog*, encumber (Folios I, 2, 3, "enclogge"); II. i. 70.

*Close*, secret; III. iii. 123.

*Close as oak* = "close as the grain of oak"; III. iii. 210.

*Clyster-pipes*, tubes used for injection; II. i. 179.

*Coat*, coat of mail; V. i. 25.

*Cogging*, deceiving by lying; IV. ii. 132.

*Collied*, blackened, darkened; II. iii. 204.

*Coloquintida*, colocynth, or bitter apple; I. iii. 355.

*Commoner*, harlot; IV. ii. 72.

- Companions*, fellows (used contemptuously); IV. ii. 141.
- Compasses*, annual circuits; III. iv. 71.
- Compliment extern*, external show; I. i. 63.
- Composition*, consistency; I. iii. 1.
- Compt*, reckoning, day of reckoning; V. ii. 273.
- Conceit*, idea; thought (Quarto 1, "counsell"); III. iii. 115.
- Conceits*, conceives, judges; III. iii. 149.
- Condition*, temper, disposition; II. i. 255.
- Confine*, limit; I. ii. 27.
- Conjunctive*, closely united (Quarto 1, "communicative"; Quarto 2, "conjective"); I. iii. 375.
- Conjured*, charmed by incantations; I. iii. 105.
- Conscionable*, conscientious; II. i. 242.
- Consent in*, plan together; V. ii. 297.
- Consequence*, that which follows or results; II. iii. 64.
- Conserved*, preserved (Quarto 1, "conserues"; Quarto 2, "concerue"); III. iv. 75.
- Consuls*, senators (Theobald, "Couns'lers"; Hamer, "counsel"); I. ii. 43.
- Content*, joy; II. i. 185.
- , satisfy, reward; III. i. 1.
- Content you*, be satisfied, be easy; I. i. 41.
- Continue*, continual, uninterrupted (Quarto 1, "conuenient"); III. iv. 178.
- Contrived*, plotted, deliberate; I. ii. 3.
- Conveniences*, comforts; II. i. 234.
- Converse*, conversation; III. i. 40.
- Cope*, meet; IV. i. 87.
- Corrigible*, corrective; I. iii. 329.
- Counsellor*, prater (Theobald, "censurer"); II. i. 165.
- Counter-caster*, accountant (used contemptuously); I. i. 31.
- Course*, proceeding (Quarto 1, "cause"); II. i. 275.
- , run (Quarto 1, "make"); III. iv. 71.
- Court and guard of safety*, "very spot and guarding place of safety" (Theobald, "court of guard and safety"); II. iii. 216.
- Court of guard*, the main guardhouse; II. i. 220.
- Courtship*, civility, elegance of manners (Quarto 1, "court-sies"); II. i. 171.
- Coxcomb*, fool; V. ii. 233.
- Cozening*, cheating; IV. ii. 132.
- Crack*, breach; II. iii. 330.
- Creation*, nature; II. i. 64.
- Cries on*, cries out (Folios 2. 3. 4, "cries out"); V. i. 48.
- Critical*, censorious; II. i. 120.
- Crusadoes*, Portuguese gold coins; so called from the cross on them (worth between six and seven shillings); III. iv. 26. *Cp.* illustration.



From an engraving by Fairholt.

- Cry*, pack of hounds; II. iii. 370.
- Cunning*, knowledge; III. iii. 49.
- Curled*, having hair formed into ringlets, hence affected, foppish; I. ii. 68.
- Customer*, harlot; IV. i. 112.
- Daffet*, dost put off (Collier, "daff'st"; Quartos, "dofftst"; Folio 1, "dafts"); IV. ii. 175.
- Danger*; "hurt to danger," dangerously hurt, wounded; II. iii. 197.
- Darlings*, favourites; I. ii. 68.
- Daws*, jack-daws; I. i. 65.
- Dear*, deeply felt; I. iii. 260.
- Dearest*, most zealous; I. iii. 85.
- Debitor and creditor*, "the title of certain ancient treatises on book-keeping here used as a nick-name" (Clarke); I. i. 31.
- Defeat*, destroy; IV. ii. 160.
- , disfigure; I. iii. 346.
- Defend*, forbid; I. iii. 267.
- Delations*, accusations; III. iii. 123.
- Delighted*, delightful; I. iii. 290.
- Deliver*, say, relate; II. iii. 217.
- Demand*, ask; V. ii. 301.
- Demerits*, merits; I. ii. 22.
- Demonstrable*, "made d.," demonstrated, revealed; III. iv. 142.
- Denotement*, denoting; II. iii. 323.
- Deputing*, substituting; IV. i. 248.
- Designment*, design; II. i. 22.
- Desired*; "well d.," well loved, a favourite; II. i. 206.
- Despite*, contempt, aversion; IV. ii. 116.
- Determinate*, decisive; IV. ii. 232.
- Devesting*, divesting; II. iii. 179.
- Diablo*, the Devil; II. iii. 161.
- Diet*, feed; II. i. 302.
- Dilate*, relate in detail, at length; I. iii. 153.
- Directly*, in a direct straightforward way; IV. ii. 210.
- Discontented*, full of dissatisfaction; V. ii. 314.
- Discourse of thought*, faculty of thinking, range of thought; IV. ii. 153.
- Dislikes*, displeases; II. iii. 49.
- Displeasure*; "your d.," the disfavour you have incurred; III. i. 45.
- Disports*, sports, pastimes; I. iii. 272.
- Dispose*, disposition; I. iii. 403.
- Disprove*, refute; V. ii. 172.
- Disputed on*, argued, investigated; I. ii. 75.
- Distaste*, be distasteful; III. iii. 327.
- Division*, arrangement; I. i. 23.
- Do*, act; I. iii. 395.
- Dotage*, affection for; IV. i. 27.

*Double*, of two-fold influence;  
I. ii. 14.

*Double set*, go twice round; II.  
iii. 135.

*Doubt*, suspicion; III. iii. 188.

—, fear; III. iii. 19.

*Dream*, expectation, anticipa-  
tion; II. iii. 64.

*Écstasy*, swoon; IV. i. 80.

*Elements*, a pure extract, the  
quintessence; II. iii. 59.

*Embay'd*, land-locked; II. i.  
18.

*Encave*, hide, conceal; IV. i.  
82.

*Enchafed*, chafed, angry; II. i.  
17.

*Engage*, pledge; III. iii. 462.

*Engines*, devices, contrivances,  
(?) instruments of torture;  
IV. ii. 219.

*Engluts*, engulfs, swallows up;  
I. iii. 57.

*Enshelter'd*, sheltered; II. i. 18.

*Ensteep'd*, steeped, lying con-  
cealed under water (Quarto  
1, "*enscerped*") ; II. i. 70.

*Entertainment*, re-engagement  
in the service; III. iii. 250.

*Enwheel*, encompass, surround;  
II. i. 87.

*Equinox*, counterpart; II. iii.  
129.

*Erring*, wandering; III. iii. 227.

*Error*, deviation, irregularity;  
V. ii. 109.

*Escapade*, escapade, wanton  
freak; I. iii. 197.

*Essential*, real; II. i. 64.

*Estimation*, reputation; I. iii.  
275.

*Eternal*, damned (used to ex-  
press abhorrence); IV. ii.  
130.

*Ever-fixed*, fixed for ever  
(Quartos, "*ever-fired*") ; II.  
i. 15.

*Execute*, to wreak anger; II.  
iii. 228.

*Execution*, working; III. iii.  
466.

*Exercise*, religious exercise;  
III. iv. 41.

*Exhibition*, allowance; I. iii.  
238.

*Expert*, experienced; II. iii. 82.

*Expert and approved allow-  
ance*, acknowledged and  
proved ability; II. i. 49.

*Exsufflicate*, inflated, unsub-  
stantial; (Quartos, Folios 1,  
2, 3, "*exufflicate*"; Folio 4  
"*exsufflicated*") ; III. iii.  
182.

*Extern*, eternal; I. i. 63.

*Extincted*, extinct (Folios 3, 4,  
"*extinctest*"; Rowe, "*ex-  
tinguished*") ; II. i. 81.

*Extravagant*, vagrant, wander-  
ing; I. i. 137.

*Facile*, easy; I. iii. 23.

*Falls*, lets fall; IV. i. 248.

*Fantasy*, fancy; III. iii. 299.

*Fashion*, conventional custom;  
II. i. 208.

*Fast*, faithfully devoted; I. iii.  
369.

*Fathom*, reach, capacity; I. i.  
153.

*Favour*, countenance, appear-  
ance; III. iv. 125.

*Fearful*, full of fear; I. iii. 12.

*Fell*, cruel; V. ii. 362.  
*Filches*, pilfers, steals; III. iii. 159.  
*Filth*, used contemptuously; V. ii. 231.  
*Fineless*, without limit, boundless; III. iii. 173.  
*Fitchew*, pole-cat (used contemptuously); IV. i. 150.  
*Fits*, befits; III. iv. 150.  
*Fleers*, sneers; IV. i. 83.  
*Flood*, sea; I. iii. 135.  
*Flood-gate*, rushing, impetuous; I. iii. 56.  
*Folly*, unchastity; V. ii. 132.  
*Fond*, foolish; I. iii. 320.  
*Fopped*, befooled, duped; IV. ii. 195.  
*For*, because (Folios, "when"); I. iii. 269.  
*Forbear*, spare; I. ii. 10.  
*Fordoes*, destroys; V. i. 129.  
*Forfend*, forbid; V. ii. 32.  
*Forgot*; "are thus f.," have so forgotten yourself; II. iii. 188.  
*Forms and visages*, external show, outward appearance; I. i. 50.  
*Forth of*, forth from, out of (Folio 1, "For of"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "For off"); V. i. 35.  
*Fortitude*, strength; I. iii. 222.  
*Fortune*, chance, accident; V. ii. 226.  
*Framed*, moulded, formed; I. iii. 404.  
*Fraught*, freight, burden; III. iii. 449.  
*Free*, innocent, free from guilt; III. iii. 255.  
 —, liberal; I. iii. 266.  
*Frights*, terrifies; II. iii. 175.

*Frize*, a kind of coarse woollen stuff; II. i. 127.  
*From*, contrary to; I. i. 132.  
*Fruitful*, generous; II. iii. 347.  
*Full*, perfect; II. i. 36.  
*Function*, exercise of the faculties; II. iii. 354.  
*Fustian*; "discourse f.," talk rubbish; II. iii. 282.  
*Galls*, rancour, bitterness of mind; IV. iii. 93.  
*Garb*, fashion, manner; II. i. 314.  
*Garner'd*, treasured; IV. ii. 57.  
*Ghostness*, ghastliness (Quartos 1, 2, "ieastures"; Quartos 3, "jestures"; Quarto 1687, "gestures"; Knight, "ghastness"); V. i. 106.  
*Gender*, kind, sort; I. iii. 326.  
*Generous*, noble; III. iii. 280.  
*Give away*, give up; III. iii. 28.  
*Government*, self-control; III. iii. 256.  
*Gradation*, order of promotion; I. i. 37.  
*Grange*, a solitary farm-house; I. i. 106.  
*Green*, raw, inexperienced; II. i. 251.  
*Grise*, step; I. iii. 200.  
*Gross in sense*, palpable to reason; I. ii. 72.  
*Guardage*, guardianship; I. ii. 70.  
*Guards*, guardians ("alluding to the star Arctophylax," Johnson); II. i. 15.  
*Guinea-hen*, a term of contempt for a woman; I. iii. 317.

*Gyve*, fetter, ensnare; II. i. 171.

*Habits*, appearances, outward show; I. iii. 108.

*Haggard*, an untrained wild hawk; III. iii. 260.

*Hales*, hauls, draws; IV. i. 141.

*Haply*, perhaps; II. i. 279.

*Happ'd*, happened, occurred; V. i. 127.

*Happiness*, good luck; III. iv. 108.

*Happy*; "in h. time," at the right moment; III. i. 32.

*Hard at hand*, close at hand (Quartos, "hand at hand"); II. i. 268.

*Hardness*, hardship; I. iii. 234.

*Hast-posthaste*, very great haste; I. ii. 37.

*Have with you*, I'll go with you; I. ii. 53.

*Having*, allowance (?) "pin-money"; IV. iii. 92.

*Hearted*, seated in the heart; III. iii. 448.

*Heavy*, sad; V. ii. 371.

—; "a h. night," a thick cloudy night; V. i. 42.

*Heat*, urgency; I. ii. 40.

*Helm*, helmet; I. iii. 273.

*Herself*, itself; I. iii. 96.

*Hie*, hasten; IV. iii. 50.

*High suppertime*, high time for supper; IV. ii. 245-6.

*Hint*, subject, theme; I. iii. 142.

*Hip*; "have on the h.," catch at an advantage (a term in wrestling); II. i. 314.

*Hold*, make to linger; V. ii. 334.

*Home*, to the point; II. i. 166.

*Honestly*, becoming; IV. i. 288.

*Honey*, sweetheart; II. i. 206.

*Horologe*, clock; II. iii. 130.

*Housewife*, hussy; IV. i. 95.

*Hungerly*, hungrily; III. iv. 105.

*Hurt*; "to be h.," to endure being hurt; V. ii. 163.

*Hydra*, the fabulous monster with many heads; II. iii. 308.

*Ice-brook's temper*, i.e. a sword tempered in the frozen brook; alluding to the ancient Spanish custom of hardening steel by plunging red-hot in the rivulet Salo near Bilbilis; V. ii. 252.

*Idle*, barren; I. iii. 140.

*Idleness*, unproductiveness, want of cultivation; I. iii. 328.

*Import*, importance; III. iii. 316.

*Importancy*, importance; I. iii. 20.

*In*, on; I. i. 137.

*Inclining*, favourably disposed; II. iii. 346.

*Incontinent*, immediately; IV. ii. 12.

*Incontinently*, immediately; I. iii. 306.

*Index*, introduction, prologue; II. i. 263.

*Indign*, unworthy; I. iii. 274.

*Indues*, affects, makes sensitive; (Quarto 3, "endures"; Johnson conj. "subdues"); III. iv. 146.

*Ingener*, inventor (of praises); II. i. 65.

*Ingraft*, ingrafted; II. iii. 145.  
*Inhibited*, prohibited, forbidden; I. ii. 79.

*Injointed them*, joined themselves; I. iii. 35.

*Injuries*; "in your i," while doing injuries; II. i. 112.

*Inordinate*, immoderate; II. iii. 311.

*Intendment*, intention; IV. ii. 203.

*Intentively*, with unbroken attention (Folio 1, "*instinctively*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*distinctively*"; Gould conj. "*connectively*"); I. iii. 155.

*Invention*, mental activity; IV. i. 195.

*Issues*, conclusions; III. iii. 219.

*Iteration*, repetition; V. ii. 150.

*Janus*, the two-headed Roman God; I. ii. 33.

*Jesses*, straps of leather or silk, with which hawks were tied by the leg for the falconer to hold her by; III. iii. 261.  
*Cp.* illustration.



From an engraving of the year 1593.

*Joint-ring*, a ring with joints in it, consisting of two halves; a lover's token; IV. iii. 73. *Cp.* illustration.



From a woodcut by Fairholt.

*Jump*, exactly; II. iii. 392.

—, agree; I. iii. 5.

*Just*, exact; I. iii. 5.

*Justly*, truly and faithfully; I. iii. 124.

*Keep up*, put up, do not draw; I. ii. 59.

*Knave*, servant; I. i. 45.

*Knee-crooking*, fawning, obsequious; I. i. 45.

*Know of*, learn from, find out from; V. i. 117.

*Lack*, miss; III. iii. 318.

*Law-days*, court-days; III. iii. 140.

*Leagued*, connected in friendship (Quartos, Folios, "*league*"); II. iii. 218.

*Learn*, teach; I. iii. 183.

*Learned*, intelligent; III. iii. 259.

*Leets*, days on which courts are held; III. iii. 140.

*Levels*, is in keeping, is suitable; I. iii. 240.

*Liberal*, free, wanton; II. i. 165.



- Lies*, resides; III. iv. 2.  
*Like*, equal; II. i. 16.  
*Lingered*, prolonged; IV. ii. 228.  
*List*, boundary; "patient I.," the bounds of patience; IV. i. 76.  
 —, inclination (Folios, Quartos 2, 3, "*leane*"); II. i. 105.  
 —, listen to, hear; II. i. 219.  
*Living*, real, valid; III. iii. 409.  
*Lost*, groundless, vain; V. ii. 269.  
*Lown*, lout, stupid, blockhead; II. iii. 95.  
*Magnifico*, a title given to a Venetian grandee; I. ii. 12.  
*Maidhood*, maidenhood; I. i. 173.  
*Main*, sea, ocean; II. i. 3.  
*Make away*, get away; V. i. 58.  
*Makes*, does; I. ii. 49.  
*Mammering*, hesitating (Folios, Quartos 2, 3, "*mam'-ring*"; Quarto 1, "*muttering*"; Johnson, "*mummering*"); III. iii. 70.  
*Man*, wield; V. ii. 270.  
*Manage*, set on foot; II. iii. 215.  
*Mandragora*, mandrake, a plant supposed to induce sleep; III. iii. 330.  
*Mane*, crest; II. i. 13.  
*Manifest*, reveal; I. ii. 32.  
*Marble*, (?) everlasting; III. iii. 460.  
*Mass*; "by the mass," an oath (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Introth*"; Folio 4, "*In troth*"); II. iii. 384.  
*Master*, captain; II. i. 211.  
*May*, can; V. i. 78.  
*Mazzard*, head; II. iii. 155.  
*Me*; "whip me," whip (*me* ethic dative); I. i. 49.  
*Mean*, means; III. i. 39.  
*Meet*, seemly, becoming; I. i. 146.  
*Mere*, utter, absolute; II. ii. 3.  
*Minion*, a spoilt darling; V. i. 33.  
*Mischance*, misfortune; V. i. 38.  
*Mock*, ridicule; I. ii. 69.  
*Modern*, common-place; I. iii. 109.  
*Moe*, more; IV. iii. 57.  
*Molestation*, disturbance; II. i. 16.  
*Monstrous* (trisyllabic) (Capell, "*monsterous*"); II. iii. 217.  
*Moons*, months; I. iii. 84.  
*Moorship's* (formed on analogy of worship; Quarto 1 reads "*Worship's*"); I. i. 33.  
*Moraler*, moralizer; II. iii. 301.  
*Mortal*, deadly; II. i. 72.  
 —, fatal; V. ii. 205.  
*Mortise*, "a hole made in timber to receive the tenon of another piece of timber; II. i. 9.  
*Moth*, "an idle eater"; I. iii. 257.  
*Motion*, impulse, emotion; I. iii. 95.  
 —, natural impulse; I. ii. 75.  
*Mountebanks*, quacks; I. iii. 61.  
*Mummy*, a preparation used for magical—as well as medicinal—purposes, made originally from mummies; III. iv. 74.



- Mutualities*, familiarities; II. i. 266.
- Mystery*, trade craft; IV. ii. 30.
- Naked*, unarmed; V. ii. 258.
- Napkin*, handkerchief; III. iii. 287.
- Native*, natural, real; I. i. 62.
- New*, fresh (Quartos, "more"); I. iii. 205.
- Next*, nearest; I. iii. 205.
- North*, north wind; V. ii. 220.
- Notorious*, notable, egregious; IV. ii. 140.
- Nuptial*, wedding (Quartos, "Nuptialls"); II. ii. 8.
- Obscure*, abstruse; II. i. 263.
- Observancy*, homage; III. iv. 149.
- Odd-even*, probably the interval between twelve o'clock at night and one o'clock in the morning; I. i. 124.
- Odds*, quarrel; II. iii. 185.
- Off*, away; V. ii. 331.
- Off-capp'd*, doffed their caps, saluted (Quartos, "oft capt"); I. i. 10.
- Offends*, hurts, pains; II. iii. 199.
- Office*, duty (Quarto 1, "duty"); III. iv. 113.
- Officed*, having a special function; I. iii. 271.
- Offices*, domestic offices, where food and drink were kept; II. ii. 9.
- Old*, time-honoured system; I. i. 37.
- On*, at; II. iii. 132.
- On't*, of it; II. i. 30.
- Opinion*, public opinion, reputation; II. iii. 196.
- Opposite*, opposed; I. ii. 67.
- Other*, otherwise; IV. ii. 13.
- Ottomites*, Ottomans; I. iii. 33.
- Out-tongue*, bear down; I. ii. 19.
- Overt*; "o. test," open proofs; I. iii. 107.
- Owe*, own; I. i. 66.
- Owedst*, didst own; III. iii. 333.
- Paddle*, play, toy; II. i. 259.
- Pageant*, show, pretence; I. iii. 18.
- Paragons*, excels, surpasses; II. i. 62.
- Parcels*, parts, portions; I. iii. 154.
- Partially*, with undue favour (Qq., "partiality"); II. iii. 218.
- Parts*, gifts; III. iii. 264.
- Passage*, people passing; V. i. 37.
- Passing*, surpassingly; I. iii. 160.
- Patent*, privilege; IV. i. 203.
- Patience* (trissyllabic); II. iii. 376.
- Peculiar*, personal; III. iii. 79.
- Peevish*, childish, silly; II. iii. 185.
- Pegs*, "the pins of an instrument on which the strings are fastened"; II. i. 202.
- Perdurable*, durable, lasting; I. iii. 343.
- Period*, ending; V. ii. 357.
- Pestilence*, poison; II. iii. 362.
- Pierced*, penetrated; I. iii. 219.

*Pioners*, pioneers, the commonest soldiers, employed for rough, hard work, such as levelling roads, forming mines, etc.; III. iii. 346.

*Pleasance*, pleasure (Quartos, "pleasure"); II. iii. 293.

*Pliant*, convenient; I. iii. 151.

*Plume up*, make to triumph (Quarto I, "make up"); I. iii. 398.

*Poise*, weight; III. iii. 82.

*Pontic sea*, Euxine or Black Sea; III. iii. 453.

*Portance*, conduct; I. iii. 139.

*Position*, positive assertion; III. iii. 234.

*Post-post-haste*, very great haste; I. iii. 46.

*Pottle-deep*, to the bottom of the tankard, a measure of two quarts; II. iii. 56.

*Practice*, plotting; III. iv. 141.

*Precious*, used ironically (Quartos 2, 3, "pernicious"); V. ii. 235.

*Prefer*, promote; II. i. 286.

—, show, present; I. iii. 109.

*Preferment*, promotion; I. i. 36.

*Pregnant*, probable; II. i. 239.

*Presently*, immediately; III. i. 38.

*Prick'd*, incited, spurred; III. iii. 412.

*Probal*, probable, reasonable; II. iii. 344.

*Probation*, proof; III. iii. 365.

*Profane*, coarse, irreverent; II. i. 165.

*Profit*, profitable lesson; III. iii. 379.

*Proof*; "make p.," test, make trial; V. i. 26.

*Proper*, own; I. iii. 69.

—, handsome; I. iii. 397.

*Propontic*, the Sea of Marmora; III. iii. 456.

*Propose*, speak; I. i. 25.

*Propriety*; "from her p.," out of herself; II. iii. 176.

*Prosperity*, success; II. i. 287.

*Prosperous*, propitious; I. iii. 245.

*Puddled*, muddled; III. iv. 143.

*Purse*, wrinkle, frown; III. iii. 113.

*Purse* . . . strings; I. i. 2, 3.

*Cp.* illustration.



From the leaden seal of the Confraternity of Purse-makers (Boursiers) of Paris.

*Put on*, incite, instigate; II. iii. 357.

*Qualification*, appeasement; II. i. 281.

*Qualified*, diluted; II. iii. 41.

*Quality*; "very q.," i.e. very nature; I. iii. 252.

*Quarter*; "in q.," in peace, friendship; II. iii. 180.

- Quat*, pistule, pimple (used contemptuously); *Quarto* I, "gnat"; Theobald, "knot," etc.); V. i. 11.
- Question*, trial and decision by force of arms; I. iii. 23.
- Quests*, bodies of searchers; I. ii. 46.
- Quickened*, receive life; III. iii. 277.
- Quillets*, quibbles; III. i. 25.
- Quirks*, shallow conceits; II. i. 63.
- Raised up*, awakened; II. iii. 250.
- Rank*, coarse; II. i. 314.
- Rank*, lustful (? morbid); III. iii. 232.
- Recognizance*, token; V. ii. 214.
- Reconciliation*, restoration to favour; III. iii. 47.
- Reference*, assignment (*Quarto* I, "reuerence"; Folios 3, 4, "reverence"; Johnson conj. "preference"); I. iii. 238.
- Regard*, view; II. i. 40.
- Region*, part; IV. i. 84.
- Relume*, rekindle; V. ii. 13.
- Remorse*, pity, compassion; III. iii. 369.
- Remove*, banish; IV. ii. 14.
- Repeals*, recalls to favour; II. iii. 363.
- Reprobation*, perdition, damnation (Folios, "Reprobance"); V. ii. 209.
- Reverses*, keeps; III. iii. 295.
- Respect*, notice; IV. ii. 190.
- Re-stem*, retrace; I. iii. 37.
- Revolt*, inconstancy; III. iii. 188.
- Rich*, valuable, precious; II. iii. 195.
- Roman* (used ironically); IV. i. 121.
- Round*, straightforward, plain; I. iii. 90.
- Rouse*, bumper, full measure; II. iii. 66.
- Rude*, harsh; III. iii. 355.
- Ruffian'd*, been boisterous, raged; II. i. 7.
- Sadly*, sorrowfully; II. i. 32.
- Safe*, sound; IV. i. 272.
- Sagittary*, a public building in Venice; I. i. 159.
- Salt*, lustful; II. i. 245.
- Sans*, without; I. iii. 64.
- 'Sblood*, a corruption of *God's blood*; an oath (the reading of *Quarto* I; omitted in others); I. i. 4.
- Scant*, neglect; I. iii. 268.
- 'Scapes*, escapes; I. iii. 136.
- Scattering*, random; III. iii. 151.
- Scion*, slip, off-shoot (*Quartos*, "syen"; Folios, "Seyen"); I. iii. 337.
- Scored me*, "made my reckoning, settled the term of my life" (Johnson, Schmidt). "branded me" (Steevens, Clarke); IV. i. 129.
- Scorns*, expressions of scorn; IV. i. 83.
- Scamy side without*, wrong side out; IV. ii. 146.
- Sect*, cutting, scion; I. iii. 336.
- Secure*, free from care; IV. i. 72.

*Secure me*, feel myself secure;  
I. iii. 10.

*Seel*, blind (originally a term  
in falconry); I. iii. 270.

*Seeming*, appearance, exterior;  
I. iii. 109.

—, hypocrisy; III. iii. 209.

*Segregation*, dispersion; II. i.  
10.

*Self-bounty*, inherent kindness  
and benevolence; III. iii.  
200.

*Self-charity*, charity to one's  
self; II. iii. 202.

*Se'nnight's*, seven night's, a  
week's; II. i. 77.

*Sense*, feeling (Quartos, "*of-  
fence*"); II. iii. 268.

—; "to the s.," i.e. "to the  
quick"; V. i. 11.

*Sequent*, successive; I. ii. 41.

*Sequester*, sequestration; III.  
iv. 40.

*Sequestration*, rupture, divorce;  
I. iii. 351.

*Shore*, did cut; V. ii. 206.

*Should*, could; III. iv. 23.

*Shrewd*, bad, evil; III. iii. 429.

*Shrift*, shriving place, confes-  
sional; III. iii. 24.

*Shut up in*, confine to; III. iv.  
121.

*Sibyl*, prophetess; III. iv. 70.

*Siege*, rank, place; I. ii. 22.

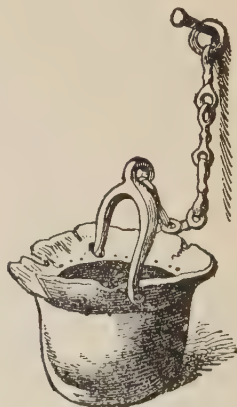
*Simpleness*, simplicity; I. iii.  
247.

*Sir*; "play the s.," play the fine  
gentleman; II. i. 176.

*Sith*, since (Quartos, "*since*");  
III. iii. 380.

*Skillet*, boiler, kettle; I. iii. 273.  
The accompanying illustra-

tion represents an old six-  
teenth century helmet used as  
a skillet, which was found in  
dredging the Thames near  
the Tower of London.



*Slight*, worthless, frivolous; II.  
iii. 279.

*Slipper*, slippery; II. i. 246.

*Slubber*, sully, soil; I. iii. 227.

*Snipe*, simpleton (Folio 1,  
"*Snipe*"; Folio 2, "*a  
Swaine*"; Folios 3, 4, "*a  
Swain*"); I. iii. 390.

*Snorting*, snoring; I. i. 90.

*Soft*, mild, gentle; I. iii. 82.

*Soft you*, hold; V. ii. 338.

*Something*, somewhat; II. iii.  
199.

*Sorry*, painful (Quartos, "*sul-  
len*"; Collier MS., "*sud-  
den*"); III. iv. 51.

*Spake*, said, affirmed (Quarto  
3, "*speake*"); V. ii. 327.

*Spartan dog*, the dogs of Spartan breed were fiercest; V. ii. 361.

*Speak i' the nose*, "the Neapolitans have a singularly drawling nasal twang in the utterance of their dialect; and Shylock tells of 'when the bagpipe sings i' the nose'" (Clarke); (Collier MS., "squeak"; etc.); III. i. 5.

*Speak parrot*, talk nonsense; II. iii. 280.

*Speculative*, possessing the power of seeing; I. iii. 271.

*Spend*, waste, squander; II. iii. 195.

*Spleen*, choler, anger; IV. i. 89.

*Splinter*, secure by splints; II. iii. 329.

*Squire*, fellow (used contemptuously); IV. ii. 145.

*Stand in act*, are in action; I. i. 152.

*Start*, startle, rouse; I. i. 101.

*Startingly*, abruptly (Folios 3, 4, "staringly"); III. iv. 79.

*Stay*, are waiting for; IV. ii. 170.

*Stead*, benefit, help; I. iii. 344.

*Still*, often, now and again; I. iii. 147.

*Stomach*, appetite; V. ii. 75.

*Stop*; "your s," the impediment you can place in my way; V. ii. 264.

*Stoup*, a vessel for holding liquor; II. iii. 30.

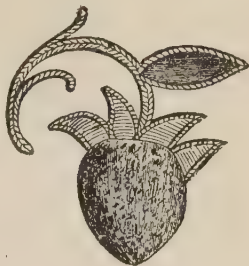
*Stow'd*, bestowed, placed; I. ii. 62.

*Straight*, straightway; I. i. 138.

*Strain*, urge, press; III. iii. 250.

*Strangeness*, estrangement (Quartos, "strangest"); III. iii. 12.

*Strawberries*; the accompanying engraving is copied from "a piece of Elizabethan needlework in which the strawberry and pink alternate over a ground of fawn-coloured silk"; III. iii. 435.



*Stuff o' the conscience*, matter of conscience; I. ii. 2.

*Subdued*, make subject; I. iii. 251.

*Success*, that which follows, consequence; III. iii. 222.

*Sudden*, quick, hasty; II. i. 278.

*Sufferance*, damage, loss; II. i. 23.

*Sufficiency*, ability; I. iii. 224.

*Sufficient*, able; III. iv. 91.

*Suggest*, tempt; II. iii. 358.

*Supersubtle*, excessively crafty (Collier MS., "super-suple"); I. iii. 363.

*Sweetening*, a term of endearment; II. iii. 252.

*Swelling*, inflated; II. iii. 57.

*Sword of Spain*, Spanish swords were celebrated for their excellence; V. ii. 253.

*Ta'en order*, taken measures; V. ii. 72.

*Ta'en out*, copied; III. iii. 296.

*Tainting*, disparaging; II. i. 274.

*Take out*, copy; III. iv. 180.

*Take up at the best*, make the best of; I. iii. 173.

*Talk*, talk nonsense; IV. iii. 25.

*Talk me*, speak to me; III. iv. 92.

*Tells o'er*, counts; III. iii. 169.

*Theoric*, theory; I. i. 24.

*Thick-lips*; used contemptuously for "Africans"; I. i. 66.

*Thin*, slight, easily seen through; I. iii. 108.

*Thread*, thread of life; V. ii. 206.

*Thrice-driven*, "referring to the selection of the feathers by *driving* with a fan, to separate the light from the heavy" (Johnson); I. iii. 232.

*Thrive in*, succeed in gaining; I. iii. 125.

*Time*, life; I. i. 162.

*Timorous*, full of fear; I. i. 75.

*Tire*, make tired, weary out; II. i. 65.

*Toged*, wearing the toga; I. i. 25.

*Told*, struck, counted (Folios 3, 4, "*toll'd*"); II. ii. 11.

*Toy*, fancy; III. iv. 156.

*Toys*, trifles; I. iii. 269.

*Trash*, worthless thing, dross; II. i. 311.

—, keep back, hold in check (a hunter's term); II. i. 311.

*Traverse*, march, go on; I. iii. 378.

*Trim'd in*, dressed in, wearing; I. i. 50.

*Turn*; "t. thy complexion," change colour; IV. ii. 62.

*Unblest*, accursed; II. iii. 311.

*Unbonnetted*, without taking off the cap, on equal terms; I. ii. 23.

*Unbookish*, ignorant; IV. i. 102.

*Uncapable*, incapable; IV. ii. 232.

*Undertaker*; "his u.," take charge of him, dispatch him; IV. i. 224.

*Unfold*, reveal, bring to light; IV. ii. 141.

*Unfolding*, communication; I. iii. 245.

*Unhandsome*, unfair; III. iv. 151.

*Unhatch'd*, undisclosed; III. iv. 141.

*Unhoused*, homeless, not tied to a household and family; I. ii. 26.

*Unlace*, degrade; II. iii. 194.

*Unperfectness*, imperfection; II. iii. 298.

*Unprovide*, make unprepared; IV. i. 211.

*Unsure*, uncertain; III. iii. 151.

*Unvarnish'd*, plain, unadorned; I. iii. 90.

*Unwitted*, deprived of understanding; II. iii. 182.

*Upon*, incited by, urged by; I. i. 100.

*Use*, custom; IV. i. 277.

*Uses*, manners, habits (Quarto  
1, "*usage*") ; IV. iii. 105.

*Vantage*; "to the v.," over and  
above; IV. iii. 85.

*Vessel*, body; IV. ii. 83.

*Vesture*, garment; II. i. 64.

*Violence*, bold action; I. iii.  
250.

*Virtuous*, having efficacy, pow-  
erful; III. iv. 111.

*Voices*, votes; I. iii. 261.

*Vouch*, assert, maintain; I. iii.  
103, 106.

—, bear witness; I. iii. 262.

—, testimony; II. i. 148.

*Wage*, venture, attempt; I. iii.  
30.

*Watch*, watchman; V. i. 37.

*Watch him*, keep him from  
sleeping; a term in falconry;  
III. iii. 23.

*Wearing*, clothes; IV. iii. 16.

*Well said*, well done (Quartos,  
"*well scd*") ; II. i. 168.

*What*, who; I. i. 18.

*Wheeling*, errant (Quarto 2,  
"*wheedling*") ; I. i. 137.

*Whipster*, one who whips out  
his sword (used contemptu-  
ously); V. ii. 244.

*White* (used with a play upon  
*white* and *wight*); II. i. 134.

*Wholesome*, reasonable; III. i.  
49.

*Wicker*, covered with wicker-  
work; (Folios, "*Twiggen*") ;  
II. iii. 152.

*Wight*, person (applied to both  
sexes); II. i. 159.

*Wind*; "let her down the w.";  
the falconers always let the  
hawk fly against the wind; if  
she flies with the wind behind  
her she seldom returns. If  
therefore a hawk was for any  
reason to be dismissed, she  
was *let down the wind*, and  
from that time shifted for  
herself and *preyed at for-  
tune*" (Johnson); III. iii.  
262.

*Wind-shaked*, wind-shaken; II.  
i. 13.

*With*, by; II. i. 34.

*Withal*, with; I. iii. 93.

*With all my heart*, used both  
as a salutation, and also as a  
reply to a salutation; IV. i.  
220.

*Within door*; "speak w. d.," *i.e.*  
"not so loud as to be heard  
outside the house"; IV. ii.  
144.

*Woman'd*, accompanied by a  
woman; III. iv. 195.

*Worser*, worse; I. i. 95.

*Wrench*, wrest (Quarto 1,  
"*Wring*") ; V. ii. 288.

*Wretch*, a term of endearment;  
(Theobald, "*wench*") ; III.  
iii. 90.

*Wrought*, worked upon; V. ii.  
345.

*Yerk'd*, thrust; I. ii. 5.

*Yet*, as yet, till now; III. iii.  
432.



# TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO,

## Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 15. Omitted in Folios and Quartos 2, 3.

I. i. 21. '*A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife*'; if this alludes to Bianca, the phrase may possibly mean 'very near being married to a most fair wife.' Some explain "A fellow whose ignorance of war would be condemned in a fair woman." The emendations proposed are unsatisfactory, and probably unnecessary.

I. i. 72. '*changes*'; Folios read '*chances*.'

I. ii. 72-77; iii. 16; 36; 63; 118; 123; 194; omitted in Quarto 1.

I. ii. 75. '*weaken motion*'; Rowe's emendation; Folios, and Quartos 2, 3, '*weakens motion*'; Pope (Ed. 2, Theobald) '*weaken notion*'; Hammer, '*waken motion*'; Keightley, '*wakens motion*'; Anon. conj. in Furness, '*wake emotion*,' etc.

I. iii. 67. '*bloody book of law*'; "By the Venetian law the giving of love-potions was highly criminal" (Clarke).

I. iii. 87. '*feats of broil*'; Capell's emendation; Quarto 1, '*feate of broile*'; Folio 1, '*Feats of Broiles*,' etc.

I. iii. 107. '*Certain*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*wider*.'

I. iii. 139. '*portance in my*'; so Folios and Quarto 2; Quarto 3, '*portence in my*'; Quarto 1, '*with it all my*'; Johnson conj. '*portance in't; my*'; etc.; '*travels*'; the reading of Modern Edd. (Globe Ed.); Quartos, '*trauells*'; Pope, '*travel's*'; Folio 1, '*Traucllours*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Travellers*'; Folio 4, '*Traveller's*'; Richardson conj. '*travellous*' or '*travailous*.'

I. iii. 159. '*sighs*'; Folios, '*kisses*'; Southern MS., '*thanks*.'

I. iii. 250. '*and storm of fortunes*'; Quarto 1, '*and scorne of Fortunes*,' etc.

I. iii. 261. '*Let her have your voices*'; Dyce's correction; Folios, '*Let her have your voice*'; Quartos read—

*"Your voyces Lords; beseech you let her will  
Hauc a free way."*

I. iii. 264-265. '*the young affects In me defunct*'; Quartos, '*the young affects In my defunct*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*effects*.' The reading of the text is the simplest and most plau-



sible emendation of the many proposed, the words meaning 'the passions of youth which I have now outlived': '*proper satisfaction*' = 'my own gratification.'

I. iii. 330. '*balance*'; Folios, '*brain*' and '*braine*'; Theobald, '*beam*.'

I. iii. 354. '*luscious as locusts*'; "perhaps so mentioned from being placed together with wild honey in St. Matthew iii. 4" (Schmidt).

I. iii. 358. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 384-388. The reading in the text is that of the second and third Quartos; Quarto I, adds after the words '*I am chang'd*'—

*"Goe to farcwell, put money enough in your purse";*

omitting '*I'll go sell all my land*.'

II. i. 39-40; 158; 260 ('*didst not mark that?*'); omitted in Quarto I.

II. i. 65. '*tire the ingener*'; Knight, Steevens conj.; Folio I, '*tyre the Ingeniuer*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*tire the Ingeniuer*'; Quarto I, '*beare all Excellency*'—; Quartos 2, 3, '*beare an excelency*'—; Johnson conj. '*tire the ingenious verse*'; Pope, '*beare all excellency*'—

II. i. 82. '*And . . . Cyprus*'; omitted in Folios.

II. i. 249. '*a devilish knave*'; omitted in Quartos.

II. i. 258. '*blest pudding*'; Folios, '*Bless'd pudding*'; omitted in Quartos.

II. i. 267-268. '*comes the master and main*'; so Folios; Quarto I reads '*comes the maine*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*comes Roderigo, the master and the maine*.'

II. i. 279. '*haply may*'; Quartos read '*haply with his Trunchen may*.'

II. i. 311. '*poor trash of Venice, whom I trash*'; Steevens' emendation; Quarto I, '*poor trash . . . I crush*'; Folios, Quartos 2, 3, '*poor Trash . . . I trace*'; Theobald, Warburton conj. '*poor brach . . . I trace*'; Warburton (later conj.) '*poor brach . . . I cherish*.'

II. iii. 42. '*here*,' i.e. in my head.

II. iii. 92-99. These lines are from an old song called '*Take thy old cloak about thee*,' to be found in Percy's *Reliques*.

II. iii. 167. '*sense of place*'; Hanmer's emendation of Quartos: Folios, '*place of sense*.'

II. iii. 292. '*transform ourselves into beasts*.' "This trans-

formation was frequently depicted in old satirical prints; as in the woodcut here copied from the *Musarum Deliciae* 1657, repre-



sending 'the drunken humors' imparting to men the feeling and manners of the tiger, the ass, the fox, the dog, the ape and the swine."

II. iii. 318. '*some time*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*a time*'; Grant White, '*one time*.'

III. i. 13. '*for love's sake*'; Quarto 1, '*of all lous*.'

III. i. 43. '*Florentinc*,' i.e. 'even a Florentine'; Iago was a Venetian.

III. i. 52. Omitted in Folios.

III. iii. 23. '*watch him tame*,'

i.e. tame him by keeping him from sleep (as was done with hawks).

III. iii. 106. '*By heaven, he echocs me*'; Quarto 1, '*By heauen he ecchoes me*'; Folios '*Alas, thou eccho'st me*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*why dost thou ecchoe me*.'

III. iii. 132. '*thy worst of thoughts*'; so Folios, Quarto 2; Quarto 1 reads '*the worst of thoughts*'; Quarto 3, '*thy thoughts*'; perhaps we should read:—

*"As thou dost rum'nate, give thy worst of thoughts."*

III. iii. 170. '*strongly*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*soundly*'; Knight, '*fondly*.'

III. iii. 277. '*Desdemona comes*'; so Quartos; Folios read '*Looke where she comes*.'

III. iii. 325; 383-390; 453-460; iv. 8-10; 195-196. Omitted in Quarto 1.

III. iii. 440. '*any that was hers*'; Malone's emendation; Quartos, '*any, it was hers*'; Folio 1, '*any, it was hers*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*any, if 't was hers*'; Anon. conj. '*any 'it' was hers*.'

III. iii. 447. '*thy hollow cell*'; so Quartos; Folios read '*the hollow hell*'; Warburton, '*th' unhallow'd cell*.'

III. iii. 456. Steevens compares the following passage in Holland's *Pliny*:—"And the sea Pontus ever more floweth and runneth out from Propontes, but the sea never retireth back again within Pontus."

III. iii. 469. '*business euer*'; Quartos, '*worke so cuer*'; Collier, '*work soe'er*,' etc.

III. iv. 47. '*our new heraldry*,' (vide PREFACE).

III. iv. 65. '*her*,' i.e. to my wife (implied in '*wive*').

III. iv. 121. '*shut myself up in*,' etc., i.e. 'Confine myself to some other course of life, awaiting fortune's charity'; Quarto 1, '*shoote my selfe up in*'; Capell, '*shoot myself upon*'; Rann, '*shape myself upon*'; Collier MS., '*shift myself upon*.'

III. iv. 151. '*warrior*'; Hanmer, '*wrangler*'; cp. '*O my fair warrior*'; (II. i. 184).

IV. i. 77. '*here o'erwhelmed*'; Quarto 1, '*here ere while, mad*.'

IV. i. 122. ('*What, a customer!*'); ii. 73-76; iii. 60-63, 87-104; omitted in Quarto 1.

IV. i. 137-138. '*and, by this hand, she falls me*'; so Collier; Quarto 1, reads '*by this hand she fals*'; Folios, '*and falls me*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*fals me*.'

IV. i. 268. '*This the nature*,' Pope's reading; Quartos, '*This the noble nature*'; Folios, '*Is this the nature*.'

IV. ii. 109. '*least misuse*'; Quarto 1, '*greatest abuse*'; Collier MS., '*least misdeede*.'

IV. ii. 170. '*The messengers of Venice stay the meat*'; Knight's reading; Folio 1, '*The Messengers of Venice staies the meate*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*The Messenger of Venice staies the meate*'; Quarto 1, '*And the great Messengers of Venice stay*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*The meate, great Messengers of Venice stay*.'

IV. iii. 23. '*All's one. Good faith*'; Quarto 1, '*All's one good faith*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*All's one; good father*'; Folios, '*All's one: good Father*.'

IV. iii. 26. '*Barbara*'; Quartos read '*Barbary*'; Folio 1, '*Barbarie*.'

IV. iii. 41, etc.; the original of Desdemona's song is to be found in Percy's *Reliques* under the title of '*A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love*'; where the plaintive lover is a man.

IV. iii. 41. '*sighing*'; Folios, '*singing*'; Quarto 3, '*singhing*'; Folio 1, (Dev.) '*sining*.'

V. i. 82-83; ii. 82, 185-193, 266-272; omitted in Quarto 1.

V. i. 105. '*gentlemen*,' the reading of Folios; Quartos, '*Gentlewoman*.'

V. i. 107. '*if you stare*'; so Folios; Quartos 1, 2, '*an you stirre*'; Quarto 3, '*an you stirr*'; Anon. conj. '*if you stay*.'

V. ii. 7. '*Put out the light, and then put out the light*'; i.e.

'put out the light, and then put out the light of life.' The Cambridge Editors give some dozen variant methods of punctuating and reading the line, but it is perfectly clear as it stands.

V. ii. 151. '*made mocks with love*'; "taken advantage to play upon the weakness of passion" (Johnson).

V. ii. 172. '*Disprove this villain*'; Capell, '*Disprove it, villain.*'

V. ii. 337. '*bring away*'; Quartos, '*bring him away*'; Collier MS., '*bring them away.*'

V. ii. 347. '*Indian*'; Folio 1, '*Iudean*'; Theobald proposed '*Judian*,' adding, "I am satisfied in his *Judian* he is alluding to Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as *Mariamne* was to him." This interpretation was Warburton's. "This it is," as Coleridge put it, "for no-poets to comment on the greatest of poets! To make Othello say that he, who had killed his wife, was like Herod who had killed *Mariamne*!" Boswell aptly quotes from Habington's *Castara*:—

*"So the unskilful Indian those bright gems  
Which might add majesty to diadems,  
'Mong the waves scatters."*

# THE MOOR OF VENICE

## Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

### ACT FIRST.

#### Scene I.

3. *shouldst know of this*:—Of the intended elopement. Roderigo has been suing for Desdemona's hand, employing Iago to aid him in his suit, and paying his service in advance. The play opens pat upon her elopement with the Moor, and Roderigo presumes Iago to have been in the secret of their intention.

10. *Off-capp'd*:—To *cap* was often used for a salutation of respect, made by taking off the cap. "Three great ones of the city," says Knight, "wait upon Othello; they *off-capp'd*—they took cap in hand—in personal suit that he should make Iago his lieutenant."

31. *By debtor and creditor*:—By a mere accountant, a keeper of debt and credit. Iago means that Cassio, though knowing no more of war than men of the gown, as distinguished from men of the sword, has yet *outsailed* him in military advancement. Again, he calls Cassio "this *counter-caster*," in allusion to the *counters* formerly used in reckoning up accounts.

33. *ancient*:—This old corruption of ensign was used both for a standard and a standard-bearer. For both uses see 1 *Henry IV.*, IV. ii. 25 and 33 respectively. But that *ensign* was in use in Shakespeare's day is abundantly proved, as in Drayton's *Barons' Warres*:—

"Ensigne beards Ensigne, Sword 'gainst Sword doth shake."

39. Whether I stand *within* any such *terms* of *affinity* to the Moor, as that I am bound to love him.

45. *knee-crooking knave*:—We have here a notable example of the use of *knave* in the transition stage between its second and its third or present meaning. It first meant a child; then, because children served their elders, a servant; and finally, because of the dishonesty and loose morals of servants, a rogue. In Roderigo's account of the elopement, farther on in this scene, the word occurs in its secondary sense, "a knave of common hire, a gondolier." The opprobrious sense of the word seems to have become fixed early in the second quarter of the seventeenth century. "For whosoever should in these present times say in England to some English men knaue, which formerly was taken for a man seruant, and on which word the law takes no hold, it would not take well, for that knaue and a base fellow signifieth the selfe same thing."

65. *I am not what I am*:—A misprint, perhaps, for "I am not what I *seem*." This, at all events, is probably the meaning of Iago.

66. *full fortune*, etc.:—So both the Quartos: the Folio has *fall* instead of *full*. The meaning is, how fortunate he is, or how strong in fortune, if he can hold out against such practice. Similar language occurs in *Cymbeline*: "Our pleasure his *full fortune* doth confine." And in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "The imperious show of the *full-fortuned* Cæsar." Of course *owe* is used in the old sense of *own* or *possess*.

75, 76. *In the time of night* and *negligence*: a very common form of expression. *Timorous* was sometimes used, as *fearful* still is, for that which *frightens*. Old dictionaries explain it, "fearful, horridus, formidolosus."

106. *My house is not a grange*:—Mine is not a *lone house*, where a robbery might easily be committed. *Grange* is, strictly, the farm of a monastery: but, provincially, any lone house or solitary farm is called a *grange*. So in *Measure for Measure*, III. i. 274, 275: "There, at the moated *grange*, resides this dejected Mariana."

114. A *genret* is a horse: strictly a Spanish horse of the breed called barbs, introduced into Spain by the Moors from Barbary. *Germans*, meaning brothers, sisters, or cousins, is here used for any near relations.

126. *gondolier*:—A writer in the *Pictorial Shakspeare* tells us, "that the gondoliers are the only conveyors of persons, and of a large proportion of property, in Venice: that they are thus cognizant of all intrigues, and the fittest agents in them, and are under perpetual and strong temptations to make profit of the

secrets of society. Brabantio might well be in horror at his daughter having, in 'the dull watch o' the night, no worse nor better guard.'"

132. *from*:—Against or opposed to.

137. *In an extravagant and wheeling stranger*:—A stranger who has no fixed abode, whose life is irregular. So in Markham's *English Housewife*, "The Sewer upon the placing them [certain dishes] upon the table shall not set them down as he received them, but setting the Sallets extravagantly about the table," etc., Ed. 1653; and in *Hamlet*, I. i. 154, 155, "The extravagant and erring spirit hies to his confine." So Iago, Sc. iii., 362, 363, of this Act calls Othello an "erring barbarian."

143. *not unlike my dream*:—"The careful old senator," says Coleridge, "being caught careless, transfers his caution to his dreaming-power at least."

159. *The Sagittary* is supposed by some commentators to have been some public house or inn with a figure of the Archer, after *Sagittarius*, ninth sign of the zodiac, for the sign of the house itself. Perhaps Shakespeare knew at Venice an inn so called.

182. *at most*:—That is, at most of the houses.

## Scene II.

2. *stuff o' the conscience*:—A point or matter of conscience.

8. Iago is speaking of Roderigo, and pretending to relate what he has done and said against Othello.

22. *men of royal siege*:—Men who have sat on kingly thrones. *Siege* was often thus used for *seat*.

22, 23. *my demerits may speak unbanneted*, etc.:—Shakespeare and his contemporaries use *demerits* to express both the presence and the absence of merit. See an instance of the former in *Macbeth*, IV. iii., and of the latter in *Coriolanus*, I. i. *Unbanneted* can only mean without the bonnet; which sense, as the uncovering of the head is a sign of deference, seems at variance with the manifest purpose of Othello's speech. Yet there does not appear to be sufficient reason for us to assume that there is corruption. Theobald would have read, "may speak and banneted."

28. *the sea's wealth*:—Pliny, the naturalist, has a chapter on the riches of the sea. The expression seems to have been proverbial.

59. There seems to be a sort of playful, good humoured irony expressed in the very rhythm of this line. Throughout this Scene,



Othello appears at all points "the noble nature, whose solid virtue the shot of accident, nor dart of chance, could neither graze, nor pierce"; his calmness and intrepidity of soul, his heroic modesty, his manly frankness and considerative firmness of disposition are all displayed at great advantage, marking his character as one made up of the most solid and gentle qualities. Though he has nowise wronged Brabantio, he knows that he seems to have done so: his feelings therefore take the old man's part, and he respects his age and sorrow too much to resent his violence; hears his charges with a kind of reverential defiance, and answers them as knowing them false, yet sensible of their reasonableness, and honouring him the more for making them.

68. In Shakespeare's time it was the fashion for lusty gallants to wear "a curled bush of frizzled hair." In *King Lear*, Edgar, when he was "proud in heart and mind," *curled his hair*. The Poet has other allusions to the custom among people of rank and fashion.

99. *Pagan* was a word of contempt; and the reason will appear from its etymology: "*Paganus*, villanus vel incultus. Et derivatur a *pagus*, quod est villa. Et *quicunque habitat in villa est paganus*. Prætera quicunque est extra civitatem Dei. i. e., ecclesiam, dicitur paganus. Anglice, a *paynim*."—*Ortus Vocabulorum*, 1528.

### Scene III.

23. That he may capture it with an easier conflict.

48, 49. *employ you*, etc.:—It was part of the policy of the Venetian state to employ strangers, and even Moors, in their wars. "By lande they are served of straungers, both for generals, for capitaines, and for all other men of warre, because theyr lawe permitteth not any Venetian to be capitaine over an armie by lande; fearing, I thinke, Cæsar's example."—Thomas's *History of Italye*.

67. *bloody book of law*:—By the Venetian law the giving love-potions was highly criminal, as appears in the *Code Della Promission del Malefico*.

96. *herself*:—Shakespeare, like other writers of his age, frequently uses the personal instead of the neutral pronoun.

140. *antres*:—Caverns; from *antrum*, Lat. Warburton observes that Rymer ridicules this whole circumstance; and Shaftesbury obliquely sneers at it. "Whoever," says Johnson, "ridicules this



account of the progress of love, shows his ignorance not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were magnified by her timidity."

144, 145. Nothing excited more universal attention than the account brought by Sir Walter Raleigh, on his return from his celebrated voyage to Guiana in 1595, of the cannibals, amazons, and especially of the nation, "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." A short extract of the more wonderful passages was also published in Latin and in several other languages in 1599, adorned with copper-plates, representing these cannibals, amazons, and headless people, etc. These extraordinary reports were universally credited; and Othello therefore assumes no other character but what was very common among the celebrated commanders of the Poet's time.

155. *not intently*:—*Intention* and *attention* were once synonymous. "*Intentive*, which listeneth well and is earnestly bent to a thing," says Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616.

163. *such a man*:—A question has been raised whether the meaning here is, that Desdemona wished such a man had been made *for* her, or that she herself had been made such a man; and several have insisted on the latter, lest the lady's delicacy should be impeached. Her delicacy stands in need of no such critical guardianship.

199. Let me speak as you yourself have spoken; referring to Brabantio's words, "I here do give thee that," etc.

202. This is expressed in a common proverbial form in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "Past cure is still past care."

219. *pierced through the ear*:—The wounded heart was healed with words, *pierced* being used simply in the sense of *reached* or *penetrated*. So in *The Faerie Queene*, vi. 9, 26:—

"Why!st thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy eare  
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;  
Whose sensefull words *empierst* his hart so neare,  
That he was wrapt with double ravishment."

Dyce quotes the First Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, I. 2:—

"Nor thee nor them, thrice-noble Tamburlaine,  
Shall want my heart to be with gladness pierc'd."

249-251. *That I did love . . . world*:—So the Folio and the Quarto of 1630: the Quarto of 1622 has *scorn* instead of *storm*. *Scorn* will not cohere with *violence*, unless by making it express a quality of Desdemona herself, not of her fortunes; the sense in that case being, "my downright violence of behaviour, and scorn of fortune." She evidently means the violence and storm of fortunes which she has *braved* or *encountered* in marrying the Moor, and not anything of a violent or scornful temper in herself.

293-295. *Look to her . . . her faith*:—"In real life," says Coleridge, "how do we look back to little speeches as presentimental of, or contrasted with, an affecting event! Even so Shakespeare, as secure of being read over and over, of becoming a family friend, provides this passage for his readers, and leaves it to them."

313. *four times seven years*:—This clearly ascertains the age of Iago to be twenty-eight years; though the general impression of him is that of a much older man. The Poet, no doubt, had a wise purpose in making him so young, as it infers his virulence of mind to be something innate and spontaneous, and not superinduced by harsh experience of the world. Verplanck remarks upon it thus: "An old soldier of acknowledged merit, who, after years of service, sees a young man like Cassio placed over his head, has not a little to plead in justification of deep resentment, and in excuse, though not in defence, of his revenge: such a man may well brood over imaginary wrongs. The caustic sarcasm and contemptuous estimate of mankind are at least pardonable in a soured and disappointed veteran. But in a young man the revenge is more purely gratuitous, the hypocrisy, the knowledge, the dexterous management of the worst and weakest parts of human nature, the recklessness of moral feeling,—even the stern, bitter wit, intellectual and contemptuous, without any of the gaiety of youth,—are all precocious and peculiar; separating Iago from the ordinary sympathies of our nature, and investing him with higher talent and blacker guilt."

336, 337. A *sect* is what the gardeners call a *cutting*. "This speech," observes Coleridge, "comprises the passionless character of Iago. It is all will in intellect; and therefore he is here a bold partisan of a truth, but yet of a truth converted into a falsehood by the absence of all the necessary modifications caused by the frail nature of man."

354, 355. Alluding, probably, to the *ceratonia* or *carob*, an ever-green growing in the south of Europe, and bearing sweet black

pods. Commerce had made the fruit well known in London, and *locust* was the popular name for it.

396. *Will do . . . well*:—That is, I will act as if I were certain of the fact. *He holds me well* is, he entertains a good opinion of me.

## ACT SECOND.

### Scene I.

[*A sea-port in Cyprus.*] The principal seaport town of Cyprus is *Famagusta*; where there was formerly a strong fort and commodious haven, “neare which,” says Knolles, “standeth an old castle, with four towers after the ancient manner of building.” To this castle we find that Othello presently repairs.

13. There is implied a comparison of the “wind-shaked surge” to the war-horse; the Poet probably having in mind the passage of Job: “Hast Thou given the horse strength? Hast Thou clothed his *neck* with thunder?” Knight remarks upon the place thus: “The horse of Job is the war-horse, ‘who swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage’: and when Shakespeare pictured to himself his mane wildly streaming, ‘when the quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear, and the shield,’ he saw an image of the fury of the ‘wind-shaked surge,’ and of its very form; and he painted it ‘with high and monstrous *mane*.’”

14. *bear*:—The constellation near the pole star. The next line alludes to the star *Arctophylax*, which literally signifies the guard of the bear.

26. *Veronesa*:—This refers to the ship. It is true, the same speaker has just called the ship “a noble ship of *Venice*”; but Verona was tributary to the Venetian state; so that there is no reason why she might not belong to Venice, and still take her name from Verona.

39, 40. *till we make the main . . . regard*:—Till sea and sky blend and become indistinguishable to sight. On this passage Coleridge remarks: “Observe in how many ways Othello is made, first, our acquaintance, then our friend, then the object of our anxiety, before the deeper interest is to be approached.”

49. Of allowed and approved expertness.

64, 65. By the *essential vesture of creation* the Poet seems to mean her *outward form*, which in the *Merchant of Venice* (V. i.

64) he calls "this muddy *vesture* of decay." The meaning would appear to be, "She is one who exceeds all description, and in real beauty, or outward form, goes beyond the power of the inventive pencil of the artist. Ben Jonson, in his *Sejanus*, I. i., says: "No, Silius, we are no good *ingeniers*; we want their fine arts." Flecknoe, in 1664, speaking of painting, mentions "the stupendous works of your great *ingeniers*."

70. *Eusteept*'d here means simply hid in the water, *submerged*; a frequent use of the word. Thus in *The Faerie Queene*, i. II:—

"Now gan the golden Phœbus for to *steepe*  
His *fierie* face in billows of the west."

112. *Saints in your injuries*:—"When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity."

144-148. "The sense," says Warburton, "is this: One that was so conscious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that she durst call upon malice itself to vouch for her. This was strong commendation. And the character only of clearest virtue; which could force malice, even against its nature, to do justice."

156. To exchange a delicacy for coarser fare, the head being the best part of the cod, the tail the worst of the salmon.

161. That is, to suckle children and keep the accounts of the household.

184. *fair warrior*:—Perhaps Othello intends a playful allusion to the unwillingness Desdemona has expressed to *be left behind, a moth of peace, and he go to the war*. Steevens, however, thinks it was a term of endearment derived from the old French poets; as Ronsard, in his Sonnets, often calls the ladies *guèrrières*.

201-203. [*Aside*.] Coleridge pronounces Iago "a being next to devil, and only not quite devil." It is worth noting that Milton's Satan relents at the prospect of ruining the happiness before him, and prefaces the deed with a gush of pity for the victims; whereas the same thought puts Iago in a transport of jubilant ferocity. Is our idea of Satan's wickedness enhanced by his thus indulging such feelings, and then acting in defiance of them, or as if he had them not? or is Iago more devilish than he?

208. *out of fashion*:—Out of method, without any settled order of discourse.

223. *Lay thy finger thus*:—On thy mouth to stop it, while thou art listening to a wiser man.

262, 263. *index* . . . *prologue*:—Indexes were formerly *pre-fixed* to books.

314. *in the rank garb*:—In the *right-down*, or *straight-forward* fashion. In *King Lear*, Cornwall says of Kent in disguise, that he “doth affect a saucy roughness, and constrains the *garb* quite from his nature.” Gower says of Fluellen, in *King Henry V.*, “You thought, because he could not speak English in the native *garb*, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel.”

320. “An honest man,” says Johnson, “acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution.”

### Scene III.

57. *elements*:—As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum*; as quick in opposition as fire and water.

62. Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*.

80-83. In *The Captain* of Beaumont and Fletcher, one of the persons asks, “Are the Englishmen such stubborn drinkers?” and another answers thus: “Not a leak at sea can suck more liquor: you shall have their children christened in mull’d sack, and at five years old able to knock a *Dane* down.” And in Henry Peacham’s *Compleat Gentleman*, 1622, we have the following: “Within these fiftie or threescore yeares it was a rare thing with us to see a drunken man. But since we had to doe in the quarrell of the Netherlands, the custom of drinking and pledging healthes was brought over into England: wherein let the Dutch be their owne judges, if we equali them not; yea, I think, rather excell them.”

85. *I’ll do you justice*:—That is, drink as much as you do: old pot-house slang.

87-94. These stanzas are copied, with a few slight variations, from an old ballad entitled “Take thy old Cloak about thee,” which is reprinted entire in *Percy’s Reliques*.

122, 123. How differently the liar speaks of Cassio’s soldiership to Montano and to Roderigo! He is now talking where he is liable to be called to account for his words.

130. If he have no drink, he will keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours. The word *horologe* is familiar to most of our ancient writers: Chaucer often uses it.

252. *Lead him off*:—Malone thought that these words were a stage direction which had crept into the text, because “in our old plays all the stage directions were couched in imperative terms.” “Such,” says White, “is my opinion, and such it was before I saw Malone’s note, but for a different reason. If Othello had ordered the removal of Montano, he would have said, not ‘Lead him off,’ but ‘Lead him away.’ We speak of a man’s being or having been led off, or on, in the sense of away, or onward; but when we direct a man to be taken from where we are, we say ‘away,’ unless we are upon a staging, or some place of that kind, which, for Shakespeare’s purposes, Othello was not. The rhythm of this command, too, is not like that of Shakespeare’s hemistichs. But as Folio and Quartos unite in the reading in question, I do not venture to change it upon mere opinion.” Rolfe retains this reading. Hudson (Harvard ed.) omits it.

354, 355. *Parallel course*:—Course parallel to or agreeing with his good; coinciding with his wish or design.

356. When devils will *instigate* to their blackest sins, they *tempt*, etc. We repeatedly meet with the same use of *put on*, and of *suggests* and its cognates for *tempt*.

382, 383. *Though other things*, etc.:—Clarke’s explanation is, “Although our other plans are growing to maturity, yet the fruits of our scheme for the removal of Cassio, as it first bore promising blossom, will naturally first ripen. Iago is trying to inspire Roderigo with patience for the ripening of his plan against Desdemona by bidding him remember that meanwhile his plan against Cassio is succeeding.” Johnson explains the passage thus: “Of many different things, all planned with the same art and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Everything cannot be done at once; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to *despair* of slow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits *grow fair against the sun*.”

## ACT THIRD.

### Scene I.

2. It was usual for friends to serenade a new-married couple on the morning after the celebration of the marriage, or to greet them with a *morning song* to bid them good morrow.



42. In consequence of this line a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Cassio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears by the first Scene of the play, where he is expressly called one. That Iago was a Venetian is proved by a speech in the third Scene of this Act, and by what he says in the fifth Act, after having stabbed Roderigo. All that Cassio means to say in the present passage is, "I never experienced more honesty and kindness, even in one of my own countrymen."

44. *your displeasure*:—The displeasure you have incurred from Othello.

### Scene III.

14 *et seq.* *That policy*, etc.:—Johnson explains this as follows: He may either of himself think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my readmission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten.

23. *I'll watch him tame*:—Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from sleep. To this Shakespeare alludes.

90. The word *wretch* was a term of the fondest tenderness and endearment. Shakespeare often uses it so.

91, 92. The meaning is, "Ere I cease to love thee, the world itself shall be reduced to its primitive chaos." *But* is used in its exceptive sense; *but that*, or "*if I do not love thee*."

96. *He did*, etc.:—In Act I. Sc. ii., when Iago, speaking of the Moor to Cassio, says, "He's married," Cassio asks, "To whom?" Yet here he seems to have known all about it. Of course the explanation is, that Cassio there feigned ignorance, in order to keep his friend's secret till it should be publicly known.

123. *close delations*:—"Close delations" are secret accusings, intimations. So in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, II. iii.: "Yet, if I do it not, they may *delate* my slackness to my patron." It should be noted, that in all this part of the dialogue the doubts started in Othello by the villain's artful insinuations have reference only to Cassio. There is not the least sign that the Moor's thoughts anywise touch his wife; and Iago seems perplexed that his suspicions have lighted elsewhere than he had intended.

136 *et seq.* *Utter my thoughts*, etc.:—Who has so virtuous a breast that some impure conceptions and uncharitable surmises will not sometimes enter into it; hold a session there, as in a regular court, and "bench by the side" of authorized and lawful

thoughts? A *leet* is also called a *law-day*. "This court, in whose manor soever kept, was accounted the king's court, and commonly held every half year": it was a meeting of the hundred "to certify the king of the good manners and government of the inhabitants."

166, 167. *the green-eyed monster*, etc.:—Hanmer changed *mock* to *make*, and the change has been frequently adopted, among other commentators, by Hudson. Schmidt conjectures that *make* may be correct. Furness and Rolfe adhere to *mock*, the former remarking: "The meat that jealousy feeds on is the victim of jealousy, the jealous man, who is mocked with trifles light as air." White says that jealousy "is fed by the objects of its open scorn and derision. For we all know, as well as Iago, that *the green-eyed monster* is like Pistol, and if it 'can mock a leek,' it 'can eat a leek.' Had the original text read *make* there could have been no question as to its soundness. But both Folio and Quarto have, *which doth mocke*. The curious reader will find five pages of comment upon this passage in the *Variorum* of 1821."

173. *riches fineless*, etc.:—*Fineless* is *endless, unbounded*. Warburton observes that this is finely expressed—*winter* producing no fruits.

182. *exsufflicate*:—This is the only known instance of *exsufflicate*. Phillips interprets *sufflation* "a puffing up, a making to swell with blowing." In Plautus we have "*sufflavit nescio quid uxore*"; which Cooper renders, "He hath *whispered* something in his wives care whatsoever it be." Richardson's explanation is, "*Exsufflicate*, in Shakespeare, is not improbably a misprint for *exsufflate*, that is, *efflate* or *efflated*, puffed out, and, consequently exaggerated, extravagant; to which *blown* is added, not so much for the sake of a second epithet, with a new meaning, as of giving emphasis to the first."

249. You shall discover whether he thinks his best *means*, his most powerful *interest*, is by the solicitation of your lady.

259, 260. *And knows . . . dealings*:—"He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings."

260. *Haggard* is *wild, unreclaimed*; commonly used of a hawk. So in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*: "Thus I teach my *haggard* and *unreclaimed* reason to stoop to the lure of faith." A passage in *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, 1612, shows that the term was sometimes applied to a wanton: "Is this your perch, you *haggard*? fly to the *stews*."

292. *hundred*:—Here used for an indefinite number; still it



shows that the unity of time is much less observed in this play than some have supposed. Thus far only one night since that of the marriage has been *expressly* accounted for; and this was the night when the nuptials were celebrated, and Cassio cashiered; though several must have passed during the sea-voyage. From Iago's soliloquy at the close of Act I., it is clear he had his plot even then so far matured, that he might often woo his wife to steal the handkerchief while at sea. Moreover, we may well enough suppose a considerable interval of time between the first and third Scenes of the present Act; since Cassio may not have had the interview with Desdemona immediately after he engaged Emilia to solicit it for him.

296. *ta'en out*:—Meaning that she will have it *copied*. Her first thoughts are to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona; but the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution.

330. *Look, where he comes!*—"That is," explains Steevens. "I knew the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor a moment of repose; I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look, where Othello approaches, to confirm my observation."

350 *et seq.* There is some resemblance between this speech and the following lines in Peele's *Farwell to the Famous and Fortunate Generals of our English Forces*, 1589:—

"Change love for armes; gyrt to your blades, my boyes;  
Your rests and muskets take, take helme and targe,  
And let god Mars his trumpet make you mirth,  
The *roaring cannon*, and the brazen trumpe,  
The *angry-sounding drum*, the *whistling fife*,  
The shriekes of men, the princelie *courser's ney*."

352. In mentioning the *fife* joined to the *drum*, Shakespeare, as usual, paints from life; those instruments, accompanying each other, being used in his age by the English soldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards discontinued for many years, but at length revived by the British guards under the Duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped before Maestricht in 1747, and thence adopted into other English regiments of infantry.

449, 450. *Swell . . . tongues!*—*Swell*, because the freight thou art charged with is that of poison, as from the deadly bites of asps.

467-469. The meaning here, as explained by Mr. Joseph Crosby, is: "Let him command whatever bloody work he may, to perform it shall be with me a matter of conscience."

### Scene IV.

24. *I know not*:—Objection has been made to the conduct of Emilia in this scene, as inconsistent with the spirit she afterwards shows. But it is not easy to discover any such inconsistency. Want of principle and strength of attachment are often thus seen united. Emilia loves her mistress deeply; but she has no *moral* repugnance to theft and falsehood, apprehends no *fatal* consequences from the Moor's passion, and has no soul to conceive the agony her mistress must suffer by the charge of infidelity; and it is but natural that when the result comes she should be the more spirited for the very remembrance of her own guilty part in the process. It is the seeing of the end that rouses such people, and rouses them all the more that they themselves have served as means.

26. *crusadoes*:—It appears from Rider's *Dictionary* that there were three sorts of crusadoes; one with a long cross, one with a short cross, and the great crusado of Portugal. They were of gold, and differed in value from six shillings and eight pence to nine shillings.

47. *new heraldry*:—This "new heraldry" appears to be an allusion to the *bloody hand* borne on the arms of the new order of baronets, created by James I. in 1611. Malone, with much probability, quotes, in illustration of the text, the following from the *Essays* of Sir William Cornwallis, 1601: "We of these later times, full of a nice curiositie, mislike all the performances of our *forefathers*; we say they were honest plaine men, but they want the capering wits of this ripe age. *They had wont to give their hands and hearts together, but we think it a finer grace to looke asquint, our hand looking one way and our heart another.*"

57. *a charmer*:—Used for an *enchanter* in the Psalms. So in Perkins's *Discourse of the damned Art of Witchcraft*, 1610: "By witches we understand not only those which kill and torment, but all *charm*ers, jugglers, all wizards, commonly called wise men and wise women."

65. *To give it her*:—Of course *her* refers to the noun implied in *twice*. In the last scene of the play, Othello speaks of the handkerchief as "an antique token my father gave my mother." This

has been thought an oversight; Steevens regards it as a fresh proof of the Poet's art. "The first account," says he, "was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he again mentions it, the truth was sufficient."

74. *dyed in mummy*:—The balsamic liquor running from *mummies* was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic virtues. It was much coveted by painters, as a transparent brown colour that threw a warmth into the shadows of a picture.

169. "What are you doing away from home?" We repeatedly meet with the same phraseology in Shakespeare.

173. *A week away*:—It would seem, by this, that seven days at least have elapsed since Cassio was cashiered; perhaps much more, as the "leaden thoughts" may have been kept off for some time by the hopes built upon Desdemona's promise of intercession, and brought on again by the unexpected delay.

180. *Take me this work out*:—Copy this work in another handkerchief. So in Middleton's *Women beware Women*: "She intends to *take out* other works in a new sampler." Again, in the Preface to Holland's Pliny, 1601: "Nicophanes gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplify and *take out* patterns, after that in long continuance of time they were decayed."

## ACT FOURTH.

### Scene I.

1. We must suppose that Iago had been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that, though the parties had been even found exchanging endearments, there might be no harm done: it might be only for trial of their virtue. In these pretended excusings Iago seeks only to intensify the sufferings which he professes to allay.

8. *The devil tempts their virtue* by stirring up their passions, and they *tempt heaven* by placing themselves in a situation which makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them. Perhaps the story of St. Adhelm, related in Bale's *Actes of Englysh Votaries*, is referred to: "This Adhelmus never refused women, but wold have them commonly both at borde and bedde, to mocke the Devyll with."

21, 22. The raven was thought to be a bird of ill omen, given to hovering about houses infected with the plague.

28. *Convinced*:—Having either *conquered* her reluctance or complied with her wish. The proper meaning of *convince* is *conquer* or *overcome*.

41-43. *Nature . . . instruction*:—This passage has called forth much critical discussion. As suggested by Johnson, Othello seems to say, "This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words: it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities." Or the sense may be given, as by Sir J. Reynolds, something thus: "Nature would not in Cassio clothe herself in such shadowing passion, or would not give out such *adumbrations of passion*, without *some former experience*, or the instruction of some *foregoing fact*."

45. "The starts," says Warburton, "and broken reflections in this speech have something in them very terrible, and show the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies." The trance is thus justified by Sir J. Reynolds: "Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shows that *all the proofs are present at once to his mind*, which so overpower it that he falls into a trance—the natural consequence."

69. Beds which really do not pertain to themselves alone; beds which are not peculiarly or specially their own, but are shared in common with others.

121. Othello calls Cassio *Roman* ironically, probably in allusion to his apparent elation, calling to Othello's mind the triumphs or triumphant career of the Romans.

247, 248. *If that the earth . . . crocodile*:—By the doctrine of equivocal generation new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. Shakespeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts which make the crocodile the most deceitful of animals. In Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616, occurs the following: "It is written that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and will then eat up the head too." Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, "*Crocodili lachrymæ*, crocodiles teares, to signifie such teares as are feigned, and spent only with intent to deceive or do harm."

265. *Goats and monkeys*!—In this exclamation Shakespeare has shown great art. Iago in Act III. Sc. iii., being urged to give some *ocular proof* of the guilt of Cassio and Desdemona, tells the Moor it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it. "were they as *prime as goats*, as *hot as monkeys*." These words

still ring in the ears of Othello, who, being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, explodes with this involuntary exclamation.

## Scene II.

54, 55. *A fixed figure . . . finger at!*—Much has been written upon this famous passage, and various changes proposed. "The time of scorn" probably means, as Knight says, the *age* of scorn, that is, the whole period during which scorn may be said to live. The "fixed figure" is simply the speaker himself, and not, as been so much supposed, a figure on a dial. As to "slow unmoving," the sense of it can be better felt than expressed: we can see the sneer darting from the inexorable finger, ever slowly moving *with* the object, never moving *from* it; but we cannot speak it in any words but Shakespeare's, as they stand in the text.

74. *make very forges of my cheeks*:—Othello has already, when with Iago, spoken Desdemona's imputed deeds very plainly; and would Shakespeare have forgotten that Othello's cheeks were too dark to show a blush? or still more, would he have referred the blush in such a case to the countenance of the man when the woman was present? In *Titus Andronicus*, IV. ii., Aaron, the Moor, when Chiron says, "I blush to think upon this ignomy" (of his mother's having a mulatto child), replies:—

"Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:  
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing  
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!  
Here's a young lad framed of *another* leer."

88. *I cry you mercy*:—That is, "I ask your pardon."

91. The office *opposed* to Saint Peter; alluding, evidently, to "the power of the keys," which was given to the Apostles generally, and especially to Saint Peter as representing them. So that the opposition is between Emilia as keeper of the gate of Hell and Saint Peter as keeper of the gate of Heaven. The sense, therefore, requires that the special emphasis, if there be any, should be laid on *opposite*.

104. *go by water*:—Be expressed by tears. A similar conceit is found in *Hamlet*, IV. vii. 186, 187:—

"Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,  
And therefore I forbid my tears."

144. *Speak within door*:—Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house.

167. *he does chide with you*:—This was the phraseology of the time. So Baret: "To complaine, to *make a quarrel*, to *chide* with one for a thing. *Expostulare et queri*." So too in the Poet's CXIth *Sonnet*: "O, for my sake do you *with* fortune *chide*."

212, 213. *I grant . . . judgement*:—"Shakespeare," says Malone, "knew well that most men like to be flattered on account of those endowments in which they are most deficient. Hence Iago's compliment to this *snipe* on his sagacity and shrewdness."

226. *goes into Mauritania*:—This passage proves, so far as anything said by Iago may be believed, that Othello was not meant to be a negro, as has been represented, both on the stage and off, but a veritable Moor. His kindred, the Mauritians—from whose "men of royal siege he fetched his life and being," and among whom he was about to retire—though apt enough to be confounded with the negroes, were as different from them, externally, as brown is from black; internally, in mind and character, the difference was far greater.

236. *He sups to-night with a harlotry*:—See "a peevish self-will'd harlotry," 1 *King Henry IV.*, III. i., and the very same phrase in *Romeo and Juliet*, IV. ii.

### Scene III.

II. Hazlitt calls this "one of those side intimations of the fluctuations of passion, which we seldom meet with but in Shakespeare. He has here put into half a line what some authors would have spun out into ten set speeches."

55-57. [*Singing*.] These lines sung by Desdemona are from an old ballad, entitled *A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love*. The ballad may be found entire in Percy's *Reliques*. It is there the lament of a man: Shakespeare adapted it to the sex of "poor Barbara." Subjoined are the stanzas from which he borrowed:—

A poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree;  
O willow, willow, willow!  
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:  
O willow, willow, willow!  
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.



The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;  
 O willow, willow, willow!

The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:  
 O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

The mute birds sat by him, made tame by his mones;  
 O willow, willow, willow!

The salt tears fell from him, which soften'd the stones:  
 O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

Let nobody blame me, her scorn I do prove;  
 O willow, willow, willow!

She was borne to be faire; I to die for her love:  
 O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

73. A *joint-ring* was anciently a token of troth-plight between lovers, like the piece of broken gold in the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Dryden has a minute description of it in his *Don Sebastian*:—

“A curious artist wrought them  
 With joints so close as not to be perceiv'd;  
 Yet are they both each other's counterpart:  
 Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda,  
 (You know these names are theirs,) and in the midst  
 A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.  
 Now, if the rivets of those rings enclos'd  
 Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lie;  
 But, if they join, you must for ever part.”

## ACT FIFTH.

### Scene I.

11. A *quat*, in provincial usage, was a *pimple*, which by rubbing could be made to smart. Roderigo is called a *quat* in the same manner that a low fellow was vulgarly termed a *scab*. *To rub to the sense* is to *rub to the quick*.

## Scene II.

1. Othello's act is caused by her supposed crime. Herein alone he finds his self-justification.

2. Steevens declares that there is "no classical authority" for *chaste stars*. But Othello has authority as good, perhaps, as classical, in the supposed *unchastity* of his wife, which is *the cause* of his present purpose, and which the *purity* of the stars withholds him from naming in their presence. No classical authority! The phrase itself is classical now.

21. *this sorrow's heavenly*:—Is of heavenward tendency.

65. *A murder*, etc.:—Some editors have managed to stumble at this passage. The language is indeed compressed, but the meaning seems clear enough. Othello goes about the killing of his wife as an act of religion, and he fears lest her perjury may excite his anger, and so corrupt the deed into an act of revenge. This is Johnson's explanation: "Thou *hardenest* my heart, and makest me *kill thee with the rage of a murderer*, when I thought to have *sacrificed thee* to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim."

82. *Being done*, etc.:—Othello regards the act as *done*, when the conflict between his love and honour is fully over, his resolution finally taken, and his hand raised to strike. To admit any pause in such a case, were but to prolong the suffering of the victim.

88. *So, so*:—At these words, the Othello of the stage is made to stab Desdemona. There is no such direction in any of the old copies; but still the stage-custom may be right; as, in the agony of the moment, and in his desire "not to have her linger in her pain," Othello's resolution not to shed her blood might be overcome. It seems more natural, too, that Desdemona should speak after being stabbed than after being smothered to death.

183. *charm your tongue*:—To *charm* is to *still* or hush as with a *charm*. Pliny informs us that *favete linguis* was the constant exclamation before any *charm* was applied. From this circumstance the phrase *to charm a tongue*, may have originated.

192. *I thought so then*:—That is, when she gave Desdemona's handkerchief to Iago; for even *then* Emilia appears to have suspected it was sought after for no honest purpose.

212. *A thousand times*:—An indefinite number. See *a hundred times*, III. iii. 292.

239. Strictly speaking, Iago cannot be called a *notorious* vil-



lain, as his villainy was not *known*. The meaning is *egregious*, as in IV. ii. 140.

253. The way of tempering steel is by plunging it red-hot into cold water; and the colder the water, the higher the temper attained. Steevens has shown from Martial and Justin that in Spain the waters of the Salo and the Chalybes, being remarkable for coldness, were used in tempering swords. As Toledo blades were famous all over Europe in the Poet's time, he might easily learn that they were of *the ice-brook's temper* without going to classical authorities.

286. *I look down towards his feet*:—Alluding to the devil's fabled cloven foot. Othello looks down towards Iago's feet to see if he has that sign of being a devil, but then concludes that he may be just as much a devil without it.

347. Coleridge remarks upon this passage: "Othello wishes to excuse himself on the score of ignorance, and yet not excuse himself—to excuse himself by accusing. This struggle of feeling is finely conveyed in the word *base*, which is applied to the rude Indian, not in his own character, but as the momentary representative of Othello's." Whether Shakespeare meant an allusion to any particular story of an Indian, or to the Indians as generally described, is not quite clear; probably, the latter. Thus in Drayton's *Legend of Matilda*: "*The wretched Indian spurns the golden ore.*" So again in *The Woman's Conquest*, by Sir Edward Howard: "Behold my queen, who with no more concern *Ile cast away then Indians do a pearl*, that ne'er did know its value."

352. *Aleppo*:—It is said to have been immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo.

361. *Spartan dog*:—The dogs of Spartan breed were among the most fierce and savage.

# TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO,

## Questions on Othello.

1. What is known of the early editions of *Othello*; of the date of its composition?
2. What can you say of the original stage *Othello*; of the sources of the plot?
3. What is the duration of action in this play?

### ACT FIRST.

4. How was Venice ruled at the time of the play; what was the office of Duke of Venice; that of Senator?
5. What was the Council of State; why had it been convened?
6. What of the *Cyprus wars* to which Iago refers; what was the *Sagittary*? (About 1470 Cyprus, the scene of the entire action of *Othello*, was annexed to Venice, and it continued under Venetian rule until about 1571.)
7. Where does Iago first make known his hatred of Othello; what cause was there for that hatred, as shown by Iago?
8. What impression is made by Iago's estimate of himself?
9. How account for Othello's influence over Desdemona; for Brabantio's reference of Desdemona's submission to Othello to witchcraft?
10. Describe Shakespeare's general treatment of witchcraft; how far does it reflect the superstitious mind of his age?
11. Does the character of Roderigo include the sense of honour; what led him to hate Othello?
12. Why should Othello speak in the same passage of the *Canibals* and the *Anthropophagi*?
13. With a timorous disposition, as appears later, how does Desdemona in this Act speak for herself so boldly?
14. Was Othello a negro? What answer to this is suggested by his calling himself (III. iii. 263, 387) black? What do we know of the Moors of that day?
15. Give a brief summary of the characters and action of Act I.

## ACT SECOND.

16. What are the conditions under which this Act opens?
17. What purpose is served by introducing the Turkish fleet and its destruction?
18. At first impression, what sort of a man is Cassio?
19. When Iago, in the soliloquy which ends Sc. iii., declares Othello to be *of a constant, loving, noble nature*, does Iago show that he is capable of compunction?
20. Interpret this soliloquy as a whole.
21. What does Cassio think of drunkenness? Relate his experience of it. How are we affected by his repentance?
22. How do you regard Iago's account to Othello of the incidents following Cassio's indiscretion?
23. What part does Iago wish Cassio to play; what part Roderigo?
24. How in this Act does Iago treat Roderigo; why?
25. Analyze the closing lines of Sc. iii.
26. What performance follows the purpose here outlined by Iago?
27. How does Desdemona impress Cassio?
28. Give a brief summary of Act II.

## ACT THIRD.

29. Interpret the opening of the Act—Clown, musicians, etc.
30. What does the Clown mean by his question about the instruments having been in Naples?
31. What tragic sequence does this light action prelude?
32. Outline the character of Emilia.
33. Did she understand her husband?
34. Do you gain any definite idea from Iago's speech to Othello (Sc. iii. 144-154); what does Othello understand from it?
35. What is the meaning of this (Sc. iii. 165-167)?—  
 "O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
 It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock  
 The meat it feeds on."

36. Was Othello justified in attaching such weight to the words of Iago beginning, *She did deceive her father, marrying you*? Was Desdemona's conduct in the matter cited reprehensible?

37. Upon what does Othello base his opinion of Iago's honesty?
38. How does Iago so completely befool Othello?
39. What wrong directions does Othello's revenge take?
40. How does Desdemona apprehend the feeling of jealousy; how does she regard the jealousy of Othello?
41. What of Desdemona's behaviour under Othello's suspicion?
42. Does Emilia's obedience to her husband after he has snatched the handkerchief from her seem out of keeping with her character?
43. Up to the end of this Act, how does the character of Desdemona impress you; that of Emilia?
44. What new influence appears with the introduction of Bianca; how does she show the effect of jealousy? What new light does her appearance throw upon Cassio?
45. How much does Act III. advance the action of the play?

## ACT FOURTH.

46. Describe the increased efforts of Iago to work upon the jealousy and anger of Othello.
47. Does Iago here exhibit any trace of human pity or feeling?
48. Does any other great character of Shakespeare approach Iago in heartlessness and diabolic spirit?
49. How are the sorrow and compassion of Othello portrayed in Sc. i.?
50. How is shown the lowest depth of Iago's devilish perfidy?
51. Explain (Sc. i. 248) *Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.*
52. Does Emilia betray any suspicion of her husband when she says (Sc. ii. 130-133), *I will be hanged, etc.*?
53. Is Desdemona's song essential to the action of the drama; what is its artistic or dramatic purpose; what similar incident in Shakespeare does it recall?
54. How does Othello at first intend to kill Desdemona; what other means does Iago suggest, and why?
55. How does Desdemona receive Othello's accusation against her; how does Emilia treat it?
56. Does Iago deceive others as completely as he does Othello?
57. What relation does Act IV. bear to the main action of the play?

## ACT FIFTH.

58. How would the death of Cassio or Roderigo further the ends of Iago?

59. What does Roderigo's confession in view of death show as to his character?

60. By what means does Iago still forward his schemes?

61. What is Othello's mental condition during most of this Act? How does he justify himself in killing Desdemona?

62. Does Desdemona at last see that she and Othello have both been betrayed?

63. How does Desdemona face Othello's final determination to kill her; why does she beg for half an hour of grace?

64. How account for the fact that Desdemona died with a falsehood on her lips; was it an intentional falsehood, a mistake, or the result of a confused mind?

65. When Othello learns that Desdemona was innocent, how does he act?

66. Explain (Sc. ii. 7) *Put out the light, and then put out the light.*

67. What is the allusion in line 347: *Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away?*

68. Explain Iago's last speech in the play.

69. What is shown by comparing Desdemona and Emilia?

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70. Is this play marked by Shakespeare's usual breadth of treatment?

71. What is the purpose of soliloquy in the modern drama; has it any relation to the chorus of ancient drama?

72. Describe the purpose and effect of Iago's soliloquy at the end of Act I.

73. Does any other character of Shakespeare's soliloquize as much as Iago?

74. Could the subtle and wicked spirit and purposes of Iago so well be made known in any other manner?

75. How were love and marriage regarded by Othello; by Desdemona; by Iago; by Emilia?

76. Compare these characters in any respect to others in Shakespeare.

77. Interpret Shakespeare's contrasting of humour and tragedy, as in Act III., at its beginning, and at the opening of Sc. iv.;

## Questions

with what scene of *Hamlet* may it be compared in respect of dramatic purpose?

78. In view of his character, what value has Iago's estimate of *good name*?

79. In the mouth of villainy has the praise of virtue any ethical significance?

80. What is the secret power by which a man like Iago makes even innocent persons, as well as circumstances, conspire to serve his evil purposes?

81. Is the source of Iago's influence over Othello more to be seen in Iago's own complex and diabolical genius or in Othello's simplicity of nature?

82. What is the ethical import of this play as dealing with love, jealousy, hate, revenge, etc.?

83. Does good here seem to be vanquished and evil prospered; is the influence of the play on the side of pessimism or of optimism?

84. Indicate the usual contrasts between the jealousies of noble souls and those of base.

85. Is there anywhere a better portrayal of such contrasts as appear between Othello and Iago than in this play?

86. What is to be said of the art whereby Shakespeare makes the Moor so admirable, notwithstanding his limitations, and even renders Iago fascinating in spite of all his "inscrutable depravity"?







## HENRY IV.—Parts I. and II.

### Preface.

**The Early Editions.** (I.) *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth*, entered on the Stationers' Registers, under date of February 25, 1597-8, appeared for the first time in a Quarto edition, with the following title-page:—"The History of Henrie the Fourth; with the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstaffe. At London. Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." (*Cp. Grigg's Facsimile edition.*)

No less than five subsequent Quarto editions appeared before the publication of the play in the first Folio; they were issued in 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622. Other Quartos belong to the years 1632 and 1639. Each edition seems to have been derived from its predecessor.

The title of the play in the Folio is, "The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Surnamed Hotspurre." The Cambridge editors refer the Folio text to a partially corrected copy of the fifth Quarto. The earlier Quartos were, however, probably consulted by the corrector.

(II.) *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was first published in Quarto in 1600, with the following title-page:—"The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henry the fifth. With the humours of Sir John Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundry times publikely acted by the

right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600." (*Cp. Grigg's Facsimile edition.*) The play was entered by the publishers upon the Stationers' Registers on August 23rd of the same year.

By some accident the first scene of Act III. had been omitted in some copies of the Quarto. The error was rectified by inserting two new leaves, the type of some of the preceding and following leaves being used; hence there are two different impressions of the latter part of Act II. and the beginning of Act. III. ii.

The text of this Part in the first Folio was probably ultimately derived from a transcript of the original MS. It contains passages which had evidently been originally omitted in order to shorten the play for the stage. "Some of these are among the finest in the play, and are too closely connected with the context to allow of the supposition that they were later additions, inserted by the author after the publication of the Quarto" (Cambridge editors). Similarly, the Quarto contains passages not found in the Folio, and for the most part "the Quarto is to be regarded as having the higher critical value."

**Date of Composition.** There is almost unanimity among scholars in assigning 1 *Henry IV.* to the year 1596-1597. (i.) According to Chalmers, the opening lines of the play "plainly allude" to the expedition against Spain in 1596. Similarly the expression 'the poor fellow never joyed since the price of oats rose' (II. i.) may be connected with the *Proclamation for the Dearth of Corn*, etc., issued in the same year. The introduction of the word 'valiant,' detrimental to the metre of the line, in Act V. iv. 41,

*"The spirits*

*Of (valiant) Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms,"*

may perhaps also point to 1596-7 as the original date of

composition: the Shirleys were knighted by the Queen in 1597.

(ii.) The earliest reference to the play occurs in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; while Ben Jonson ends his *Every Man Out of His Humour* with the words, "You may in time make lean Macilente as fat as Sir John Falstaff." In the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, Christmas, 1598, there are what seem to be obvious reminiscences of the tapster's '*Anon, Anon, Sir.*'\* The point is of special interest in view of Mr. H. P. Stokes' suggestion that 1 *Henry IV.* was itself originally a Christmas play of the previous year, 1597.

(iii.) General considerations of style corroborate these pieces of external evidence; its subtle characterization, "its reckless ease and full creative power," its commingling of the serious and the comic, its free use of verse and prose, make the play "a splendid and varied historic tragi-comedy" rather than a mere "history,"—"historic in its personages and its spirit, yet blending the high heroic poetry of chivalry with the most original inventions of broad humour" (Verplanck). *Henry IV.* bears, in fact, the same relationship to *Richard III.*, *King John*, and *Richard II.* that *The Merchant of Venice* does to such early comedies as *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen*, *Comedy of Errors*, etc. The simple plots of the earlier histories gave place to the more complex *Henry IV.*, much in the same way as the simple love-comedies were succeeded by the polymythic method of *The Merchant of Venice*. As far as the introduction of prose is concerned, the case of the present play is specially remarkable;† the earlier historical pieces, following the example of Marlowe's *Edward II.*, contained practically no prose at all. Similarly, in his avoidance of rhyme as a

\* Cp. "I shall no sooner open this pint pot but the word like a knave-tapster will cry '*Anon, Anon, Sir.*'" etc."

† 1464 lines of prose occur in 1 *Henry IV.*, and 1860 lines in 2 *Henry IV.*, out of a total 3170 and 3437 lines respectively.

trick of dramatic rhetoric, Shakespeare shows, in *Henry IV.*, that he has learnt to differentiate between his lyrical and dramatic gifts. His earlier work in the department of history was indeed largely experimental, and bore many marks of Shakespeare's apprentice hand; none of these previous efforts produced a typically Shakespearian drama; in *Henry IV.* Shakespeare, as it were, discovered himself.

The *Second Part of Henry IV.*, "at once the supplement and epilogue of the first part, and the preparation for the ensuing dramatic history of *Henry V.*," may with certainty be dated 1598-9. Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of His Humour*, acted in 1599, contains an early allusion to Justice Silence.\* It was probably not written, as has been maintained on insufficient ground, before the Stationers' entry of 1 *Henry IV.* in 1598, the title-page of the first Quarto of Part I., as well as the entry, imply that no second part was then in existence. 'Christmas, 1598,' may perhaps be the actual date of its first production.

**The Sources of the Plot.** The materials of both parts of *Henry IV.* were derived from (I.) Hall's and Holinshed's *Chronicles*, and (II.) from the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, which was acted before 1588, and of which editions appeared in 1594 and 1597 (Hazlitt, *Shakespeare Library*, Pt. II. i. 323).

(I.) On the whole, Shakespeare has followed history closely in this play; among the most striking deviations is, perhaps, Shakespeare's intentional change in making Hotspur and the Prince of the same age, in order to heighten the contrast between them. The characters of Glendower, Northumberland, Mowbray, the Archbishop, and Prince John, as well as that of Hotspur, have all undergone slight changes at Shakespeare's hands. Noteworthy errors (due to the original *Chronicles*) are:—(i.) calling the Earl of Fife son to the beaten Douglas—

\* *Savi.* What's he, gentle Mons. Brisk? Not that gentleman?  
*Fasl.* No, lady; this is a kinsman to Justice Silence.

an error due to the omission of a comma in Holinshed ; (ii.) confounding the Edward Mortimer, prisoner, and afterwards son-in-law of Glendower, and second son of the first Earl of March, with his nephew the Earl of March, entitled to the throne by legitimate succession, at this time a child in close keeping at Windsor Castle. Hence, in one place, Lady Percy is correctly styled Mortimer's sister, in another she is referred to as his aunt (Lloyd, *Critical Essays*, p. 228; Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*, I. pp. 75-159).

(II.) The old Chronicle of *The Famous Victories* certainly provided Shakespeare with substantial hints for the comic element of his play,—“Ned, Gadshill, the old tavern in Eastcheap, the hostess, the recognition of Sir John Oldcastle, or at least his horse, down even to the ‘race of ginger,’ that was to be delivered as far as Charing Cross, meet our eyes as we turn over the pages,” but, in the words of the same critic, “never before did genius ever transmute so base a *caput mortuum* into ore so precious.”

**Falstaff.** Sir John Oldcastle, one of the Prince's wild companions in the old play, appears to have been the original of the character subsequently called Sir John Falstaff. A trace of the old name is still to be found in 1 *Henry IV.*, where the Prince addresses the knight as ‘*my old lad of the castle*’ (I. ii. 45) : in 2 *Henry IV.* (Quarto 1), the prefix *Old*. is found before one of Falstaff's speeches. The fact that “Falstaff” was substituted for “Oldcastle” throughout the plays perhaps explains the metrical imperfections of such a line as ‘*Away, good Ned, Falstaff sweats to death*’ (II. ii. 112). In the final Epilogue the change is still further emphasised (*vide* Note on the passage, 2 *Henry IV.*). The tradition, however, remained, and in the Prologue to the play of *Sir John Oldcastle* (printed in 1600, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page of some copies) direct reference is made to the degradation the Lollard martyr had suffered at the hands of the dramatist:—

*"It is no pampered glutton we present,  
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,  
But one whose virtue shone above the rest.  
. . . . Let fair truth be graced,  
Since forged invention former times defaced."*

As late as 1618, Nathaniel Field, in his *Amends for Ladies*, referred to "the fat Knight, hight Oldcastle," and not to Falstaff, as he who "truly told what honour was." This single passage, in Mr. Halliwell's opinion, would alone render it highly probable that some of the theatres in acting *Henry II.* retained the name after the author had altered it to that of Falstaff. (Hence it is inferring too much to argue from the prefix '*Old.*' in a single passage, 2 *Henry IV.*, I. ii. 137, that the Second Part of the play was written previously to the date of entry of the First Part, in February, 1598.)

There is in this case abundance of evidence to confirm the ancient tradition handed down to us by Rowe, that "this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle; some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it." Many Protestant writers protested against the degradation of the famous Lollard. "It is easily known," wrote Fuller in his *Worthies of England* (ed. 1811, ii. p. 131-2), "out of what purse this black penny came; the Papists railing on him for a heretic, and therefore he must also be a coward, though indeed he was a man of arms, every inch of him, and as valiant as any in his age." \*

"Now," continued old Fuller, "as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in. . . . Nor is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name; . . . few do heed

\* *Cp. Tennyson's Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, with its noble vindication of the martyr's character:—*

*"Faint-hearted? tut! faint-stomached! faint as I am,  
God-willing, I will burn for Him."*



the inconsiderable difference in spelling of their name." Falstaff seems indeed to owe something more than his mere name to the famous Sir John Fastolf (c. 1378-1459), the degradation of whose character comes out so strongly in 1 *Henry VI.* (III. ii. 104-9; iv. 19-47), "where Fastolf (spelt Falstaff) is portrayed as a contemptible craven in the presence of Joan of Arc's forces; and as publicly stripped of his garter by Talbot."

Perhaps Fastolf's reputed sympathy with Lollardism may, as Mr. Gairdner suggests, have encouraged Shakespeare to bestow his name on a character bearing the appellation of an acknowledged Lollard like Oldcastle. Both characters suffered at the hands of their enemies; but the historical Sir John Fastolf, even as the historical Sir John Oldcastle, found many enthusiasts ready to defend his memory.

"To avouch him by many arguments valiant is to maintain that the sun is bright," wrote Fuller in the noteworthy passage already quoted, though the stage hath been overbold with his memory, making him a *threasonical puff*, and emblem of mock valour."\* (*The Character of Sir John Falstaff*, by J. O. Halliwell, 1841; Gairdner and Spedding's *Studies*, pp. 54-77, "*On the Historical Elements in Shakespeare's Falstaff*"; vide "*Sir John Fastolf*" in *Dictionary of National Biography*, by Sidney Lee, etc.); *cp.* Preface to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

**Duration of Action.** (I.) The time of 1 *Henry IV.*, as analysed by Mr. P. A. Daniel, covers ten 'historical' days, with three *extra* Falstaffian days, and intervals. Total dramatic time, three months at the outside (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.*, 477-79):—

\* "The magnificent knight, Sir John Fastolf, bequeathed estates to Magdalen College, Oxford, part of which were appropriated to buy liveries for some of the senior scholars; but the benefactions in time yielding no more than a penny a week to the scholars who received the liveries, they were called, by way of contempt, *Falstaff's buckram-men*" (Warton).

## Preface

## PARTS I. AND II. OF

*Day 1.* Act I. i. London. News of the battle of Holmedon, etc. *Interval:* a week (?). Hotspur comes to Court.

[*Day 1a.* Act I. ii. London. Falstaff, Prince Hal, etc. The robbery at Gadshill planned.]

*Day 2.* Act I. iii. Rebellion of the Percys planned. *Interval:* some three or four weeks.

*Day 3.* Act II. iii. Hotspur resolves to join the confederates at Bangor. *Interval:* a week. Hotspur and Worcester reach Bangor.

[*Days 2a, 3a.* Act II. i. ii. iv.; (Act III. ii.)]

*Day 4.* Act III. i. Bangor. *Interval:* about a fortnight.

*Day 5.* Act III. ii. Prince Hal and his father. *Interval:* about a week.

*Day 6.* Act III. iii. Prince Hal informs Falstaff of his appointment to a charge of foot for the wars. *Interval:* a week.

*Day 7.* Act IV. i. Rebel camp near Shrewsbury. *Interval.*

*Day 8.* Act IV. ii. Near Coventry.

*Day 9.* Act IV. iii. The rebel camp. Act IV. iv. York.

*Day 10.* Act V. i. to v. The battle of Shrewsbury.

The historic period represented ranges from the defeat of Mortimer by Glendower, 12th June, 1402, to the Battle of Shrewsbury, 21st July, 1403.

(II.) The time of 2 *Henry IV.* occupies nine days as represented on the stage, with three extra Falstaffian days, comprising altogether a period of about two months:—

*Day 1.* Act I. i. *Interval.*

*Day 2.* Act I. iii.; Act II. iii. *Interval* (within which fall *Day 1a:* Act I. ii. and *Day 2a:* Act II. i. ii. iv.).

*Day 3* (the morrow of *Day 2a*): Act III. i. *Interval.*

*Day 4.* Act III. ii. *Interval.*

*Day 5.* Act IV. i.-iii. *Interval.*



# KING HENRY IV.

## Preface

*Day 6.* Act IV. iv. v.

*Day 7.* Act V. ii. *Interval* (including *Day 3a*: Act V. i. iii.).

*Day 8.* Act V. iv.

*Day 9.* Act V. v.

The historic period covers from 21st July, 1403, to 9th April, 1413.



The Battle of Shrewsbury.

From a drawing by John Rous (c. 1485) in the *Life of Richard Beauchamp Earl of Warwick* (MS. Cott. Jul. E. iv.).

## Critical Comments.

### I.

#### Argument.

**I.** After Bolingbroke has deposed Richard II. of England and ascended the throne as Henry IV., he seeks a time of peace to go on his long-contemplated crusade; but is dissuaded from his purpose by the news of uprisings and battles in Wales and Scotland. The Scots under the command of Douglas make an incursion and at Holmedon suffer defeat by the English forces of Northumberland's son, Henry Percy, the famous Hotspur of history. The King no sooner hears of the victory than he demands the prisoners. These Hotspur is unwilling to give up unless the King will ransom Percy's kinsman, Mortimer. They quarrel; and Hotspur sends his prisoners home without ransom and plots with both the Scots and the Welsh to overthrow the sovereign he had so recently helped to seat.

**II.** The madcap pranks and dissolute companions of the Prince of Wales are a source of anxiety to his father. The Prince's boon companion is a corpulent warrior, Sir John Falstaff, who wars mainly with his tongue and the wine-bottle. Falstaff and three companions rob some travellers on the highway, and are set upon in turn by the Prince and one comrade in disguise, who put them to flight; and when later Falstaff would boast of his imaginary encounter with innumerable foes the Prince has a hearty laugh at his expense. His merriment is interrupted by news from the court of Hotspur's rising in the north.

III. The Prince immediately awakes to a sense of his responsibilities, assures his royal father of his intention to be more worthy of the title of Prince, and is entrusted with a wing of the army that is proceeding against Hotspur.

IV. Hotspur is disadvantaged by the non-arrival of bodies of troops counted on by him from his father and from Wales. Nevertheless he encamps at Shrewsbury, and resolves on instant battle when the royal troops approach.

V. The King leads his army in person, and before Shrewsbury holds parley with the rebels, to whom he promises pardon if they will lay down their arms. But Hotspur is misinformed of the terms of parley and gives battle. In the spirited and decisive contest the rebels are defeated. Hotspur is slain by the Prince—though credit for the death is claimed by the rascally Falstaff—and King Henry begins to realize the true worth of his valiant son.

McSPADDEN : *Shakespearian Synopses*.

## II.

### Henry, Prince of Wales.

With respect to Henry's youthful follies, Shakspeare deviated from all authorities known to have been accessible to him. "An extraordinary conversion was generally thought to have fallen upon the Prince on coming to the crown—insomuch that the old chroniclers could only account for the change by some miracle of grace or touch of supernatural benediction." Shakspeare, it would seem, engaged now upon historical matter, and not the fantastic substance of a comedy, found something incredible in the sudden transformation of a reckless libertine (the Henry described by Caxton, by Fabyan, and others) into a character of majestic force and large practical wisdom. Rather than reproduce this incredible

popular tradition concerning Henry, Shakspeare preferred to attempt the difficult task of exhibiting the Prince as a sharer in the wild frolic of youth, while at the same time he was holding himself prepared for the splendid entrance upon his manhood, and stood really aloof in his inmost being from the unworthy life of his associates.

The change which effected itself in the Prince, as represented by Shakspeare, was no miraculous conversion, but merely the transition from boyhood to adult years, and from unchartered freedom to the solemn responsibilities of a great ruler. We must not suppose that Henry formed a deliberate plan for concealing the strength and splendour of his character, in order, afterwards, to flash forth upon men's sight and overwhelm and dazzle them. When he soliloquizes (I. ii. 205 *et seq.*), having bidden farewell to Poins and Falstaff,

“I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyoked humour of your idleness:  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him”—

when Henry soliloquizes thus, we are not to suppose that he was quite as wise and diplomatical as he pleased to represent himself, for the time being, to his own heart and conscience. The Prince entered heartily and without reserve into the fun and frolic of his Eastcheap life; the vigour and the folly of it were delightful; to be clapped on the back, and shouted for as “Hal,” was far better than the doffing of caps and crooking of knees, and delicate, unreal phraseology of the court. But Henry, at the same time, kept himself from subjugation to what was really base. He could truthfully stand before his father (III. ii.) and maintain that his nature was

substantially sound and untainted, capable of redeeming itself from all past, superficial dishonour.

Has Shakspeare erred? Or is it not possible to take energetic part in a provisional life, which is known to be provisional, while at the same time a man holds his truest self in reserve for the life that is best and highest and most real? May not the very consciousness, indeed, that such a life is provisional, enable one to give one's self away to it, satisfying its demands with scrupulous care, or with full and free enjoyment, as a man could not if it were a life which had any chance of engaging his whole personality, and that finally? Is it possible to adjust two states of being, one temporary and provisional, the other absolute and final, and to pass freely out of one into the other? Precisely because the one is perfect and indestructible, it does not fear the counter-life. May there not have been passages in Shakspeare's own experience which authorized him in his attempt to exhibit the successful adjustment of two apparently incoherent lives? . . . From the coldness, the caution, the convention, of his father's court (an atmosphere which suited well the temperament of John of Lancaster), Henry escapes to the teeming vitality of the London streets, and the tavern where Falstaff is monarch. There, among hostlers, and carriers, and drawers, and merchants, and pilgrims, and loud robustious women, he at least has freedom and frolic. "If it be a sin to covet honour," Henry declares, "I am the most offending soul alive." But the honour that Henry covets is not that which Hotspur is ambitious after:—

"By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon."

The honour that Henry covets is the achievement of great deeds, not the words of men which vibrate around such deeds. Falstaff, the despiser of honour, labours across the field, bearing the body of the fallen Hotspur, the impassioned pursuer of glory, and, in his fashion of

splendid imposture or stupendous joke, the fat knight claims credit for the achievement of the day's victory. Henry is not concerned, on this occasion, to put the old sinner to shame. To have added to the deeds of the world a glorious deed is itself the only honour that Henry seeks.

DOWDEN : *Shakspeare.*

### III.

#### Hotspur.

It is exceedingly difficult to speak of Hotspur satisfactorily; not indeed because the lines of his character are not bold and prominent enough, but rather because they are so much so. For his frame is greatly disproportioned, which causes him to be all the more distinguishable, and perhaps to seem larger than he really is; and one of his leading excesses manifests itself in a wiry, close-twisted, red-hot speech, which burns into the mind such an impression of him as must needs make any commentary seem prosaic and dull. There is no mistaking him: no character in Shakespeare stands more apart in plenitude of peculiarity; and stupidity itself can hardly so disguise or disfigure him with criticism, but that he will still be recognized by any one that has ever seen him. He is as much a monarch in his sphere as the King and Falstaff are in theirs; only they rule more by power, he by emphasis and stress: there is something in them that takes away the will and spirit of resistance; he makes everything bend to his arrogant, domineering, capricious temper. Who that has been with him in the scenes at the palace and at Bangor, can ever forget his bounding, sarcastic, overbearing spirit? How he hits all about him, and makes the feathers fly wherever he hits! It seems as if his tongue could go through the world, and strew the road behind it with splinters. And how steeped his speech everywhere is in the poetry of



the sword! In what compact and sinewy platoons and squadrons the words march out of his mouth in bristling rank and file! as if from his birth he had been cradled on the iron breast of war. How doubly charged he is, in short, with the electricity of chivalry! insomuch that you can touch him nowhere but that he will give you a shock. . . .

Another consequence, apparently, of Hotspur's having so much of passion in his head, is the singular absence of mind so well described by Prince Henry, and so finely exemplified in the scene with his wife; where, after she has closed her noble strain of womanly eloquence, he calls in a servant, makes several inquiries about his horse and orders him to be brought into the park, hears her reproof, exchanges some questions with her, and fights a battle in imagination, before he answers her tender remonstrance. Here it is plain that his absence is not from any lack of strength, but from a certain rapidity and skittishness of mind: he has not the control of his thinking; the issues of his brain being so conceived in fire as to preclude steadiness of attention and the pauses of thought: that which strikes his mind last must pop out first; and, in a word, he is rather possessed by his thoughts, than possessing them.

The qualities we have remarked must needs in a great measure unfit Hotspur for a military leader in regular warfare; the whole working of his nature being too impulsive and heady for the counterpoise of so weighty an undertaking. Too impetuous and eager for the contest to concert operations, too impatient for the end to await the adjustment of means; abundantly able to fight battles, but not to scheme them; he is qualified to succeed only in the hurlyburly of border warfare, where success comes more by fury of onset than by wisdom of plan. All which is finely shown just before the battle of Shrewsbury, where if he be not perversely wrong-headed, he is so headstrong, peremptory, and confident even to rashness, as to render him quite impracticable:

we see, and his fellow-chieftains see, that there is no coming to a temper with him; that he will be sure to fall out and quarrel with whoever stands out from or against his purposes. Yet he nowhere appears more truly the noble Hotspur than on this occasion, when amidst the falling off of friends, the backwardness of allies, and the thickening of dangers, his ardent and brave spirit turns his very disadvantages into sources of confidence.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

#### IV.

### Sir John Falstaff.

He [Falstaff] is a man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality, a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier without either dignity, decency, or honour. This is a character which, though it may be decomposed, could not, I believe, have been formed, nor the ingredients of it duly mingled, upon any receipt whatever. It required the hand of Shakspeare himself to give to every particular part a relish of the whole, and of the whole to every particular part.

MORGANN: *The Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.*

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Falstaff is perhaps the most substantial comic character that ever was invented. Sir John carries a most portly presence in the mind's eye; and in him, not to speak it profanely, "we behold the fulness of the spirit of wit and humour bodily." We are as well acquainted with his person as his mind, and his jokes come upon us with double force and relish from the quantity of flesh through which they make their way, as he shakes his fat sides with laughter or "lards the lean earth as he



walks along." Other comic characters seem, if we approach and handle them, to resolve themselves into air, "into thin air"; but this is embodied and palpable to the grossest apprehension: it lies "three fingers deep upon the ribs," it plays about the lungs and diaphragm with all the force of animal enjoyment. His body is like a good estate to his mind, from which he receives rents and revenues of profit and pleasure in kind, according to its extent and the richness of the soil. . . . He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, etc., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian, who should represent him to the life, before one of the police offices. We only consider the number of pleasant lights in which he puts certain foibles (the more pleasant as they are opposed to the received rules and necessary restraints of society), and do not trouble ourselves about the consequences resulting from them, for no mischievous consequences do result. Sir John is old as well as fat, which gives a melancholy retrospective tinge to his character; and by the disparity between his inclinations and his capacity for enjoyment, makes it still more ludicrous and fantastical.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

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Nothing can be less like the mere mouthpiece of an idea or the representative of a tendency than Falstaff, whose incomparably vivid personality is rather, notwithstanding his childlike innocence of mental or moral conflict, a very meeting-point of conflicting traits. But we

can hardly be wrong in regarding as the decisive trait which justifies the extraordinary rôle he plays in this drama, his wonderful gift of *non-moral humour*. It is his chief occupation to cover with immortal ridicule the ideals of heroic manhood—the inward honour which the Prince maintains, a little damaged, in his company, as well as the outward honour which Hotspur would fain pluck from the pale-faced moon. His reputation is a bubble which he delights to blow for the pleasure of seeing it burst. He comes of a good stock, has been page to the Duke of Norfolk, and exchanged jests with John of Gaunt. But like the Prince, and like Hotspur, he is a rebel to the traditions of his order; and he is the greatest rebel of the three. Shakespeare's contemporaries, however, and the whole seventeenth century, conceived his revolt as yet more radical than it was, taking him, as the Prince does, for a genuine coward endowed with an inimitable faculty of putting a good face on damaging facts. Since the famous essay of Maurice Morgann criticism has inclined even excessively to the opposite extreme, conceiving him as from first to last a genial artist in humour, who plays the coward for the sake of the monstrous caricature of valour that he will make in rebutting the charge. The admirable battle-scene at Shrewsbury is thus the very kernel of the play. It is altogether a marvellous example of epic material penetrated through and through with dramatic invention: and Shakespeare's boldest innovations in the political story are here concentrated. Here the Prince reveals his noble quality as at once a great warrior, a loyal son, and a generous foe—in the duel with Hotspur, the rescue of his father, and the ransomless release of Douglas:—all incidents unknown to the *Chronicles*. Here Hotspur falls a victim to his infatuated disdain of the rival whose valour had grown "like the summer grass, fastest by night." And here Falstaff, the mocker at honour, lies motionless side by side with its extravagant devotee—not like him dead, but presently to conjure up

the wonderful phantom of the fight for a good hour by Shrewsbury clock.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

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Shakespeare created a kind of English Bacchus at a time when every kind of fruit or grain that could be made into a beverage was drunk in vast quantities; and sack, which was Falstaff's native element, was both strong and sweet. Falstaff is saved by his humour and his genius; he lies, steals, boasts, and takes to his legs in time of peril, with such superb consistency and in such unfailing good spirits that we are captivated by his vitality. It would be as absurd to apply ethical standards to him as to Silenus or Bacchus; he is a creature of the elemental forces; a personification of the vitality which is in bread and wine; a satyr become human, but moving buoyantly and joyfully in an unmoral world. And yet the touch of the ethical law is on him; he is not a corrupter by intention, and he is without malice; but as old age brings its searching revelation of essential characteristics, his humour broadens into coarseness, his buoyant animalism degenerates into lust; and he is saved from contempt at the end by one of those exquisite touches with which the great-hearted Poet loves to soften and humanize degeneration.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

## V.

### Falstaff's Wit.

He is one of the brightest and wittiest spirits England has ever produced. He is one of the most glorious creations that ever sprang from a poet's brain. There is much rascality and much genius in him, but there is no trace of mediocrity. He is always superior to his surroundings, always resourceful, always witty, always at

his ease, often put to shame, but, thanks to his inventive effrontery, never put out of countenance. He has fallen below his social position; he lives in the worst (though also in the best) society; he has neither soul, nor honour, nor moral sense; but he sins, robs, lies, and boasts, with such splendid exuberance, and is so far above any serious attempt at hypocrisy, that he seems unfailingly amiable whatever he may choose to do. Therefore he charms every one, although he is a butt for the wit of all. He perpetually surprises us by the wealth of his nature. . . .

Here, in the First Part, Falstaff is still a demi-god, supreme alike in intellect and in wit. With this figure the popular drama which Shakespeare represented won its first decisive battle over the literary drama which followed in the footsteps of Seneca. We can actually hear the laughter of the "yard" and the gallery surging around his speeches like waves around a boat at sea. It was the old sketch of Parolles in *Love's Labour's Won*, which had here taken on a new amplitude of flesh and blood. There was much to delight the groundlings—Falstaff is so fat and yet so mercurial, so old and yet so youthful in all his tastes and vices. But there was far more to delight the spectators of higher culture, in his marvellous quickness of fence, which can parry every thrust, and in the readiness which never leaves him tongue-tied, or allows him to confess himself beaten. Yes, there was something for every class of spectators in this mountain of flesh, exuding wit at every pore, in this hero without shame or conscience, in this robber, poltroon, and liar, whose mendacity is quite poetic, Münchausesque, in this cynic with the brazen forehead and a tongue as supple as a Toledo blade. His talk is like Bellman's after him:—

"A dance of all the gods upon Olympus,  
With fauns and graces and the muses twined."

The men of the Renaissance revelled in his wit, much as

the men of the Middle Ages had enjoyed the popular legends of Reinecke Fuchs and his rogueries.

Falstaff reaches his highest point of wit and drollery in that typical soliloquy on honour, in which he indulges on the battle-field of Shrewsbury (V. i.), a soliloquy which almost categorically sums him up, in contradistinction to the other leading personages. For all the characters here stand in a certain relation to the idea of honour—the King, to whom honour means dignity; Hotspur, to whom it means the halo of renown; the Prince, who loves it as the opposite of outward show; and Falstaff, who, in his passionate appetite for the material good things of life, rises entirely superior to it and shows its nothingness.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

## VI.

### Owen Glendower.

Owen Glendower—the “damned Glendower” of the King—the “great Glendower” of Hotspur—“he of Wales,” that “swore the devil his true liege-man,” of the Prince, was among the most bold and enterprising of the warriors of his age. The immediate cause of his outbreak against the power of Henry IV. was a quarrel with Lord Grey of Ruthyn, on the occasion of which the parliament of Henry seems to have treated Owen with injustice; but there can be no doubt that the great object of his ambition was to restore the independence of Wales. In the *guerilla* warfare which he waged against Henry, he was eminently successful; and his boast in this drama is historically true, that—

“Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head  
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,  
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.”

Shakspeare has seized, with wonderful exactness, upon all the features of his history and character, and of the popular superstitions connected with him. They all belonged to the region of poetry. Glendower says:—

“at my birth,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes.”

The old chroniclers say, “the same night he was born all his father’s horses were found to stand in blood up to their bellies.” His pretensions as a magician, which Shakspeare has most beautifully connected with his enthusiastic and poetical temperament, made him a greater object of fear than even his undoubted skill and valour. When the king pursued him into his mountains, Owen (as Holinshed relates) “conveyed himself out of the way into his known lurking-places, and, as was thought, through art magic he caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snow, and hail to be raised for the annoyance of the king’s army that the like had not been heard of.” His tedious stories to Hotspur—

“of the moldwarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;  
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing’d griffin, and a moulten raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat”—

were old Welsh prophecies which the people in general, and very likely Glendower himself, devoutly believed. According to Holinshed, it was upon the faith of one of these prophecies in particular that the tripartite indenture of Mortimer, Hotspur, and Glendower was executed. “This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophecy, as though King Henry was the moldwarp, cursed of God’s own mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them.” Glendower might probably have

“Believ’d the magic wonders which he sang,”



but he was no vulgar enthusiast. He was "trained up in the English court," as he describes himself, and he was probably "exceedingly well read," as Mortimer describes him, for he had been a barrister of the Middle Temple. When the Parliament, who rudely dismissed his petition against Lord Grey of Ruthyn, refused to listen to "barefooted blackguards," it can scarcely be wondered that he should raise the standard of rebellion. The Welsh from all parts of England, even the students of Oxford, crowded home to fight under the banners of an independent Prince of Wales. Had Glendower joined the Percies before the battle of Shrewsbury, which he was most probably unable to do, he might for a time have ruled a kingdom, instead of perishing in wretchedness and obscurity, after years of unavailing contest.

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspeare.*

## VII.

### Douglas.

Douglas is a creation that adds wonderful force to the scene, and aids in giving dignity and relief both to the King and to Hotspur. There is somewhat barbarous and uncivilized in his traits that speaks of a nation remoter from refinement than Northumberland. He asserts and dwells upon his own boldness with as little delicacy as he imputes fear and cold heart to Worcester, and is more petulant and inconsiderate in urging on the battle prematurely than Hotspur himself. Brave and most efficient he is as a soldier even to excite the enthusiastic admiration of his ally, but when he finds himself overmatched he runs away without hesitation, though it be to look for an opponent he can better cope with, and in the rout he is captured by most undignified catastrophe: "upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest," the hero who professed that the word fear was unknown in Scotland:—

“And falling from a hill he was so bruised—  
That the pursuers took him.”

This accident is historical, like his military renown, and in the seeming incongruity Shakespeare found the key of the character. The Douglas of this play always reminds me of the Ares of the Iliad—a coarse exponent of the mere animal propensity to pugnacity, delighting in the circumstances of homicide, but when pierced by the spear of Diomed, hastily flying from the conflict and bellowing aloud.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

### VIII.

#### King Henry.

Of all the strictly historical personages of this first part, Henry the Fourth himself alone seems drawn entirely and scrupulously from historical authority; and his is a portrait rivalling, in truth and discrimination, the happiest delineations of Plutarch or of Tacitus. He is contrasted alike to the frailties and to the virtues of his son; his talent, and the dignity with which it invests his cold and crafty policy, the absence of all nobler sentiment from the sagacious worldly wisdom of his counsels and opinions, his gloom, melancholy, and anxiety—all combine to form a portrait of a great and unhappy statesman, as true and as characteristic, though not as dark, as Tacitus has left us of Tiberius.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

### IX.

#### The Vassalry.

Shakspeare, in his usual masterly style, describes the vassalry in its chief representatives: the noble, hot-blooded, ambitious, and foolhardy Percy, who is ever



balancing the world on the point of his sword, who has pleasure only in war and military glory, and would stake the welfare of his country for the sake of a single heroic deed; the brave, noble-hearted Douglas, who is as ready to acknowledge Percy's superior military power, as to bid defiance to all the rest of the world, who, out of pure chivalrous gratitude, joins his victorious enemy in a dangerous and unpromising enterprise, although he is not urged on by any personal interest; the cold, calculating, intriguing, and ambitious Worcester, who is more a statesman than a knight, and again but half a statesman and half a knight; the irresolute Northumberland, who never knows whether he shall uphold his princely dignity, his great estates and the welfare of his house, or, like a knight errant, stake his all upon a single throw; lastly, the double-tongued Archbishop of York, who is half an ecclesiastical prince, and half a vassal, who preaches peace sword in hand, and would like to wed the worldliness of his desires to the holiness of his office;—all these are true Shakspearian characters, full, complete men, and yet, at the same time, but children of their age. In them we have a distinct reflex of the essential elements of vassalry. A state of semi-independence together with a state of semi-dependence; a defiance and arrogance, an ambition and love of dominion which, however, are ever at strife with a feeling of duty towards the kingdom and the King; the endeavour to make themselves strong by alliances, whereas, according to the nature of things, there is no truly uniting bond among them, and all are finally left to do as they please in spite of oaths and treaties; the contradiction in the knight whose sole object is personal honour and military glory, and the same knight who ought likewise to be a commander and a chief, governing country and people, a statesman and a politician;—all these characteristic features are set forth in delicate but definite outlines.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

## X.

## Brilliancy and Power of Henry IV.

With all sorts of readers and spectators this is the greatest favourite of the whole of Shakespeare's English histories, and, indeed, is perhaps the most popular of all dramatic compositions in the language. The popularity of this play has extended itself to the other histories with which it is connected, until it has made them all nearly as familiarly known as itself. It is probably owing quite as much to Falstaff and to Hotspur as to the several merits of the other histories—great as they are, though in very different degrees—that this whole dramatic series of histories have been mixed up with all our recollections and impressions of the Wars of York and Lancaster, and finally become substituted in the popular mind for all other history of the period. Thus it is to this play that the great majority of those at all familiar with old English history in its substantial reality, not as a meagre chronological abridgment of names and events, but exhibiting the men and deeds of the times, are indebted generally for their earliest and always their most vivid, impressive, and true conceptions of England's feudal ages. Of the ten plays of this historic series, the first part of *Henry IV.* is the most brilliant and various, and, therefore, the most attractive; while it is substantially as true as any of the rest in its historical instruction—although it is neither a dramatized chronicle in the old fashion, nor yet a strictly historical drama in the sense in which *Richard II.* and *Julius Cæsar* are pre-eminently entitled to that appellation—as presenting only historical personages and great public events with the condensed effect and sustained feeling of dramatic unity and interest.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

In *Henry IV.*, we return to our own England—

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed and famous for their birth.

(*Richard II.*, II. i.)

We come from the grace and beauty and wit of Portia, the curses and baffled vengeance of Shylock, the tender friendship of Antonio and Bassanio, and the rivalry of the courtiers of the sweet Bianca, the taming of Katherine the curst, to the headstrong valour of Hotspur, the wonderful wit of Falstaff, the vanquished rebels who wound England with their horses' hoofs, the noble rivalry of Henry Percy and Henry Prince of Wales—

*Hotspur.* O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,  
But I and Harry Monmouth—

and the sight of how "ever did rebellion find rebuke." Love gives place to war; kingdoms are striven for, not fair girls' hands; rebels, not shrews, are tamed. Let us look for a moment at the change from Shakspeare's early historical plays. It is one from spring to summer. Like Chaucer, he has been, as it were, to Dante's land, to Petrarch's, Boccaccio's home; and when he touches his native soil again, he springs from youth to manhood, from his First Period to his Second, from the cramp of rhyme, the faint characterization of *Richard II.*, to the freedom, the reckless ease, the full creative power of *Henry IV.* Granting that the rhetoric of the earlier play does still appear in Vernon's speech, etc., yet all its faint and shadowy secondary figures have vanished. Through every scene of *Henry IV.* beats the full, strong pulse of vigorous manhood and life.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspeare.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Fourth.*

HENRY, *Prince of Wales,* } *sons to the King.*  
JOHN *of Lancaster,* }

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*

HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

RICHARD SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of DOUGLAS.*

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, *a friend to the Archbishop of York.*

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*

LADY MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two  
Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *England.*

# The First Part of King Henry IV.

## ACT FIRST.

### Scene I.

*London. The palace.*

*Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

*King.* So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenced in stronds afar remote.  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs  
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven, 10  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way, and be no more opposed  
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:  
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross 20

We are impressed and engaged to fight,  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;  
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb  
To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
For our advantage on the bitter cross.  
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,  
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:  
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear 30  
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
What yesternight our council did decree  
In forwarding this dear expedience.

*Wcst.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set down  
But yesternight: when all athwart there came  
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;  
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower, 40  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
A thousand of his people butchered;  
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shameless transformation,  
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be  
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

*King.* It seems then that the tidings of this broil  
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

*Wcst.* This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;  
For more uneven and unwelcome news 50  
Came from the north and thus it did import:  
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,

Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,  
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met,  
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;  
As he that brought them, in the very heat  
And pride of their contention did take horse, 60  
Uncertain of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,  
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took  
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son 71  
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:  
And is not this an honourable spoil?  
A gallant prize? ah, cousin, is it not?

*West.* In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

*King.* Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin  
In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a son, 80  
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;  
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;  
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged  
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine, 90  
But let him from my thoughts. What think you,  
coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,  
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,  
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

*West.* This is his uncle's teaching: this is Worcester,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects;  
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

*King.* But I have sent for him to answer this; 100  
And for this cause awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:  
But come yourself with speed to us again;  
For more is to be said and to be done  
Than out of anger can be uttered.

*West.* I will, my liege. [Exeunt.

## Scene II.

*London. An apartment of the Prince's.*

*Enter the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*

*Fal.* Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

*Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old  
sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and



sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day. 10

*Fal.* Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king as God save thy grace—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,— 20

*Prince.* What, none?

*Fal.* No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

*Prince.* Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal. 30

*Prince.* Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed,

as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now:  
a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on  
Monday night and most dissolutely spent on  
Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by'  
and spent with crying 'Bring in'; now in as 40  
low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and  
by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not  
my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*Prince.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the  
castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet  
robe of durance?

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy  
quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I  
to do with a buff jerkin? 50

*Prince.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my hos-  
tess of the tavern?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many  
a time and oft.

*Prince.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fal.* No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all  
there.

*Prince.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would  
stretch; and where it would not, I have used my  
credit. 60

*Fal.* Yea, and so used it that, were it not here appa-  
rent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee,  
sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in  
England whe nthou art king? and resolution  
thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old  
father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou  
art king, hang a thief.

*Prince.* No; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a  
brave judge. 70

*Prince.* Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou  
shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so  
become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with  
my humour as well as waiting in the court, I  
can tell you.

*Prince.* For obtaining of suits?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hang-  
man hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as  
melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear. 80

*Prince.* Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

*Prince.* What sayest thou to a hare, or the melan-  
choly of Moor-ditch?

*Fal.* Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art  
indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet  
young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me  
no more with vanity. I would to God thou  
and I knew where a commodity of good names  
were to be bought. An old lord of the council 90  
rated me the other day in the street about you,  
sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked  
very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he  
talked wisely, and in the street too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the  
streets, and no man regards it.

*Fal.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed  
able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much  
harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it!

Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; 100  
and now am I, if a man should speak truly,  
little better than one of the wicked. I must  
give over this life, and I will give it over: by  
the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be  
damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

*Prince.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*Fal.* 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one;  
an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee;  
from praying to purse-taking. 110

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin  
for a man to labour in his vocation.

*Enter Poins.*

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have  
set a match. O, if men were to be saved by  
merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for  
him? This is the most omnipotent villain that  
ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Poins.* Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur  
Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? 120  
Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy  
soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last  
for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

*Prince.* Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall  
have his bargain; for he was never yet a  
breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his  
due.

*Poins.* Then art thou damned for keeping thy word  
with the devil.

*Prince.* Else he had been damned for cozening the 130  
devil.

*Poins.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning,  
by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are  
pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offer-  
ings, and traders riding to London with fat  
purses: I have vizards for you all; you have  
horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in  
Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow  
night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as 140  
sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purse full  
of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be  
hanged.

*Fal.* Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go  
not, I 'll hang you for going.

*Poins.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good  
fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the  
blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten  
shillings. 150

*Prince.* Well then, once in my days I 'll be a madcap.

*Fal.* Why, that 's well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I 'll be a traitor then, when thou  
art king.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me  
alone: I will lay him down such reasons for  
this adventure that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and 160  
him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest

may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance: Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

*Prince.* Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallowen summer! [Exit Falstaff.]

*Poins.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders. 170

*Prince.* How shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Poins.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them. 180

*Prince.* Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*Poins.* Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments. 190

*Prince.* Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for

the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason,  
I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will  
be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat  
rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how  
thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards,  
what blows, what extremities he endured; and  
in the reproof of this lies the jest. 200

*Prince.* Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things  
necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in  
Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

*Poins.* Farewell, my lord. [Exit.

*Prince.* I know you all, and will a while uphold  
The unyoked humour of your idleness;  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself, 210  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am, 220  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*]

### Scene III.

*London. The palace.*

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,  
Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

*King.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me; for accordingly  
You tread upon my patience: but be sure  
I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves 10  
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
And that same greatness to which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly.

*North.* My lord,—

*King.* Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:  
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.  
You have good leave to leave us: when we need 20  
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[*Exit Wor.*]

You were about to speak.

[*To North.*]



*North.*

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As is deliver'd to your majesty:  
Either envy, therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But I remember, when the fight was done, 30  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd  
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home;  
He was perfumed like a milliner;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose and took't away again;  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there, 40  
Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talk'd,  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded  
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay, 50  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,  
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the  
mark!—

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd 60  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answered indirectly, as I said;  
And I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord, 70  
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said  
To such a person and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
May reasonably die and never rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*King.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with proviso and exception,  
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer; 80  
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,  
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March

Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,  
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
For I shall never hold that man my friend 90  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
But by the chance of war: to prove that true  
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour 100  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:  
Three times they breathed and three times did they  
drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
Who, then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank  
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.  
Never did base and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds:  
Nor never could the noble Mortimer 110  
Receive so many, and all willingly:  
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

*King.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;  
He never did encounter with Glendower:  
I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
 Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth  
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me 121  
 As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,  
 We license your departure with your son.  
 Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.  
*[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.]*

*Hot.* An if the devil come and roar for them,  
 I will not send them: I will after straight  
 And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
 Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*North.* What, drunk with choler? stay and pause a while:  
 Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter Worcester.*

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer! 130  
 'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
 Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,  
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,  
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
 As high in the air as this unthankful king,  
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*North.* Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners; 140  
 And when I urged the ransom once again  
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,  
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd  
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

*North.* He was; I heard the proclamation:  
And then it was when the unhappy king,—  
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth  
Upon his Irish expedition; 150  
From whence he intercepted did return  
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth  
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then  
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
Heir to the crown?

*North.* He did; myself did hear it.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.  
But shall it be, that, you, that set the crown 160  
Upon the head of this forgetful man,  
And for his sake wear the detested blot  
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,  
That you a world of curses undergo,  
Being the agents, or base second means,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?  
O, pardon me that I descend so low,  
To show the line and the predicament  
Wherein you range under this subtle king;  
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, 170  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power  
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,  
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?  
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off  
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?  
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem 180  
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
Into the good thoughts of the world again,  
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt  
Of this proud king, who studies day and night  
To answer all the debt he owes to you  
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths;  
Therefore, I say,—

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more:

And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous, 190  
As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:  
Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honour cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs  
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. 200

*Hot.* By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;

So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
Without corrival all her dignities:  
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,  
But not the form of what he should attend. 210  
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.*                               Those same noble Scots  
That are your prisoners,—

*Hot.*                               I'll keep them all;  
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;  
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:  
I'll keep them, by this hand.

*Wor.*                               You start away  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.  
Those prisoners you shall keep.

*Hot.*                               Nay, I will; that's flat:  
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer; 220  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'  
Nay,  
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you, cousin; a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:  
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,  
But that I think his father loves him not 231  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

*North.* Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool  
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with  
rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear 240  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—

A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;

'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,

His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—

'Sblood!—

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

*North.* At Berkley-castle.

*Hot.* You say true:

250

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'

And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin';

O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!

Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to it again;

We will stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done, i' faith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight, 260

And make the Douglas' son your only mean

For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assured.



Will easily be granted. You, my lord,  
[*To Northumberland.*  
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,  
The archbishop.

*Hot.* Of York, is it not?

*Wor.* True; who bears hard 270  
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.  
I speak not this in estimation,  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,  
And only stays but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.

*North.* Before the game is a-foot, thou still let'st slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:  
And then the power of Scotland and of York. 280  
To join with Mortimer, ha?

*Wor.* And so they shall

*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads by raising of a head;  
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
The king will always think him in our debt,  
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:  
And see already how he doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love. 290

*Hot.* He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.

*Wor.* Cousin, farewell: no further go in this  
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,  
 I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;  
 Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,  
 As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*North.* Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short 301  
 Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT SECOND.

### Scene I.

*Rochester. An inn yard.*

*Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.*

*First Car.* Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day,  
 I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new  
 chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What,  
 ostler!

*Ost.* [*Within*] Anon, anon.

*First Car.* I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a  
 few flocks in the point; poor jade, is wrung in  
 the withers out of all cess.

*Enter another Carrier.*

*Sec. Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog,  
 and that is the next way to give poor jades the  
 bots: this house is turned upside down since 10  
 Robin Ostler died.

*First Car.* Poor fellow, never joyed since the price  
 of oats rose; it was the death of him.

*Sec. Car.* I think this be the most villanous house  
in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a  
tench.

*First Car.* Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er  
a king christen could be better bit than I have  
been since the first cock.

*Sec. Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, 20  
and then we leak in your chimney; and your  
chamberlie breeds fleas like a loach.

*First Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged!  
come away.

*Sec. Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and two razes  
of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-  
cross.

*First Car.* God's body! the turkeys in my pannier  
are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague  
on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? 30  
canst not hear? An 'twere not as good deed  
as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a  
very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no  
faith in thee?

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

*First Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

*Gads.* I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my geld-  
ing in the stable.

*First Car.* Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth 40  
two of that, i' faith.

*Gads.* I pray thee, lend me thine.

*Sec. Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lan-  
tern, quoth he? marry, I'll see thee hanged  
first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

*Sec. Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. 50  
[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* [*Within*] At hand, quote pick-purse.

*Gads.* That's even as fair as—at hand, quote the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently. 60

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.* No, I'll none of it: I pray thee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipping Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may. 70

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if

I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou drestest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgo-masters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots. 80 90

*Cham.* What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

*Gads.* She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

*Gads.* Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man. 100

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

*Gads.* Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene II.

*The Highway, near Gadshill.*

*Enter Prince Henry and Poins.*

*Poins.* Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

*Prince.* Stand close.

*Enter Falstaff.*

*Fal.* Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

*Prince.* Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

*Fal.* Where's Poins, Hal?

*Prince.* He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

*Fal.* I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: 10  
the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him  
I know not where. If I travel but four foot by  
the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind.  
Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all  
this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue.  
I have forsworn his company hourly any time  
this two and twenty years, and yet I am be-  
witched with the rogue's company. If the ras-  
cal have not given me medicines to make me 20  
love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I  
have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague  
upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere  
I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good  
a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave  
these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever  
chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven

ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whistle.*] Whew! 30  
A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

*Prince.* Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

*Fal.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far foot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

*Prince.* Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art 40  
uncolted.

*Fal.* I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

*Prince.* Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

*Fal.* Go hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

*Enter Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto with him.*

*Gads.* Stand. 50

*Fal.* So I do, against my will.

*Poins.* O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

*Bard.* Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

*Gads.* There's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* To be hanged.

60

*Prince.* Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter then they light on us.

*Peto.* How many be there of them?

*Gads.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

*Prince.* What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

70

*Prince.* Well, we leave that to the proof.

*Poins.* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

*Prince.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poins.* Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

*Fal.* Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

*Enter the Travellers.*

*First Trav.* Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs. 80

*Thieves.* Stand!

*Travellers.* Jesus bless us!

*Fal.* Strike; down with them; cut the villains'



throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

*Travellers.* O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever! 90

*Fal.* Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, 'faith.

*[Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins disguised.*

*Prince.* The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

*Poins.* Stand close; I hear them coming. 100

*Enter the Thieves again.*

*Fal.* Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

*Prince.* Your money!

*Poins.* Villains!

*[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]*

*Prince.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear  
So strongly that they dare not meet each other; 110  
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:  
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

*Poins.* How the rogue roar'd!

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene III.

*Warkworth Castle.*

*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.*

*Hot.* 'But for mine own part, my lord, I could be  
well contented to be there, in respect of the love  
I bear your house.' He could be contented:  
why is he not, then? In respect of the love he  
bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his  
own barn better than he loves our house. Let  
me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake  
is dangerous;'—why, that's certain: 'tis danger-  
ous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell 10  
you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we  
pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you  
undertake is dangerous; the friends you have  
named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and  
your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of  
so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so?  
I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly  
hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this!  
By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was  
laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot,  
good friends, and full of expectation; an excel- 20

lent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not  
30 some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

*Enter Lady Percy.*

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

*Lady.* O, my good lord, why are you thus alone? 40  
For what offence have I this fortnight been  
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?  
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee  
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?  
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,  
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,  
And given my treasures and my rights of thee

To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?  
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, 50  
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;  
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;  
Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd  
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,  
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,  
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
And all the currents of a heady fight.  
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war  
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, 60  
That beads of sweat hath stood upon thy brow,  
Like bubbles in a lathe-disturbed stream;  
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are  
these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Hot.* What, ho!

*Enter Servant.*

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago. 69

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!  
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

*Lady.* Out, my horse, my love, my horse.

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen  
As you are toss'd with. In faith,  
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.  
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir  
About his title, and hath sent for you  
To line his enterprize: but if you go—

*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly unto this question that I ask:

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, 90  
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away,

Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,  
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world  
To play with mamnets and to tilt with lips:  
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,  
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!  
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have  
with me?

*Lady.* Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for since you love me not, 100  
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?  
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear  
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;  
I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts :  
Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,  
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise 110  
Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are,  
But yet a woman : and for secrecy,  
No lady closer ; for I well believe  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;  
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*Lady.* How ! so far ?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate :  
Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;  
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.  
Will this content you, Kate ?

*Lady.* It must of force. [*Exeunt.* 120

### Scene IV.

*The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Enter the Prince, and Poins.*

*Prince.* Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and  
lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poins.* Where hast been, Hal ?

*Prince.* With three or four loggerheads amongst  
three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded  
the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am  
sworn brother to a leash of drawers ; and can call  
them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick,  
and Francis. They take it already upon their  
salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, 10  
yet I am the king of courtesy ; and tell me flatly  
I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corin-

thian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker 20 in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so. But, Ned, 30 to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

*Poins.* Francis!

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poins.* Francis!

[*Exit Poins.* 40

*Enter Francis.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

*Prince.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My lord?

*Prince.* How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

*Fran.* Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

*Poins.* [*Within*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* Five year! by 'r lady, a long lease for the  
clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou 50  
be so valiant as to play the coward with thy in-  
denture and show it a fair pair of heels and run  
from it?

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, I 'll be sworn upon all the books  
in England, I could find in my heart.

*Poins.* [*Within*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, sir.

*Prince.* How old art thou, Francis?

*Fran.* Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall 60  
be—

*Poins.* [*Within*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

*Prince.* Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar  
thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was 't  
not?

*Fran.* O Lord, I would it had been two!

*Prince.* I will give thee for it a thousand pound:  
ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have  
it.

*Poins.* [*Within*] Francis! 70

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*Prince.* Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-mor-  
row, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or in-  
deed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!



*Fran.* My lord?

*Prince.* Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stockings, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

*Fran.* O lord, sir, who do you mean?

*Prince.* Why, then, your brown bastard is your only 80  
drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas  
doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot  
come to so much.

*Fran.* What, sir?

*Poins.* [*Within*] Francis!

*Prince.* Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them  
call? [*Here they both call him; the drawer stands  
amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What, standest thou still, and hearest such a  
calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit  
Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half- 90  
a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them  
in?

*Prince.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the  
door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

*Re-enter Poins.*

*Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves  
are at the door: shall we be merry?

*Poins.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye;  
what cunning match have you made with this  
jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue? 100

*Prince.* I am now of all humours that have showed

themselves humours since the old days of good-man Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

*Re-enter Francis.*

What 's o'clock, Francis?

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Prince.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. 110 I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame 120 Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto;  
Francis following with wine.*

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A

plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack,  
rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

*Prince.* Didst thou never see a Titan kiss a dish of 130  
butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the  
sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then be-  
hold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there  
is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous  
man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack  
with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy  
ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood,  
good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of  
the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There 140  
lives not three good men unchanged in England;  
and one of them is fat, and grows old: God  
help the while! a bad world, I say. I would  
I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any  
thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prince.* How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of  
thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all  
thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese,  
I'll never wear hair on my face more. You 150  
Prince of Wales!

*Prince.* Why, you whoreson round man, what's the  
matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that: and  
Poins there?

*Poins.* 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward,  
by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I  
call thee coward: but I would give a thousand

pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You 160  
are straight enough in the shoulders, you care  
not who sees your back: call you that backing  
of your friends? A plague upon such backing!  
give me them that will face me. Give me a cup  
of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*Prince.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since  
thou drunkenest last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of  
all cowards, still say I.

*Prince.* What's the matter? 170

*Fal.* What's the matter? there be four of us here  
have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

*Prince.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred  
upon poor four of us.

*Prince.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with  
a dozen of them two hours together. I have  
'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust  
through the doublet, four through the hose; my 180  
buckler cut through and through; my sword  
hacked like a hand-saw—ecce signum! I never  
dealt better since I was a man: all would not  
do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak:  
if they speak more or less than truth, they  
are villains and the sons of darkness.

*Prince.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen—

*Fal.* Sixteen at least, my lord.

*Gads.* And bound them.

190

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prince.* What, fought you with them all?

*Fal.* All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of 200 radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

*Prince.* Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let 210 drive at me—

*Prince.* What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*Prince.* Seven? why, there were but four even now.

*Fal.* In buckram? .

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits. 220

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*Prince.* Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*Prince.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These  
nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

*Prince.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,—

*Poins.* Down fell their hose.

230

*Fal.* Began to give me ground: but I followed me  
close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought  
seven of the eleven I paid.

*Prince.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown  
out of two!

*Fal.* But, as the devil would have it, three misbe-  
gotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back  
and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that  
thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prince.* These lies are like their father that begets 240  
them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable.  
Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated  
fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-  
catch,—

*Fal.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the  
truth the truth?

*Prince.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in  
Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst  
not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason:  
what sayest thou to this?

250

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were  
at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I  
would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a  
reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenti-

ful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*Prince.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,— 260

*Fal.* 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

*Prince.* Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

*Prince.* We two saw you four set on four and bound 270  
them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! 280  
What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poins.* Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me

to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will 290 not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore? 300

*Prince.* Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

*Enter Hostess.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord the prince!

*Prince.* How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

*Host.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

*Prince.* Give him as much as will make him a royal 310 man, and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Host.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

*Prince.* Prithee, do, Jack.

*Fal.* Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exit.*



*Prince.* Now, sirs: by 'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie! 320

*Bard.* Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*Prince.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

*Peto.* Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices. 330

*Prince.* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations? 340

*Prince.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend?

*Prince.* Hot livers and cold purses.

*Bard.* Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

*Prince.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

*Re-enter Falstaff.*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.  
How now, my sweet creature of bombast

How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

*Fal.* My own knee! when I was about thy years, 350  
Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I  
could have crept into any alderman's thumb-  
ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows  
a man up like a bladder. There's villanous  
news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from  
your father; you must to the court in the morn-  
ing. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy,  
and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the basti-  
nado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the  
devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh 360  
hook—what a plague call you him?

*Poins.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law  
Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that  
sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'  
horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

*Prince.* He that rides at high speed and with his  
pistol kills a sparrow flying.

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*Prince.* So did he never the sparrow.

370

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he  
will not run.

*Prince.* Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise  
him so for running!

*Fal.* O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not  
budge a foot.

*Prince.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too,  
and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps

more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy 380  
father's beard is turned white with the news:  
you may buy land now as cheap as stinking  
mackerel.

*Prince.* Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot  
June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy  
maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the  
hundreds.

*Fal.* By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we  
shall have good trading that way. But tell me,  
Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being 390  
heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out  
three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas,  
that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower?  
art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy  
blood thrill at it?

*Prince.* Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy  
instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow  
when thou comest to thy father: if thou love  
me, practise an answer. 400

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine  
me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state,  
this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my  
crown.

*Prince.* Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy  
golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy  
precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of  
thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup 410  
of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may

be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

*Prince.* Well, here is my leg.

*Fal.* And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

*Host.* O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

*Host.* O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen; 420  
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Host.* O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.  
Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my 430  
own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which 440  
thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do

not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*Prince.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; 450  
of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by 'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff; if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlot, 460  
tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*Prince.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I 'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

*Prince.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand: judge, my masters.

*Prince.* Now, Harry, whence come you? 470

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*Prince.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I 'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

*Prince.* Swearst thou, ungracious boy? henceforth

ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of 480 beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but 490 in nothing.

*Fal.* I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

*Prince.* That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*Prince.* I know thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do 500 witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish

Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, 510 being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

*Prince.* I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

*Re-enter Bardolph, running.*

*Bard.* O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

*Fal.* Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter the Hostess.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

520

*Prince.* Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

*Host.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

*Prince.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, 530 so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

*Prince.* Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

*Prince.* Call in the sheriff. 540  
[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*]

*Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.*

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

*Prince.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord,  
A gross fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*Prince.* The man, I do assure you, is not here;  
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.  
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee  
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, 550  
Send him to answer thee, or any man,  
For any thing he shall be charged withal:  
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen  
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

*Prince.* It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,  
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

*Prince.* I think it is good morrow, is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. 560  
[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]



*Prince.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.  
Go, call him forth.

*Peto.* Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

*Prince.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*Prince.* Let's see what they be: read them.

<i>Peto.</i> [ <i>Reads</i> ]	Item, A capon, . . .	2s. 2d	570
	Item, Sauce, . . .	4d.	
	Item, Sack, two gallons,	5s. 8d.	
	Item, Anchovies and		
	sack after supper, . .	2s. 6d.	
	Item, Bread, . . .	ob.	

*Prince.* O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to 580 the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my lord. [*Excunt.*]

## ACT THIRD.

## Scene I.

*Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.*

*Mort.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,  
Will you sit down?  
And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!  
I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* No, here it is.  
Sit, cousin Percy: sit, good cousin Hotspur,  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with  
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven. 10

*Hot.* And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: at my nativity  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets; and at my birth  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shaked like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

*Glend.* I say the earth did shake when I was born. 20

*Hot.* And I say the earth was not of my mind,  
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hot.* O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind 30  
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down  
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth  
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again that at my birth  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields. 40  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;  
And all the courses of my life do show  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,  
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?  
And bring him out that is but woman's son  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. 50  
I'll to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come when you do call for them?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command  
The devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil  
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, 60  
And I 'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.  
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!

*Mort.* Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head  
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him  
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

*Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul weather too!  
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

*Glend.* Come, here 's the map: shall we divide our right 70  
According to our threefold order ta'en?

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits very equally:  
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
By south and east is to my part assign'd:  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn; 80  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
A business that this night may execute,  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I  
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth  
To meet your father and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.

Within that space you may have drawn together  
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, lords; 91  
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;  
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,  
For there will be a world of water shed  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*Hot.* Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours:  
See how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out. 100  
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
In a new channel, fair and evenly;  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

*Glend.* Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

*Mort.* Yea, but  
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up  
With like advantage on the other side;  
Gelding the opposed continent as much 110  
As on the other side it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this north side win this cape of land;  
And then he runs straight and even.

*Hot.* I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

*Glend.* I'll not have it alter'd.

*Hot.* Will not you?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not understand you, then; speak it in  
Welsh.

120

*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well as you;  
For I was train'd up in the English court;  
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
Many an English ditty lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hot.* Marry,  
And I am glad of it with all my heart:  
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers; 130  
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:  
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

*Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

*Hot.* I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land  
To any well-deserving friend;  
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. 140  
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

*Glend.* The moon shines fair; you may away by night:  
I'll haste the writer, and withal  
Break with your wives of your departure hence:  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

*Mort.* Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

*Hot.* I cannot choose: sometime he angers me  
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, 150

And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,  
A couching lion and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
He held me last night at least nine hours  
In reckoning up the several devils' names  
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go  
to,'

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious  
As a tired horse, a railing wife; 160  
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live  
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,  
Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,  
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful  
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?  
He holds your temper in a high respect, 170  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope  
When you come 'cross his humour; faith, he does:  
I warrant you, that man is not alive  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof:  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;  
And since your coming hither have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience,  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault: 180  
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,  
blood,—

And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,—  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:  
The least of which haunting a nobleman  
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!  
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave. 191

*Re-enter Glendower with the ladies.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers me;  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

*Glend.* My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;  
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

*Mort.* Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy  
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she  
answers him in the same.]*

*Glend.* She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd  
harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good  
upon. *[The lady speaks in Welsh.]* 200

*Mort.* I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh  
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling  
heavens

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,  
In such a parley should I answer thee.

*[The lady speaks again in Welsh.]*

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation.  
But I will never be a truant, love,  
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue



Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower, 210  
With ravishing division, to her lute.

*Glend.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

*[The lady speaks again in Welsh.]*

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this!

*Glend.* She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down  
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,  
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep  
As is the difference betwixt day and night 220  
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team  
Begins his golden progress in the east.

*Mort.* With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:  
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

*Glend.* Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,  
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:  
come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in 230  
thy lap.

*Lady P.* Go, ye giddy goose. *[The music plays.]*

*Hot.* Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;  
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.  
By'r lady, he is a good musician.

*Lady P.* Then should you be nothing but musical,  
for you are altogether governed by humours.  
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in  
Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in      240  
Irish.

*Lady P.* Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady P.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

*Lady P.* Now God help thee!

*Hot.* To the Welsh lady's bed.

*Lady P.* What's that?

*Hot.* Peace! she sings.

*[Here the lady sings a Welsh song.]*

*Hot.* Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.      250

*Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear  
like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good  
sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall  
mend me,' and 'as sure as day,'  
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.  
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'  
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,      260  
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens,  
Come, sing.

*Lady P.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-  
breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn,  
I'll away within these two hours; and so, come  
in when ye will.      *[Exit.]*

*Glend.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow  
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.  
By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal,      270

And then to horse immediately.

*Mort.*

With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene II.

*London. The palace.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.*

*King.* Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I  
Must have some private conference; but be near at  
hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;  
But thou dost in thy passages of life  
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven      10  
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,  
Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

*Prince.* So please your majesty, I would I could  
Quit all offences with as clear excuse  
As well as I am doubtless I can purge      20  
Myself of many I am charged withal:  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As, in reproof of many tales devised,

Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,  
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

*King.* God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,  
At thy affections, which do hold a wing 30  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the court and princes of my blood:  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man  
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men, 40  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession,  
And left me in reputeless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;  
That men would tell their children ' 'This is he';  
Others would say, ' Where, which is Bolingbroke? ' 50  
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;

My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,  
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,  
And wan by rareness such solemnity.  
The skipping king, he ambled up and down, 60  
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,  
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,  
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,  
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,  
And gave his countenance, against his name,  
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push  
Of every beardless vain comparative,  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;  
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes, 70  
They surfeited with honey and began  
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
More than a little is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes  
As, sick and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes; 80  
But rather drowzed and hung their eyelids down,  
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.  
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
With vile participation: not an eye

But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;  
Which now doth that I would not have it do, 90  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*Prince.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
Be more myself.

*King.* For all the world  
As thou art to this hour was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,  
And even as I was then is Percy now.  
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state  
Than thou the shadow of succession;  
For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on  
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority  
And military title capital 110  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes  
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,

The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate against us and are up. 120

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?

Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,

Base inclination and the start of spleen,

To fight against me under Percy's pay,

To dog his heels and curtsy at his frown,

To show how much thou art degenerate.

*Prince.* Do not think so; you shall not find it so:

And God forgive them that so much have away'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me! 131

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,

And in the closing of some glorious day

Be bold to tell you that I am your son;

When I will wear a garment all of blood,

And stain my favours in a bloody mask,

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,

That this same child of honour and renown,

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, 140

And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.

For every honour sitting on his helm,

Would they were multitudes, and on my head

My shames redoubled! for the time will come,

That I shall make this northern youth exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,

To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;

And I will call him to so strict account,

That he shall render every glory up, 150



Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
The which if he be pleased I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this: 160  
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

*Enter Blunt.*

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So hath the business that I come to speak of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word  
That Douglas and the English rebels met  
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:  
A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
If promises be kept on every hand,  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*King.* The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day; 170  
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;  
For this advertisement is five days old:  
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;  
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting  
Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march  
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,  
Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.  
Our hands are full of business: let's away; 179  
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*



## Scene III.

*The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! 10  
Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it: come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as gentlemen need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter— 20  
of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in

the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art  
the Knight of the Burning Lamp. 30

*Bard.* Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as  
many a man doth of a Death's-head or a me-  
mento mori: I never see thy face but I think  
upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple;  
for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.  
If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would  
swear by thy face; my oath should be, 'By this  
fire, that's God's angel': but thou art altogether 40  
given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in  
thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou  
rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my  
horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis  
fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase  
in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an  
everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me  
a thousand marks in links and torches, walking  
with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern:  
but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have 50  
bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest  
chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that  
salamander of yours with fire any time this two  
and thirty years; God reward me for it!

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-  
burned.

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you in-  
quired yet who picked my pocket?

*Host.* Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John?

do you think I keep thieves in my house? I 60  
have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

*Host.* Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough. 70

*Host.* No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, 80  
Sir John, for your diet and by-drinking, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it; let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let him coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grand- 90  
father's worth forty mark.

*Host.* O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

*Fal.* How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

*Enter the Prince and Peto, marching, and Falstaff mects  
them playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith?  
must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion. 100

*Host.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*Prince.* What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

*Prince.* What sayest thou, Jack?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets. 110

*Prince.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

*Prince.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

*Prince.* What! he did not? 120

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood  
in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed  
prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a  
drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian  
may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.  
Go, you thing, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal.* What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

*Host.* I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou 130  
shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife:  
and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a  
knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast  
to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

*Fal.* What beast! why, an otter.

*Prince.* An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

*Fal.* Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows  
not where to have her. 140

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or  
any man knows where to have me, thou knave,  
thou!

*Prince.* Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders  
thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other  
day you ought him a thousand pound.

*Prince.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is  
worth a million: thou owest me thy love. 150

*Host.* Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he  
would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

*Prince.* I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man,  
I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I  
fear the roaring of the lion's whelp. 160

*Prince.* And why not as the lion?

*Fal.* The king himself is to be feared as the lion:  
dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy  
father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

*Prince.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about  
thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for  
faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine;  
it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge  
an honest woman with picking thy pocket!  
why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, 170  
if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-  
reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses,  
and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to  
make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were en-  
riched with any other injuries but these, I am a  
villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will  
not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state  
of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor  
Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou 180  
seest I have more flesh than another man; and  
therefore more frailty. You confess then, you  
picked my pocket?

*Prince.* It appears so by the story,

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered? 190

*Prince.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

*Prince.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord. 200

*Prince.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

*Prince.* Bardolph!

*Bard.* My lord?

*Prince.* Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, 210 to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive  
Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.* 220]

*Fal.* Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast,  
come!

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

## ACT FOURTH.

### Scene I.

*The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth  
In this fine age were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.  
By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy  
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:  
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the king of honour: 10  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground  
But I will beard him.

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well.

*Enter a Messenger with letters.*

What letters hast thou here?—I can but thank you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.



*Hot.* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

*Hot.* 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord. 20

*Wor.* I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence

He was much fear'd by his physicians.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited:

His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. 30

He writes me here, that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul removed but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is disposed to us;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd 40

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:

And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it: were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main  
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?  
It were not good; for therein should we read  
The very bottom and the soul of hope, 50  
The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* Faith, and so we should;  
Where now remains a sweet reversion:  
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
Is to come in:  
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
If that the devil and mischance look big  
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

*Wor.* But yet I would your father had been here. 60  
The quality and hair of our attempt  
Brooks no division: it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:  
And think how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause;  
For well you know we of the offering side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement, 70  
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:  
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,  
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.  
I rather of his absence make this use:

It lends a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,  
If we without his help can make a head 80  
To push against a kingdom, with his help  
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down,  
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think: there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

*Enter Sir Richard Vernon.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

*Vcr.* Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.  
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

*Hot.* No harm: what more?

*Vcr.* And further, I have learn'd, 90  
The king himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside  
And bid it pass?

*Vcr.* All furnish'd, all in arms;  
All plumed like estridges that wing the wind;  
Baited like eagles having lately bathed;  
Glittering in golden coats, like images; 100  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,

His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship. 110

*Hot.* No more, no more: worse than the sun in March  
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war  
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh  
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse, .  
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120  
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:  
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.  
O that Glendower were come!

*Ver.* . . . . . There is more news:  
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* . . . . . Forty let it be: 130  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of us may serve so great a day.  
Come, let us take a muster speedily:  
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying: I am out of fear  
Of death or death's hand for this one half year.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene II.

*A public road near Coventry.*

*Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me  
a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march  
through; we'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labour; an if it make  
twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage.  
Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain: farewell. [Exit. 10

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a  
soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press  
damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hun-  
dred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd  
pounds. I press me none but good householders,  
yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bache-  
lors, such as had been asked twice on the banns;  
such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve  
hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report  
of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt 20  
wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-  
and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger  
than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their  
services; and now my whole charge consists of

ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers 30  
trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead 40  
bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; 50  
they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter the Prince and Westmoreland.*

*Prince.* How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

*Fal.* What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of

Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West.* Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night. 60

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*Prince.* I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*Prince.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men. 70

*West.* Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

*Prince.* No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

*Fal.* What, is the king encamped?

*West.* He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long. 80

*Fal.* Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [Exeunt.]

## Scene III.

*The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him then advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,

If well-respected honour bid me on,

10

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:

20

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,



Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated and brought low:  
The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours;

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

*Enter Sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king, 30  
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God  
You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well; and even those some  
Envy your great deservings and good name,  
Because you are not of our quality,  
But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend but still I should stand so,  
So long as out of limit and true rule  
You stand against anointed majesty. 40

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed  
You shall have your desires with interest,  
And pardon absolute for yourself and these 50  
Herein misled by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind; and well we know the king  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay;  
My father and my uncle and myself  
Did give him that same royalty he wears;  
And when he was not six and twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gave him welcome to the shore;  
And when he heard him swear and vow to God 60  
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery and beg his peace,  
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,  
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,  
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.  
Now when the lords and barons of the realm  
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less came in with cap and knee;  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, 70  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him  
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.  
He presently, as greatness knows itself,  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees  
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, 80  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win

The hearts of all that he did angle for;  
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads  
Of all the favourites that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.* Then to the point.

In short time after, he deposed the king; 90  
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;  
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;  
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,  
Who is, if every owner were well placed,  
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,  
There without ransom to lie forfeited;  
Disgraced me in my happy victories,  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court; 100  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,  
And in conclusion drove us to seek out  
This head of safety, and withal to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the king?

*Hot.* Not so, Sir Walter: We'll withdraw a while.

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall mine uncle 110  
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace and love.

*Hot.* And may be so we shall.

*Blunt.* Pray God you do. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene IV.

*York. The Archbishop's palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.*

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir Michael: bear this sealed brief  
With winged haste to the lord marshal;  
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest  
To whom they are directed. If you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.

*Sir M.* My good lord,  
I guess their tenour.

*Arch.* Like enough you do.  
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury, 10  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The king with mighty and quick-raised power  
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
Whose power was in the first proportion,  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
Who with them was a rated sinew too  
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,  
I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king. 20

*Sir M.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear;  
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,  
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn

The special head of all the land together:  
 The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,  
 The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt; 30  
 And many mo corrivals and dear men  
 Of estimation and command in arms.

*Sir M.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;  
 And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:  
 For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,  
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,  
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:  
 Therefore make haste. I must go write again 40  
 To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT FIFTH.

### Scene I.

*The King's camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter the King, the Prince of Wales, Lord John of  
 Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.*

*King.* How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
 Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale  
 At his distemperature.

*Prince.* The southern wind  
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
 And by his hollow whistling in the leaves  
 Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then with the losers let it sympathise,  
 For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[*The trumpet sounds.*]

*Enter Worcester and Vernon.*

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well  
That you and I should meet upon such terms 10  
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,  
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:  
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
What say you to it? will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?  
And move in that obedient orb again  
Where you did give a fair and natural light,  
And be no more an exhaled meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent 20  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege:

For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*King.* You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*Prince.* Peace, chewet, peace!

*Wor.* It pleased your majesty to turn your looks 30  
Of favour from myself and all our house;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time; and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare 40  
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,  
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:  
To this we swore our aid. But in short space  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,  
What with our help, what with the absent king,  
What with the injuries of a wanton time, 50  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
And the contrarious winds that held the king  
So long in his unlucky Irish wars  
That all in England did repute him dead:  
And from this swarm of fair advantages  
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
To gripe the general sway into your hand;  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;  
And being fed by us you used us so  
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, 60  
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk  
That even our love durst not come near your sight  
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing  
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly  
Out of your sight and raise this present head;  
Whereby we stand opposed by such means  
As you yourself have forged against yourself,  
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all faith and troth 70

Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*King.* These things indeed you have articulate,  
Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches,  
To face the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour that may please the eye  
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,  
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news  
Of hurlyburly innovation:  
And never yet did insurrection want  
Such water-colours to impaint his cause; 80  
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

*Prince.* In both your armies there is many a soul  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,  
This present enterprise set off his head,  
I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant or more valiant-young, 90  
More daring or more bold, is now alive  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry;  
And so I hear he doth account me too;  
Yet this before my father's majesty—  
I am content that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation,  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight. 100

*King.* And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,  
Albeit considerations infinite



Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,  
 We love our people well; even those we love  
 That are misled upon your cousin's part;  
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
 Both he and they and you, yea, every man  
 Shall be my friend again and I'll be his:  
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
 What he will do: but if he will not yield, 110  
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us  
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;  
 We will not now be troubled with reply:  
 We offer fair; take it advisedly.

*[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.]*

*Prince.* It will not be accepted, on my life:  
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
 Are confident against the world in arms.

*King.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;  
 For, on their answer, will we set on them:  
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just! 120

*[Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.]*

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and be-  
 stride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

*Prince.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that  
 friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.* I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*Prince.* Why, thou owest God a death. *[Exit.]*

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet; I would be loathe to pay him  
 before his day. What need I be so forward  
 with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no  
 matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how 130  
 if honour prick me off when I come on? how  
 then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm?

no: or take away the grief of a wound? no.  
 Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no.  
 What is honour? a word. What is in that  
 word honour? what is that honour? air. A  
 trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died  
 o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth  
 he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then? yea, to  
 the dead. But will it not live with the living? 140  
 no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. There-  
 fore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scut-  
 cheon: and so ends my catechism. [Exit.

## Scene II.

*The rebel camp.*

*Enter Worcester and Vernon.*

*Wor.* O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,  
 The liberal and kind offer of the king.

*Ver.* 'Twere best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,  
 The king should keep his word in loving us;  
 He will suspect us still, and find a time  
 To punish this offence in other faults:  
 Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;  
 For treason is but trusted like the fox,  
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up, 10  
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
 Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
 Interpretation will misquote our looks,  
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;  
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;  
And an adopted name of privilege,  
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:~  
All his offences live upon my head 20  
And on his father's; we did train him on,  
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,  
In any case, the offer of the king.

*Ver.* Deliver what you will; I'll say 'tis so.  
Here comes your cousin.

*Enter Hotspur and Douglas.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd:  
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.  
Uncle, what news? 30

*Wor.* The king will bid you battle presently.

*Doug.* Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid!

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances,  
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,  
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:  
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge 40  
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

*Re-enter Douglas.*

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown  
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,

And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;  
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,  
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day  
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me, 50  
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soul; I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man;  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,  
Making you ever better than his praise  
By still dispraising praise valued with you; 60  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing cital of himself;  
And chid his truant youth with such a grace  
As if he master'd there a double spirit  
Of teaching and of learning instantly.  
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,  
If he outlive the envy of this day,  
England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

*Hot.* Cousin, I think thou art enamoured 70  
On his follies: never did I hear  
Of any prince so wild a libertine.  
But be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,  
Better consider what you have to do  
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, here are letters for you. 80

*Hot.* I cannot read them now.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!  
To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.  
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;  
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!  
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,  
When the intent of bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace. 90

*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,

For I profess not talking; only this—

Let each man do his best: and here draw I

A sword, whose temper I intend to stain

With the best blood that I can meet withal

In the adventure of this perilous day.

Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,

And by that music let us all embrace;

For heaven to earth, some of us never shall 100

A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*]

## Scene III.

*Plain between the camps.*

*The King enters with his power. Alarum to the battle.  
Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the battle thus  
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek  
Upon my head?

*Doug.* Know then, my name is Douglas;  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,  
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The Lord of Stafford dear today hath bought  
Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King Harry,  
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner. 10

*Blunt.* I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death.

*[They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.]*

*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,  
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

*Doug.* All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

*Hot.* Where?

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:  
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt; 20  
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!  
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear:

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coats.

*Doug.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,

Until I meet the king.

*Hot.* Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarum. Enter Falstaff, solus.*

*Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I 30  
fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon  
the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir Walter  
Blunt: there's honour for you! here's no  
vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy  
too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more  
weight than mine own bowels. I have led my  
ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's  
not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and  
they are for the town's end, to beg during life.  
But who comes here? 40

*Enter the Prince.*

*Prince.* What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword!  
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet unrevenge'd: I prithee, lend  
me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe a  
while. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in  
arms as I have done this day. I have paid  
Percy, I have made him sure.

*Prince.* He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I  
prithee, lend me thy sword. 50

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

*Prince.* Give it me: what, is it in the case?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*]

*Prince.* What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*]

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. 60  
I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [Exit.]

### Scene IV.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmoreland.*

*King.* I prithee,

Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*Lan.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

*Prince.* I beseech your majesty, make up,

Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

*King.* I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

*West.* Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

*Prince.* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help: 10



And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive  
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

*Lan.* We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,  
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

*[Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.]*

*Prince.* By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;  
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit;  
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;  
But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20

*King.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,  
With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
Of such an ungrown warrior.

*Prince.* O, this boy  
Lends mettle to us all! *[Exit.]*

*Enter Douglas.*

*Doug.* Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:  
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them: what art thou,  
That counterfeit's the person of a king?

*K. Hen.* The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at  
heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met 30  
And not the very king. I have two boys  
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:  
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear thou art another counterfeit:  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:  
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,

And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger,  
re-enter Prince of Wales.*

*Prince.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
Never to hold it up again! the spirits 40  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms;  
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;  
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight. Douglas flies.*

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

*King.* Stay, and breathe awhile:  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,  
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,  
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me. 50

*Prince.* O God! they did me too much injury  
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,  
Which would have been as speedy in your end  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

*King.* Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.  
[*Exit.*

*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*Prince.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name. 60

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Prince.* Why, then I see  
A very valiant rebel of the name.  
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:  
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;  
Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come  
To end the one of us; and would to God  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine! 70

*Prince.* I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;  
And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities. [ *They fight.*

*Enter Falstaff.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find  
no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Re-enter Douglas: he fights with Falstaff, who falls  
down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas.  
Hotspur is wounded, and falls.*

*Hot.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!  
I better brook the loss of brittle life  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;  
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my  
flesh: 80  
But thought 's the slave of life, and life time's fool;  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,  
And food for— [ *Dies.*

*Prince.* For worms, brave Percy; fare thee well, great  
heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !  
 When that this body did contain a spirit,  
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound ; 90  
 But now two paces of the vilest earth  
 Is room enough : this earth that bears thee dead  
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
 I should not make so dear a show of zeal :  
 But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;  
 And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself  
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !  
 Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave, 100  
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph !

[*He spieth Falstaff on the ground.*]

What, old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh  
 Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !  
 I could have better spared a better man :  
 O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
 If I were much in love with vanity !  
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.  
 Embowell'd will I see thee by and by :  
 Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.* 110

*Fal.* [*Rising up*] Embowell'd ! if thou embowel me  
 to-day, I 'll give you leave to powder me and  
 eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood 'twas time to  
 counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid  
 me scot and lot too. Counterfeit ? I lie, I am  
 no counterfeit : to die, is to be a counterfeit ; for  
 he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not  
 the life of a man : but to counterfeit dying, when

a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The 120 better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may he not rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your 130 thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes up Hotspur on his back.*]

*Re-enter the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster.*

*Prince.* Come, brother John,; full bravely hast thou flesh'd  
Thy maiden sword.

*Lan.* . . . But, soft! whom have we here?  
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prince.* I did; I saw him dead,  
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou  
alive?

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?  
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes  
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but 141  
if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.  
There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if  
your father will do me any honour, so; if not,  
let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to  
be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*Prince.* Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both 150 at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'ounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

*Lan.* This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

*Prince.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back: 160  
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit.*

## Scene V.

*Another part of the field.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.*

*King.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.  
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,  
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?  
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?  
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?  
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
A noble earl and many a creature else  
Had been alive this hour,  
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence. 10

*Wor.* What I have done my safety urged me to;  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

*King.* Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;  
Other offenders we will pause upon.  
*[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.]*  
How goes the field?

*Prince.* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest; 20  
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised  
That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace  
I may dispose of him.

*King.* With all my heart.

*Prince.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong:  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:  
His valour shown upon our crests to-day  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds 30  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

*Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,  
Which I shall give away immediately.

*King.* Then this remains, that we divide our power.  
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland  
Towards York shall bend with your dearest speed,  
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:  
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March. 40  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the check of such another day:  
And since this business so fair is done,  
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*



## Glossary.

- Admiral*, admiral's ship with a lantern in the stern; III. iii. 28.
- Advantage*, leisure, II. iv. 594; interest, II. iv. 585; favourable opportunity, III. ii. 180.
- Advertisement*, information, news, III. ii. 172; counsel, IV. i. 36.
- Advised*, guided by advice; IV. iii. 5.
- Affections*, inclinations; III. ii. 30.
- Against*; "against his name," contrary to the dignity of his royal name; III. ii. 65.
- Allhallown summer*, i.e. summer weather at the beginning of winter; "spring at Michaelmas" ("Allhallowmas" is on the first of November), in ridicule of Falstaff's youthful frivolity at his advanced age; I. ii. 168.
- Amamon*, the name of a demon; II. iv. 358.
- Amaze*, throw into disorder; V. iv. 6.
- Ancients*, ensigns, IV. ii. 25; "ancient" standard; IV. ii. 33.
- Angel*, a coin with the figure of the archangel Michael piercing the dragon with his spear; its value varied from six shillings and eight pence to ten shillings; IV. ii. 6.
- Anon, anon!* coming! II. i. 5.
- Answer*, repay; I. iii. 185.
- Any way*, either way, on either side; I. i. 61.
- Apace*, quickly, at a quick pace; V. ii. 90.
- Apple-john*, a variety of apple that shrivels with keeping; III. iii. 5.
- Appointment*, equipment; I. ii. 185.
- Apprehends*, imagines, conceives; I. iii. 209.
- Approve me*, prove me, try me; IV. i. 9.
- Arbitrement*, judicial inquiry; IV. i. 70.
- Argument*, subject for conversation; II. ii. 98.
- Arras*, hangings of tapestry; II. iv. 535.
- Articulate* = articulated, specified, enumerated (Folios, "articulated"); V. i. 72.
- Aspects*, an astrological term; influence of a planet for good or ill; I. i. 97.
- Assay thee*, try thee, cross swords with thee; V. iv. 34.
- 'At hand, quoth pick-purse'*, a proverbial expression; II. i. 52.

*Athwart*, adversely, as though to thwart one's purpose; I. i. 36.

*Attempts*, pursuits; III. ii. 13.

*Attended*, waited for; IV. iii. 70.

*Attribution*, praise; IV. i. 3.

*Auditor*, an officer of the Exchequer; I. i. 62.

*Away*; "a. all night" (so the Quartos) ? = march all night; (Folios, "a. all to-night"); IV. ii. 60.

'*Ay, when? canst tell?*' proverbial phrase expressing scorn; II. i. 42.

*Back*; "turned back," *i.e.* turned their back, fled; I. ii. 193.

*Back*, mount; II. iii. 74.

*Baffle*, "originally a punishment of infamy, inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was hanging them up by the heels" (Nares); I. ii. 108.

*Bagpipe*; "the Lincolnshire b.," a favourite instrument in Lincolnshire; a proverbial expression; I. ii. 82.

*Baited*, *v.* Note; IV. i. 99.

*Balk'd*, heaped, piled up ("balk" = "ridge," common in Warwickshire); I. i. 69.

*Ballad-mongers*, contemptuous name for "ballad-makers"; III. i. 130.

*Bands*, bonds; III. ii. 157.

*Banish'd*, lost, exiled (Collier MS. "tarnish'd"); I. iii. 181.

*Base*, wicked, treacherous (Quartos, "bare"); I. iii. 108.

*Basilisks*, a kind of large cannon; originally a fabulous animal whose look was supposed to be fatal; II. iii. 56. (Illustration in *Cymbeline*.)

*Bastard*, sweet Spanish wine; II. iv. 30.

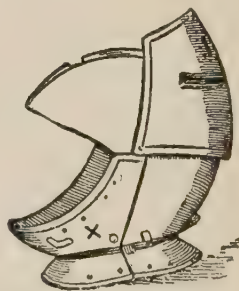
*Bate*, fall off, grow thinner; III. iii. 2.

*Battle*, armed force, army; IV. i. 129.

*Bavin*, brushwood, soon burning out; III. ii. 61.

*Bears hard*, feels deeply; I. iii. 270.

*Beaver*, properly the lower part of the helmet (marked X in accompanying illustration), as distinguished from the visor or upper part. Often used of the whole helmet; IV. i. 104.



Helmet with visor thrown up and beaver down, *i.e.* in its natural position. From Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*.

*Become*, adorn, do credit to;  
II. iv. 531.

*Beguiling*, cheating, robbing;  
III. i. 189.

*Beldam*, aged grandmother;  
III. i. 32.

*Beside*, beyond; III. i. 179.

*Bestride me*, defend me by  
standing over my body; V. i.  
122.

*Bide*, abide, endure; IV. iv. 10.

*Blue-caps*, "a name of ridicule  
given to the Scots from their  
blue bonnets"; II. iv. 379.

*Bolters*, sieves for meal; III.  
iii. 77.

*Bolting-hutch*, a bin into which  
meal is bolted; II. iv. 480.

*Bombard*, a large leathern ves-  
sel for holding liquors; II.  
iv. 482. (Illustration in *The  
Tempest*.)

*Bombast*; originally cotton  
used as stuffing for clothes;  
II. iv. 347.

*Bonfire-light*, fire kindled in  
the open air (originally, a  
bone-fire: Quarto 1, "*bone-  
fire light*"; Quarto 2, "*bon-  
fire light*"; Quartos 3, 4,  
"*bone-fire light*"; the rest  
"*Bone-fire-light*"); III. iii.  
46.

*Book*, indentures; III. i. 224.

*Bootless*, without profit or ad-  
vantage; III. i. 67.

*Boots*, booty; with play upon  
the literal sense of "boots";  
II. i. 90.

*Bosom*, secret thoughts, confi-  
dence; I. iii. 266.

*Bots*, small worms; II. i. 10.

*Bottom*, low-lying land, valley;  
III. i. 105.

*Brach*, a female hound; III. i.  
240.

*Brave*, fine; I. ii. 69.

*Brawn*, mass of flesh; II. iv.  
120.

*Break with*, broach the subject  
to; III. i. 144.

*Breathe*, take breath (Folios 2,  
3, 4, "*break*"); II. iv. 17.

*Breathed*, paused to take  
breath; I. iii. 102.

'*Brewer's horse*'; a disputed  
point, probably equivalent to  
*malt-horse*, a term of con-  
tempt for a dull heavy beast;  
III. iii. 10.

*Brief*, letter, short writing; IV.  
iv. 1.

'*Bring in*,' the call for more  
wine; I. ii. 40.

*Brisk*, smart; I. iii. 54.

*Bruising*; "b. arms," probably  
arms cramping and bruising  
the wearers; III. ii. 105.

*Buckram*, coarse linen stiffened  
with glue; I. ii. 189.

*Buffets*; "go to b." = come to  
blows; II. iii. 35.

*Buff jerkin*, a jacket of buff-  
leather, worn by sheriffs' offi-  
cers; I. ii. 46.

*Burning*, alight with war; III.  
iii. 219.

*Busky*, bosky (Quarto 1,  
"*bulky*"); V. i. 2.

*By-drinkings*, drinks at odd  
times, between meals; III. iii.  
81.

"*By God, soft*"; an exclamation (Folios, "*soft, I pray ye*"); II. i. 39.

*Caddis-garter*, garter made of worsted ribbon; II. iv. 78.

*Caliver*, corruption of *caliber*, a light kind of musket; IV. ii. 20.

*Candy*, sugared, sweet; I. iii. 251.

*Canker*, dog-rose, wild rose; I. iii. 176.

*Canker'd*, venomous, malignant; I. iii. 137.

*Cankers*, canker-worms; IV. ii. 31.

*Canstick*, old spelling and pronunciation of *candlestick* (Folios, "*candlestick*"); III. i. 131.

*Cantle*, piece (Quartos, "*scantle*"); III. i. 100.

'*Cap and knee*,' doffing of cap and bending of knee; IV. iii. 68.

*Capering*, leaping, skipping (Quarto I, "*capring*"; the rest "*carping*"); III. ii. 63.

*Capital*, principal; III. ii. 110.

*Capitulate*, form a league; III. ii. 120.

*Carbonado*, meat cut across to be broiled; V. iii. 60.

*Carded*, *v.* Note; III. ii. 62.

*Cart*, vehicle in which a criminal was borne to execution; II. iv. 531.

*Case ye*, mask your faces; II. ii. 54.

*Caterpillars*, men who feed upon the wealth of the country; II. ii. 86.

*Cates*, delicacies; III. i. 163.

*Cavil*, quarrel, find fault; III. i. 140.

*Cess*, measure; II. i. 7.

*Changing*, exchanging; I. iii. 101.

*Charge*, cost, expense, I. i. 35, III. i. 112; baggage, II. i. 50; command, II. iv. 582.

*Charles' wain*, the Great Bear; II. i. 2.

*Chat*, chatter; I. iii. 65.

*Cheap*; "as good c.," as good a bargain; III. iii. 50.

*Chewet*, chough, probably jackdaw (used generally in sense of mince-pie); V. i. 29.

*Chops*, mass of flesh resembling meat; a term of contempt; I. ii. 144.

*Christen*, Christian (Quartos 5, 6, 7, 8, "Christian"; omitted in Folios); II. iv. 8.

*Chuffs*, churlish misers, II. ii. 92.

*Cital*, mention, citation; V. ii. 62.

*Clap to*, shut; II. iv. 296.

*Clipp'd in*, enclosed, encircled; III. i. 44.

*Close*, grapple, hand to hand fight; I. i. 13.

*Cloudy men*, men with cloudy looks; III. ii. 83.

*Cock*, cockcrow; II. i. 19.

*Colour*, give a specious appearance to; I. iii. 109.

*Colt*, befool; II. ii. 39.

*Come near me*, hit me; I. ii. 14.

*Comfit-maker*, confectioner; III. i. 253.

*Commodity*, supply; I. ii. 89.

*Common-hackney'd*, vulgarised; III. ii. 40.

*Commonwealth*, used quibblingly; II. i. 88.

*Community*, commonness, frequency; III. ii. 77.

*Comparative*, "a dealer in comparisons, one who affects wit"; III. ii. 67.

—, full of comparisons; I. ii. 86.

*Compass*; "in good c.," within reasonable limits; III. iii. 22.

*Concealments*, secrets of nature; III. i. 167.

*Condition*, natural disposition; I. iii. 6.

*Conduct*, escort; III. i. 92.

*Confound*, spend, wear away; I. iii. 100.

*Conjunction*, assembled force; IV. i. 37.

*Contagious*, baneful; I. ii. 208.

*Contracted*, engaged to be married; IV. ii. 16.

*Corinthian*, spirited fellow; II. iv. 12.

*Corpse*, corpses (*Quarto* 1 and *Folios* 1, 2, "corpes"); I. i. 43.

*Correction*, punishment; V. i. 111.

*Corrival*, rival, competitor; I. iii. 207.

*Couching*, couchant, lying down (the heraldic term); III. i. 153.

*Countenance*, patronage, with play upon literal sense of word, I. ii. 32; sanction, III. ii. 65; bearing, V. i. 69.

*Cousin*, kinsman; I. iii. 292.

*Cozeners*, deceivers (used quibblingly); I. iii. 255.

*Cranking*, winding, bending; III. i. 98.

*Cressets*, open lamps or burners, set up as beacons, or carried on poles; III. i. 15.



From a specimen preserved in the Tower of London.

*Crisp*, curled, rippled; I. iii. 106.

*Crossings*, contradictions; III. i. 36.

*Crown*, enthrone; III. i. 217.

*Crystal button*, generally worn upon the jerkin of vintners; II. iv. 76.

*Cuckoo's bird*, the young of the cuckoo; V. i. 60.

*Cuisses*, armour for the thighs (*Quartos* and *Folios*, "cushes"); IV. i. 105.

*Culverin*, a kind of cannon; II. iii. 56.

*Curbs*, restrains, holds in check; III. i. 171.

*Cut*, the name of a horse; II. i. 5.

*Daff'd*, put aside, doffed (*Quartos* and *Folios* "*daft*"); IV. i. 96.

*Damm'd*, stopped up, enclosed (*Quartos* 1, 2, 6 and *Folios*, "*damnd*"); III. i. 101.

*Dangerous*, indicating danger; V. i. 69.

*Dank*, damp; II. i. 8.

*Dare*, daring; IV. i. 78.

*Daventry*, a town in Northamptonshire; commonly pronounced "*Dahntry*" (*Quartos* 1-5, "*Dauintry*"; *Quartos* 6, 7, 8, "*Daintry*," etc.); IV. ii. 50.

*Dear*, eagerly desired, urgent, I. i. 33; worthy, valued, IV. iv. 31.

*Dearest*, best; III. i. 182.

*Defend*, forbid; IV. iii. 38.

*Defy*, renounce, abjure, I. iii. 228; despise, IV. i. 6.

*Deliver*, report; V. ii. 26.

*Deliver'd*, related, reported; I. iii. 26.

*Denier*, the smallest coin, the tenth part of a penny; III. iii. 87.

*Deny*, refuse; I. iii. 29.

*Deputation*; "*in d.*," as deputies; IV. iii. 87.

*Deputy of the ward*, local police officer; III. iii. 126.

*Devil rides upon a fiddle-stick*, a proverbial expression, probably derived from the

puritanic denunciation of music, and meaning, "here's much ado about nothing"; II. iv. 521. (See Notes.)

*Devised*, untrue, forged; III. ii. 23.

*Discarded*, dismissed; IV. ii. 28.

*Discontents*, malcontents; V. i. 76.

*Disdain'd*, disdainful; I. iii. 183.

*Dislike*, discord, dissension; V. i. 26.

*Disputation*, conversation; III. i. 206.

*Distemperature*, disorder; III. i. 34.

*Divide myself*, cut myself in half; II. iii. 35.

*Division*, modulation; III. i. 211.

*Doff*, put off; V. i. 12.

*Doubt*, suspect, fear; I. ii. 191.

*Dowlas*, a kind of coarse linen; III. iii. 76.

*Draff*, refuse of food, given to swine; IV. ii. 37.

*Drawn*, gathered together, collected; IV. i. 33.

*Drawn Fox*, "a fox scented and driven from cover; such a one being supposed to be full of tricks"; III. iii. 125.

*Draws*, draws back; IV. i. 73.

*Dread*, awful, terrible; V. i. 111.

*Drench*, mixture of bran and water; II. iv. 117.

*Drone*, "the largest tube of the bagpipe, which emits a hoarse sound resembling that of the drone bee"; I. ii. 82.

- Drowzed*, looked sleepily; III. ii. 81.
- Drum*, an allusion probably to the enlisting of soldiers by the beating of the drum; hence, perhaps, rallying point; III. iii. 223.
- Durance*, a strong material of which prisoners' clothes were made; called also "everlasting"; used quibblingly; I. ii. 47.
- Duties*, (?) dues, (?) homage; V. ii. 56.
- Eastcheap*, a "cheap" or market, in the east of London, noted for its eating-houses and taverns; I. ii. 138.
- Ecce signum*, here 's the proof; II. iv. 182.
- Embossed*, swoolen; III. iii. 170.
- Embowell'd*, i.e. for embalming; V. iv. 109.
- Enfeoff'd himself*, gave himself up entirely (Quartos 6, 7, 8, "enforc't"); III. ii. 69.
- Engaged*, detained as hostage (Pope, "encaged"); IV. iii. 95.
- Engross up*, amass (*up*, intensive) (Quartos 1, 2, and Folios, "*up*"; the rest, "*my*"); III. ii. 148.
- Enlarged*, set free; III. ii. 115.
- Enlargement*, escape; III. i. 31.
- Entertain*, pass peaceably; V. i. 24.
- Envy*, malice, enmity; V. ii. 67.
- Equity*, justice, fairness; II. ii. 103.
- Esperance*, the motto of the Percy family, and their battle-cry; II. iii. 74.
- Estimation*, conjecture; I. iii. 272.
- Estridges*, ostriches; IV. i. 98.
- Even*, modestly, prudently; I. iii. 285.
- Exhalations*, meteors; II. iv. 340.
- Expectation*, promise; II. iii. 20.
- Expedience*, expedition; I. i. 33.
- Eye of death*, look of deadly terror; I. iii. 143.
- Face*, trim, set off; V. i. 74.
- Factor*, agent; III. ii. 147.
- Fall off*, prove faithless; I. iii. 94.
- Father*, father-in-law; III. i. 87.
- Fathom-line*, lead line; I. iii. 204.
- Fat room*, probably "vat-room"; II. iv. 1.
- Fat-witted*, heavy witted, dull; I. ii. 2.
- Favours*, a scarf or glove given by a lady to her knight, V. iv. 96; features (Hammer "favour" = face); perhaps "decorations usually worn by knights in their helmets," III. ii. 136.
- Fear'd*, feared for; IV. i. 24.
- Fearfully*, in fear; I. iii. 105.
- Fears*, the objects of our fears; I. iii. 87.
- Feeds*; "f. him," i.e. feeds himself; III. ii. 180.



*Feeling*, carried on by touch, with play upon the word (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*feeble*") ; III. i. 206.

*Fellow*, neighbour, companion ; II. ii. III.

*Fern-seed* ; "the receipt of f.," i.e. the receipt for gathering fern-seed ; according to popular superstition these seeds were invisible, and any one who could gather them was himself rendered invisible ; II. i. 95.

*Figures*, shapes created by the imagination ; I. iii. 209.

*Finsbury*, the common resort of citizens, just outside the walls ; III. i. 257.

*Fleece*, plunder them ; II. ii. 88.

*Flesh'd*, stained with blood ; V. iv. 133.

*Flocks*, tufts of wool ; II. i. 6.

*Fobbed*, cheated ; tricked (Quartos 7, 8, "*snub'd*") ; I. ii. 65.

*Foil*, tinsel on which a jewel is set to enhance its brilliancy (Quartos 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and Folios, "*soile*") ; I. ii. 225.

*Foot*, foot-soldiers, infantry ; II. iv. 582.

*Foot land-rakers*, foot-pads (Quartos "*footland rakers*" ; Folios, "*Footland-Rakers*") ; II. i. 80.

*Forced*, compelled by whip and spur ; III. i. 135.

*Foul*, bad (Folio 2, "*soure*" ; Folios 3, 4, "*sowre*") ; V. i. 8.

*Found* ; "f. me," found me out, discovered my weakness ; I. iii. 3.

*Four by the day*, four o'clock in the morning ; II. i. 1.

*Framed*, planned, composed ; III. i. 123.

*Franklin*, freeholder or yeoman ; II. i. 59.

*Frets*, used equivocally for (i.) chafes, and (ii.) wears out ; II. ii. 2.

*From*, away from ; III. ii. 31.

*Front*, confront ; II. ii. 61.

*Frontier*, forehead, brow ; I. iii. 19.

*Frontiers*, outworks ; II. iii. 55.

*Full of rest*, thoroughly rested ; IV. iii. 27.

*Furniture*, furnishing, equipment ; III. iii. 218.

*Gadshill* ; a hill two miles northwest of Rochester on the Canterbury Road ; a well-known resort of highway-men ; I. ii. 133.

*Gage*, engage, pledge ; I. iii. 173.

*Gait*, walk, pace ; III. i. 135.

*Gall*, annoy ; I. iii. 229.

*Garters*, an allusion to the Order of the Garter ; "He may hang himself in his own garters," was an old proverbial saying ; II. ii. 46.

*Gelding*, horse ; II. i. 38.

—, taking away from ; III. i. 110.

*Gib cat*, old tom cat ; I. ii. 80.

*Gilliams*, another form of Williams ; II. iii. 68.



- Given*, inclined, disposed; III. iii. 16.
- '*God save the mark!*' a deprecatory exclamation; I. iii. 56.
- Goodman*, grandfather; II. iv. 102.
- Good morrow*, good morning; II. iv. 559.
- '*Good night*,' an exclamation expressing desperate resignation (*cp.* the use of *buona notte* among the Italians to this day); I. iii. 194.
- Garbellied*, big-bellied; II. ii. 91.
- Government*; "good g.," self-control, used quibblingly, I. ii. 31; command, IV. i. 19.
- Grace*, service, honour, III. i. 182.
- Grace*; "the Archbishop's grace, of York," *i.e.* his Grace the Archbishop of York; III. ii. 119.
- Grandam*, grandmother; III. i. 34.
- Grapple*, wrestle, struggle; I. iii. 197.
- Grief*, physical pain; I. iii. 51; V. i. 133.
- Griefs*, grievances; IV. iii. 42.
- Gull*, unfledged bird; V. i. 60.
- Gummed*; "g. velvet," *i.e.* stiffened with gum; II. ii. 2.
- Gyves*, fetters; IV. ii. 43.
- Habits*, garments; I. ii. 184.
- Hair*, peculiar quality, nature, character; IV. i. 61.
- Half-fac'd*, half-hearted; I. iii. 208.
- Half-moon*, the name of a room in the tavern; II. iv. 30.
- Half-sword*, close fight; II. iv. 179.
- '*Happy man be his dole*,' happiness be his portion; a proverbial expression; II. ii. 78.
- Hardiment*, bravery, bold encounter; I. iii. 101.
- Hare*, "flesh of hare was supposed to generate melancholy"; I. ii. 83.
- Harlotry*, vixen; III. i. 199.
- Harlotry players*, vagabond (or strolling) players; II. iv. 422.
- Harness*, armour, armed men; III. ii. 101.
- Head*, armed force (used quibblingly); I. iii. 284.
- ; "made head," raised an armed force; III. i. 64.
- Head of safety*, protection in an armed force; IV. iii. 103.
- Hearken'd for*, longed for; V. iv. 52.
- Heavenly-harness'd team*, the car and horses of Phæbus, the sun-god; III. i. 221.
- Hem*, an exclamation of encouragement; II. iv. 18.
- Herald's coat*, tabard, or sleeveless coat, still worn by heralds; IV. ii. 47.
- Hest*, behest, command; II. iii. 65.
- Hind*, boor; II. iii. 17.
- Hitherto*, to this spot; III. i. 74.
- Hold in*, restrain themselves; II. i. 84.
- Hold me pace*, keep pace with me; III. i. 49.

*Holy-rod day*, fourteenth of September; I. i. 52.

*Home*, "to pay home," *i.e.* thoroughly, fully; I. iii. 288.

*Homo*; "'homo' is a common name to all men," a quotation from the Latin grammars of the time; II. i. 103.

*Hopes*, anticipations; I. ii. 221.

*Horse*, horses; II. i. 3.

*Hot in question*, earnestly discussed; I. i. 34.

*Hue and cry*, a clamour in pursuit of a thief; II. iv. 542.

*Humorous*, capricious; III. i. 234.

*Humours*, caprices; II. iv. 101; II. iv. 480.

*Hurlyburly*, tumultuous; V. i. 78.

*Hybla*; "honey of H." (so *Quartos*, but *Folios*, "honey," omitting "of H."); three towns of Sicily bore this name, and one of them was famed for its honey; I. ii. 45.

*Hydra*, the many-headed serpent killed by Hercules; V. iv. 25.

'*Ignis fatuus*,' Will o' the wisp; III. iii. 43.

*Ignomy*, dishonour (*Quartos* 1, 2, 3, 8, *Folios* 3, 4, "*ignominy*," so Cambridge Ed., the rest "*ignomy*"); V. iv. 100.

*Immask*, mask, conceal; I. ii. 189.

*Impawn'd*, pledged, left as host-age; IV. iii. 108.

*Impeach*, accuse, reproach; I. iii. 75.

*Impressed*, pressed, compelled to fight; I. i. 21.

*Indent*, indentation; III. i. 104. —, bargain, compound with, make an indenture; I. iii. 87.

*Indentures tripartite*, triple agreement, *i.e.* "drawn up in three corresponding copies"; III. i. 80.

*Indirect*, wrong, out of the direct course, wrongful; IV. iii. 105.

*Induction*, beginning; III. i. 2.

*Injuries*, wrongs; V. i. 50.

*Intelligence*, intelligencers, informers; IV. iii. 98.

*Intemperance*, excesses, want of moderation (*Folios*, "*intemperature*"); III. ii. 156.

*Intended*, intending to march (*Collier MS.*, "*intendeth*"); IV. i. 92.

*Interchangeably*, mutually (each person signing all the documents); III. i. 81.

*Interest to*, claim to; III. ii. 98.

*Irregular*, lawless; I. i. 40.

*Item*, "a separate article, or particular, used in enumeration," originally meant "likewise, also"; II. iv. 570.

*Iteration*, "damnable iteration," "a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts" (Johnson); I. ii. 97.

*Jack*, frequently used as a term of contempt; II. iv. 12.

*Joined-stool*, a sort of folding chair; II. iv. 406.

*Journey-bated*, exhausted by their long march; IV. iii. 26.

*Jumps*, agrees; I. ii. 74.

*Justling*, busy; IV. i. 18.

*Kendal green*, a woollen cloth made at Kendal, Westmoreland; II. iv. 237.

*Kept*, dwelt; I. iii. 244.

*King Christen*, Christian king (Folios, "*in Christen-dome*"); II. i. 18.

*Knows*, becomes conscious of; IV. iii. 74.

*Lack-brain*, emptyheaded fellow; II. iii. 17.

*Lag-end*, latter end; V. i. 24.

*Lay by*, the words used by highwaymen to their victims; properly a nautical term, "slacken sail"; I. ii. 39.

*Leaden*, having a leaden sheath; II. iv. 407.

*Leading*; "great 1," well-known generalship; IV. iii. 17.

*Lean*, scanty; I. ii. 79.

*Leaping-houses*, brothels; I. ii. 10.

*Leash*, three in a string; II. iv. 7.

*Leathern jerkin*, a garment generally worn by tapsters; II. iv. 76.

*Leave*; "good leave," full permission, I. iii. 20; "give us leave," a courteous form of dismissal, III. ii. 1.

*Leg*, obeisance; II. iv. 414.

*Lend me thy hand*, help me; II. iv. 2.

*Let him*, let him go; I. i. 91.

*Let'st slip*, let'st loose (the greyhound); I. iii. 278.

*Libertine* (Capell's emendation of Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, "*a libertie*"; Quarto 5, etc., "*at libertie*"; Collier MS., "*of liberty*"); V. ii. 72.

*Lies*, lodges; I. ii. 137.

*Lieve*, lief, willingly; IV. ii. 18.

*Lighted*, alighted; I. i. 63.

*Liking*; "in some 1," in good condition; III. iii. 6.

*Line*, rank; III. ii. 85.

*Line*, strengthen; II. iii. 86.

*Links*, torches carried in the streets before lamps were introduced; III. iii. 47.

*Liquored*, made waterproof; II. i. 93.

*List*, limit; IV. i. 51.

*Loggerheads*, blockheads; II. iv. 4.

*Longstaff*; "long-staff sixpenny strikers," fellows who infested the roads with long-staffs, and knocked men down for sixpence; II. i. 81.

*Look big*, look threateningly; IV. i. 58.

*Lugged bear*, a bear led through the streets by a rope tied round its head; I. ii. 80.

*Mad*, madcap, merry; IV. ii. 38.

"*Maid Marian*," a character in the Morris Dances, originally Robin Hood's mistress, often personated by a man dressed

as a woman; III. iii. 125.  
(Cp. illustration.)



From a black-letter ballad of the  
XVIIth century.

*Main*, a stake at gaming; IV.  
i. 47.

*Maintenance*, carriage; V. iv.  
22.

*Major*, probably used for "ma-  
jor premiss," with a play  
upon "*major*" = "*mayor*";  
II. iv. 530.

*Majority*, pre-eminence; III. ii.  
109.

*Make against*, oppose; V. i. 103.

*Makest tender of*, hast regard  
for; V. iv. 49.

*Make up*, go forward, advance;  
V. iv. 5.

*Malevolent*, hostile, an astro-  
logical term; I. i. 97.

*Malt-worms*, "mustachio pur-  
ple-hued malt-worms," *i.e.*  
ale-topers; those who dip  
their mustachios so deeply  
and perpetually in liquor as  
to stain them purple-red; II.  
i. 82.

*Mammets*, puppets; II. iii. 95.

*Manage*, direction; II. iii. 52.

*Manner*; "taken with the m.,"  
*i.e.* taken in the act; a law  
term (*captus cum manuo-  
pere*); II. iv. 335.

*Manningtree*, a place in Essex  
where the "Moralities"  
were acted; during the fair  
held there an ox was roasted  
whole; II. iv. 483.

*Mark*, a coin worth thirteen  
shillings and fourpence; II. i.  
60.

*Marked*, heeded, observed; I.  
ii. 92.

*Master'd*, possessed, owned; V.  
ii. 64.

*Masters*; "my m.," a familiar  
title of courtesy used even to  
inferiors; II. iv. 536.

*Mean*, means; I. iii. 261.

*Medicines*, alluding to the com-  
mon belief in love-potions;  
II. ii. 19.

'*Melancholy as a cat*,' an old  
proverbial expression; I. ii.  
80.

*Memento mori*, a ring upon the  
stone of which a skull and  
cross-bones were engraved,  
commonly worn as a re-  
minder of man's mortality;  
III. iii. 35.

*Mercy*, "I cry you mercy," I  
beg your pardon; I. iii. 212.

*Merlin*, the old magician of the  
Arthurian legends; III. i.  
150.

*Micher*, truant, thief (*moocher*,  
a truant; a blackberry  
moucher, a boy who plays

- truant to pick blackberries," Akerman's *Glossary of Provincial Words*; II. iv. 436.
- Milliner*; "perfumed like a milliner"; a man who dealt in fancy articles, especially articles of personal adornment, which he was in the habit of constantly perfuming; I. III. 36.
- Mincing*, affected; III. i. 134.
- Minion*, darling; favourite; I. i. 83.
- Misprision*, misapprehension; I. iii. 27.
- Misquote*, misinterpret; V. ii. 13.
- Mistreadings*, sins, transgressions; III. ii. 11.
- Misuse*, ill-treatment; I. i. 43.
- Mo*, more; IV. iv. 31.
- Moiety*, share; III. i. 96.
- Moldwarp*, mole; III. i. 149.
- Moody*, discontented, angry; I. iii. 19.
- Moorditch*, part of the stagnant ditch surrounding London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate; I. ii. 84.
- More*; "the more and less," high and low; IV. iii. 68.
- Moulten*, moulting; III. i. 152.
- Mouthed*, gaping, I. iii. 97.
- Muddy*, dirty, rascally; II. i. 105.
- Mutual*, having common interests (Quarto 8, "*naturall*"); I. i. 14.
- Natural* scope, natural temperament; III. i. 171.
- Neat's tongue*, ox tongue; II. iv. 262.
- Neck*; "in the n. of that," immediately after; IV. iii. 92.
- Neglectingly*, slightingly, carelessly; I. iii. 52.
- Nether stocks*, stockings; II. iv. 126.
- Newgate fashion*, "as prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together"; III. iii. 100.
- New reap'd*, trimmed in the newest style; I. iii. 34.
- Next*, nearest, surest; II. i. 9; III. i. 264.
- Nice*, precarious; IV. i. 48.
- Noted*, well known, familiar; I. ii. 189.
- Nothing*, not at all; III. i. 133.
- Not-pated*, close cropped; II. iv. 77.
- Ob*, abbreviation of obolus (properly a small Greek coin), halfpenny; II. iv. 575.
- Offering*, challenging, assailing; IV. i. 69.
- Old faced*, old patched; IV. ii. 33.
- Oneyers*; "great o.," probably a jocose term for "great ones" (*v.* Note); II. i. 84.
- Opinion*, self-conceit, III. i. 185; public opinion, reputation, III. ii. 42.
- Opposed*, standing opposite, confronting, I. i. 9; opposite, III. i. 110.
- Orb*, sphere; V. i. 17.
- Order* ta'en, arrangement made; III. i. 71.

*O, the father, i.e.* by God the Father; II. iv. 419.

*Ought*, owed; III. iii. 147.

*Outdare*, out-brave, defy; V. i. 40.

*Outfaced*, frightened; II. iv. 274.

*Pacified*, appeased, III. iii. 188.

*Painted cloth*, tapestry worked or painted with figures and scenes, with which the walls of rooms were hung; IV. ii. 26.

*Palisadoes*, pallisades; II. iii. 55.

*Paraquito*, little parrot, term of endearment; II. iii. 88.

*Parcel*, item, II. iv. 110; small part, III. ii. 159.

*Parley*, conversation (of looks); III. i. 204.

*Parmaceti*, spermaceti, the sperm of the whale; I. iii. 58.

*Part*; "on his p.," on his behalf (Folios, "*in his behalfe*"), I. iii. 133; share, III. i. 75.

*Participation*; "vile p.," low companions; III. ii. 87.

*Partlet*; "Dame P.," the name of the hen in the old story of "Reynard the Fox" (*cp.* Chaucer's *Nonnes Preestes Tale*); III. iii. 57.

*Passages*; "thy p. of life," the actions of thy life; III. ii. 8.

*Passion*, sorrow, II. iv. 413; suffering, III. i. 35.

*Patience*, composure of mind; I. iii. 200.

*Paul's*, St. Paul's Cathedral; "a constant place of resort for business and amusement"; II. iv. 561.

*Peach*, betray you, turn King's evidence; II. ii. 46.

*Peremptory*, bold, unawed; I. iii. 17.

*Personal*, in person; IV. iii. 88.

*Pick-thanks*, officious parasites; III. ii. 25.

*Pierce*, with play on *Percy* (probably pronounced *perce*); V. iii. 58.

*Pinch*, vex, torment; I. iii. 229.

*Pismires*, ants; I. iii. 240.

*Play off*, toss off at a draught; II. iv. 18.

*Point*, head of the saddle; II. i. 6.

*Pomgarnet*, Pomegranate, the name of a room in the tavern; II. iv. 42.

*Popinjay*, parrot; I. iii. 50.

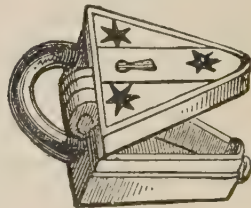
*Possess'd*, informed; IV. i. 40.

*Possession*, the possessor; III. ii. 43.

*Post*, messenger; I. i. 37.

*Poulter*, poulterer; II. iv. 466.

*Pouncet-box*, a small smelling



From a XIVth century specimen, formerly in the possession of W. Chaffers, Esq., F. S. A.

- box perforated with holes for musk or other perfumes; I. iii. 38.
- Powder*, salt; V. iv. 112.
- Power*, army, force; I. i. 22.
- Precedent*, sample; II. iv. 37.
- Predicament*, condition, category; I. iii. 168.
- Presently*, immediately; II. i. 65.
- Profited*, skilled, attained to great proficiency; III. i. 166.
- Prologue to an egg and butter*, grace before an ordinary sort of breakfast; I. ii. 23.
- Prosperous hope*, hope of prospering; III. i. 2.
- Protest*, a word used of petty and affected oaths; III. i. 260.
- Prune*, applied to birds, to trim; to pick out damaged feathers and arrange the plumage with the bill; I. i. 98.
- Puke-stocking*, (probably) dark-coloured stocking; II. iv. 77.
- Purchase*, gain, plunder (Folios, "*purpose*"); II. i. 100.
- Push*; "stand the p. of," expose himself to; III. ii. 66.
- Quality*, party; IV. iii. 36.
- Question*, doubt, misgiving; IV. i. 68.
- Quiddities*, equivocations; I. ii. 51.
- Quilt*, a quilted coverlet; IV. ii. 52.
- Quips*, sharp jests; I. ii. 49.
- Quit*, acquit, excuse; III. ii. 19.
- Rabbit-sucker*, sucking rabbit; II. iv. 466.
- Ramping*, rampant, rearing to spring; the heraldic term; III. i. 153.
- Rare*, excellent, used perhaps quibblingly; I. ii. 69.
- Rash*, quick, easily excited; III. ii. 61.
- Rated*, chid, scolded; IV. iii. 99.
- Rated*, reckoned upon, relied upon; IV. iv. 17.
- Razes*, roots, (?) packages, bales; II. i. 25.
- Read*; "hath r. to me," instructed me; III. i. 46.
- Reasons*, with a play upon "raisins"; II. iv. 255.
- Rebuke*, chastisement; V. i. 111.
- Red-breast teacher*, teacher of music to birds; III. i. 264.
- Regard*, opinion; IV. iii. 57.
- Remember you*, remind you; V. i. 32.
- Reprisal*, prize; IV. i. 118.
- Reproof*, confutation, refutation, I. ii. 200, III. ii. 23; angry retorts, III. i. 175.
- Respect*, attention; IV. iii. 31.
- Retires*, retreats; II. iii. 54.
- Revenge*, revenge; III. ii. 7.
- Reversion*, hope of future possession; IV. i. 53.
- Rich*, fertile; III. i. 105.
- Rivo*, a common exclamation of toppers; II. iv. 121.
- Roan*, roan-coloured horse; II. iii. 72.
- Roundly*, roundly, speak out plainly; I. ii. 24.



*Royal*, a quibbling allusion to the "royal" coin (= 10 shillings; a "noble" = 6s. 8d.); II. iv. 310.

*Rub the elbow* (in token of enjoyment); V. i. 77.

*Rudely*, "by thy violent conduct"; III. ii. 32.

*Sack*, Spanish and Canary wines; I. ii. 3.

*Sack and sugar*, alluding to the then custom of putting sugar into wines; I. ii. 120.

*Saint Nicholas' clerks*, thieves, highwaymen (? due to a confusion of (1) Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of scholars, and (2) the familiar use of "Old Nick"); II. i. 66.

*Salamander*, an animal supposed to be able to live in fire; III. iii. 51.

*Sarcenet*, a thin kind of silk, originally made by the Sarcacens, whence its name; here used contemptuously for soft, delicate; III. i. 256.

*Scandalized*, disgraced (Folios 2, 3, 4, "so scandalized"); I. iii. 154.

*Scot and lot*, taxes; V. iv. 115.

*Seat*, estates; V. i. 45.

*Seldom*, rarely seen; III. ii. 58.

*Semblably*, similarly; V. iii. 21.

*Servant*, used adjectively, subject; I. iii. 19.

*Service*, action; III. ii. 5.

*Set a match*, made an appointment in thieves' slang, "planned a robbery" (Folios "watch"); I. ii. 114.

*Set off*; "s. o. his head," "taken from his account"; V. i. 88.

*Setter*, the one who set the match; II. ii. 52.



Salamanders.

From an illuminated MS. of the XIVth century.

*Salt-petre*, nitre; I. iii. 60.

*Salvation*; "upon their s.," i.e. by their hopes of salvation (Folios, "confidence"); II. iv. 10.

*Seven stars*, the Pleiades; I. ii. 15.

*Shallow*, silly, stupid; II. iii. 16.

*Shape of likelihood*, probability; I. i. 58.



- "Shelter, shelter,"* conceal yourself quickly; II. ii. 1.
- Shot-free*, scot-free, free from charge; with play upon the word; V. iii. 30.
- Shotten herring*, a herring that has cast its roe; II. iv. 140.
- Similes*, comparisons (Quartos 1-4 and Folio 1, "*smiles*"); I. ii. 85.
- Sinew*, strength; IV. iv. 17.
- Sink or swim*, "an old English proverbial expression implying to run the chance of success or failure"; I. iii. 194.
- Sirrah*, generally used to an inferior; here an instance of unbecoming familiarity; I. ii. 188.
- Skill*, wisdom, good policy; I. ii. 226.
- Skimble-skamble*, wild, confused; III. i. 154.
- Skippling*, flighty, thoughtless; III. ii. 60.
- Slovenly*, battle-stained; I. iii. 44.
- Smug*, trim, smooth; III. i. 102.
- Sneak-cup*, (probably) one who sneaks from his cup; III. iii. 95.
- Snuff*; "took it in snuff," *i.e.* took it as an offence; with a play upon "snuff" in the ordinary sense; I. iii. 41.
- So*, howsoever; IV. i. 11.
- Solemnity*, awful grandeur, dignity; III. ii. 59.
- Soothers*, flatterers; IV. i. 7.
- Soused gurnet*, a fish pickled in vinegar, a term of contempt; IV. ii. 12.
- Spanish-pouch*, evidently a contemptuous term = drunkard; II. iv. 78.
- Speed*; "be your s.," stand you in good stead; III. i. 190.
- Spite*, vexation; III. i. 192.
- Spleen*, waywardness; II. iii. 81.
- Spoil*, ruin, corruption; III. iii. 12.
- Squier*, square (Quarto 8, "*squaire*"; Folios 3, 4, "*square*"; the rest "*squire*"); II. ii. 13.
- Squire*; "s. of the night's body," a play upon "squire of the body," *i.e.* attendant upon a knight; I. ii. 26.
- Stain'd*, soiled, bespattered (Folio 1, "*strained*"); I. i. 64.
- Standing-tuck*, rapier set on end; II. iv. 265.
- Start*; "s. of spleen," impulse of caprice; III. ii. 125.
- Starting-hole*, subterfuge, evasion; II. iv. 281.
- Starve*, to starve (Folios "*starn'a*"); I. iii. 159.
- Starveling*, a starved, lean person; II. i. 75.
- Starving*, longing; V. i. 81.
- State*, chair of state, throne; II. iv. 403.
- Stay*, linger; "we shall stay" = we shall have stayed; IV. ii. 80.
- Steal*, steal yourselves away; III. i. 93.
- Stock-fish*, dried cod; II. iv. 262.
- Stomach*, appetite; II. iii. 44.

*Strait*, strict; IV. iii. 79.

*Strappado*; "the strappado is when a person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint, which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo" (Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*); II. iv. 253.

*Strength*, strong words, terms; I. iii. 25.

*Stronds*, strands; I. i. 4.

*Struck fowl*, wounded fowl; IV. ii. 20.

*Subornation*; "murderous s., "procuring murder by underhand means; I. iii. 163.

*Suddenly*, very soon; I. iii. 294.

"*Sue his livery*," to lay legal claim to his estates, a law term; IV. iii. 62.

*Sufferances*, sufferings; V. i. 51.

*Suggestion*, temptation; IV. iii. 51.

*Suits*, used with a quibbling allusion to the fact that the clothes of the criminal belonged to the hangman; I. ii. 77.

*Sullen*; dark; I. ii. 222.

*Summer-house*, pleasant retreat, country house; III. i. 164.

*Sunday-citizens*, citizens in their "Sunday best"; III. i. 261.

*Supply*, reinforcements; IV. iii. 3.

"*Sutton Co'fil*," a contraction of Sutton Coldfield, a town twenty-four miles from Coventry (Quarto 2, "*Sutton cophill*"; Folios and Quartos 5, 6, 8, "*Sutton-cophill*"); IV. ii. 3.

*Swathling clothes*, swaddling clothes (Quartos 1, 2, 3, "*swathling*"; the rest, "*swathing*"); III. ii. 112.

*Sword-and-buckler*, the dis-



Sword and buckler.

(a) From an illuminated MS. of XVth century.



(b) From a XVIth century woodcut.

tinctive weapons of serving-men and riotous fellows; Hotspur seems to despise this exercise, an interesting parody of which is to be seen in the accompanying cut (b) of Shakespeare's time; I. iii. 193.

*Taffeta*, a glossy silken stuff; I. ii. 11.

*Take it*, swear; II. iv. 9.

*Take me with you*, tell me what you mean; II. iv. 492.

*Tall*, strong, able; I. iii. 62.

*Tallow - catch* = "tallow-ketch," i.e. a tallow-tub, or perhaps "tallow - keech" (Steevens' conjecture), i.e. a round lump of fat rolled up by the butcher to be carried to the chandler; II. iv. 243.

*Target*, shield; II. iv. 217.

*Tarry*, remain, stay; I. ii. 153.

*Task'd*, taxed; IV. iii. 92.

*Tasking*, challenge (Quarto 1. "tasking"; the rest, "talking"); V. ii. 51.

*Task me*, test me; IV. i. 9.

*Taste*, test, try the temper (Quarto 2, "taste"; Quarto 1, "tast"; the rest, "take"); IV. i. 119.

*Temper*, disposition, temperament; III. i. 170.

*Tench*; "stung like a t."; possibly there is an allusion to the old belief that fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas; or perhaps the simile is intentionally meaningless; II. i. 16.

*Term*, word (Folios and Quartos 7, 8, "dreame"; Quartos, 5, 6, "deame"); IV. i. 85.

*Termagant*, an imaginary god of the Mahometans, represented as a most violent character in the old Miracle-plays and Moralities; V. iv. 114.

*Therefore*, for that purpose; I. i. 30.

*Thick-eyed*, dull-eyed; II. iii. 49.

*Thief*, used as a term of endearment; III. i. 238.

*Tickle-brain*, some kind of strong liquor; II. iv. 424.

*Tinkers*, proverbial tipplers and gamblers; II. iv. 20.

*Toasts-and-butter*, effeminate fellows, Cockneys; IV. ii. 20.

*Tongue*; "the tongue," i.e. the English language; III. i. 125.

*Topples*, throws down; III. i. 32.

*Toss*, "to toss upon a pike"; IV. ii. 68.

*Touch*, touchstone, by which gold was tested; IV. iv. 10.

*Trace*, track, follow; III. i. 48.

*Trade-fallen*, fallen out of service; IV. ii. 32.

*Train*, allure, entice; V. ii. 21.

*Tranquillity*, people who live at ease (Collier MS., "sanguinity"); II. i. 83.

*Transformation*, change of appearance; I. i. 44.

*Treasures*; "my t.," i.e. tokens of love due to me from you; II. iii. 48.

- Trench*, turn into another channel; III. i. 112.
- Trenching*, entrenching, making furrows; I. i. 7.
- Trick*, peculiarity; II. iv. 431.
- Trim*, ornamental dress; gallant array; IV. i. 113.
- Tristful*, sorrowful (Quartos, Folios, "*trustful*"; Rowe's correction); II. iv. 420.
- Triumph*, public festivity; III. iii. 45.
- Trojans*, cant name for thieves; II. i. 76.
- True*, honest; I. ii. 117.
- Trumpet*, trumpeter; "play the t," act the herald; V. i. 4.
- "*Turk Gregory*"; Pope Gregory VII.; V. iii. 46.
- Turn'd*, being shaped in the turning-lathe; III. i. 131.
- Twelve-score*, twelve score yards (in the phraseology of archery); II. iv. 583.
- Under-skinker*, under tapster; II. iv. 26.
- Uneven*, embarrassing; I. i. 50.
- Unhandsome*, indecent; I. iii. 44.
- Unjointed*, disjointed, incoherent; I. iii. 65.
- Unjust*, dishonest; IV. ii. 29.
- Unminded*, unregarded; IV. iii. 58.
- Unsorted*, ill-chosen; II. iii. 13.
- Unsteadfast*, unsteady; I. iii. 193.
- Untaught*, ill-mannered; I. iii. 43.
- Unwashed*; "with u. hands," without waiting to wash your hands, immediately; III. iii. 199.
- Unyoked*, uncurbed, reckless; I. ii. 206.
- Up*, up in arms; III. ii. 120.
- Valued*, being considered; III. ii. 177.
- Vassal*, servile; III. ii. 124.
- Vasty*, vast; III. i. 53.
- Velvet-guards*, trimmings of velvet; hence, the wearers of such finery; III. i. 261.
- Virtue*, valour; II. iv. 129.
- Vizards*, visors, masks; I. ii. 136.
- Waiting*; "w. in the court," i.e. "dancing attendance in the hope of preferment"; I. ii. 75.
- Wake*, waking; III. i. 219.
- Want*; "his present w.," the present want of him; IV. i. 44.
- Wanton*, soft, luxurious; III. i. 214.
- Ward*, posture when on guard; II. iv. 209.
- Wards*, guards in fencing, postures of defence; I. ii. 198.
- Warm*, ease-loving; IV. ii. 18.
- Wasp-stung* (So Quarto 1; Quartos and Folios, "*waspt o n g u e*" or "*waspt o n g u e d*"; irritable as though stung by a wasp; I. iii. 236).
- Watering*, drinking; II. iv. 17.
- Wear*, carry, bear (Folios, "*wore*"); I. iii. 162.

*Well*, rightly; IV. iii. 94.

*Well-beseeming*, well becoming; I. i. 14.

*Well-respected*, ruled by reasonable considerations; IV. iii. 10.

*Welsh hook*; II. iv. 372. (*Cp.* the accompanying drawing.)



From a specimen preserved in  
Carnarvon Castle.

*What!* an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 3.

*Whereupon*, wherefore; IV. iii. 42.

*Which*, who; III. i. 46.

*Wild of Kent*, weald of K.; II. i. 59.

*Wilful-blame*, wilfully blameable; III. i. 177.

*Wind*, turn in this or that direction; IV. i. 109.

*Witch*, bewitch; IV. i. 110.

*Withal*, with; II. iv. 552.

*Worship*, honour, homage; III. ii. 151.

*Wrung in the withers*, pressed in the shoulders; II. i. 6.

*Yedward*, a familiar corruption of Edward, still used in some counties; I. ii. 142.

*Yet*, even now; I. iii. 77.

*Younker*, greenhorn; III. iii. 88.

*Zeal*, earnestness; IV. iii. 63.



'Hostess, I forgive thee' (iii. 192.)

From the frontispiece to *Wits, or Sports upon Sports*,  
printed for Henry Marsh, 1662.

## Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 5. 'No more the thirsty entrance of this soil,' etc.; Folio 4, 'entrails' for 'entrance'; Steevens, 'entrants'; Mason, 'Erin-nys'; Malone compares Genesis iv. 11: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened *her mouth* to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand": 'entrance' probably = 'the mouth of the earth or soil.'

I. i. 28. 'now is twelve month old,' so Quartos 1, 2; Folios, 'is a twelve-month old'; Quartos 7, 8, 'is but twelve months old.'

I. i. 71. 'Mordake the Earl of Fife'; this was Murdach Stewart, *not* the son of Douglas, but the eldest son of Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, third son of King Robert II." ('the' first supplied by Pope).

I. ii. 16. 'that wandering knight so fair,' an allusion to 'El Donzel del Febo,' the 'Knight of the Sun,' whose adventures were translated from the Spanish:—"The First Part of the Mirrour of Princely deeds and Knighthood; Whercin is shewed the Worthiness of the Knight of the Sunne and his brother Rosicleer. . . . Now newly translated out of Spanish into our vulgar English tongue, by M(argaret) T(iler)"; eight parts of the book were published between 1579 and 1601. Shirley alludes to the Knight in the *Gamester* (iii. 1):—

*"He has knocked the flower of chivalry, the very  
Donzel del Phebo of the time."*

I. ii. 45. 'Of Hybla,' reading of Quartos, omitted in Folios; 'my old lad of the castle'; probably a pun on the original name of Falstaff (*cp.* Preface).

I. ii. 95, 96. 'For wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it'; an adaptation of Proverbs i. 20, omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 128. 'Albeit I make a hazard of my head'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, 'Although it be with hazard of my head.'

I. iii. 193. 'The unsteadfast footing of a spear,' probably an al-

lusion to the practice of ancient heroes, *c.g.* Lancelot as in the annexed cut, to make a bridge by means of a sword or spear.



From an ivory casket of the XIVth century.

I. iii. 201, etc. This rant of Hotspur has been compared with the similar sentiment put into the mouth of Eteocles by Euripides —“I will not disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven; I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom.”

In *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (Induction), Beaumont and Fletcher put these lines into the mouth of Ralph, the apprentice, “apparently with the design of raising a good-natured laugh at Shakespeare’s expense” (Johnson).

I. iii. 253. ‘*when his . . . age,*’ *cp.* *Richard II.* Act II. iii. 48, 9, ‘*as my fortune ripens with thy love, It shall be still thy true love’s recompense.*’

II. i. 84. ‘*great oneyers,*’ probably a jocose term for ‘great ones,’ with perhaps a pun on ‘owners’; various emendations have been proposed, *c.g.* ‘*oncraires,*’ ‘*moneyers,*’ ‘*scignors,*’ ‘*owners,*’ ‘*mynheers,*’ ‘*overseers,*’ etc.

II. iii. 90. ‘*I’ll break thy little finger,*’ an ancient token of amorous dalliance, as Steevens has shown by quotations.

II. iv. ‘*Boar’s-Head Tavern,*’ the original tavern in Eastcheap was burnt down in the great fire, but was subsequently rebuilt, and stood until 1757, when it was demolished. Goldsmith visited the tavern, and wrote of it enthusiastically in his *Essays*.

II. iv. 131. ‘*pitiful-hearted Titan,*’ so the early editions: Theobald suggested ‘*butter*’ for ‘*Titan,*’ and the emendation has been generally adopted.

II. iv. 134. ‘*here’s lime in this sack.*’ *cp.* Sir Richard Hawkins’ statement in his *Voyages*, that the Spanish sacks “for conservation are mingled with the lime in the making,” and hence give



rise to "the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use."

II. iv. 144. '*I would I were a weaver*'; weavers were good singers, especially of psalms, most of them being Calvinists who had fled from Flanders, to escape persecution.

II. iv. 148. '*dagger of lath*,' like that carried by the Vice in the old Morality plays.

II. iv. 261. '*you elf-skin*'; so the Quartos and Folios; Hanmer, '*cel-skin*' (cp. 2 Henry IV. III. ii. 345); Johnson, '*elfkin*.'

II. iv. 362. '*O, Glendower*,' (?) perhaps we should read, '*Owen Glendower*.'

II. iv. 413. '*King Cambyse's vein*'; an allusion to a ranting play called '*A Lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia*' (1570).

II. iv. 427. *The camomile*, etc., cp. Lyly's *Euphues* (quoted by Farmer): '*Though the camomile the more it is trodden and pressed down, the more it spreadeth; yet the violet the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth*.'

II. iv. 484. '*that reverend vice*,' etc., alluding to the *Vice* of the Morality plays; '*Iniquity*' and '*Vanity*' were among the names given to the character, according to the particular '*Vice*' held up to ridicule.

II. iv. 527. '*mad*,' Folios 3, 4; the rest '*made*.'

II. iv. 534. '*The devil on a fiddle stick*,' a proverbial expression denoting anything new and strange, which may have originated in the Puritan dislike to music and dancing. Hence perhaps the common notion of fiends and witches riding on brooms as in accompanying illustration from an old chap-book.



II. iv. 563. '*Peto*,' probably '*Poins*,' according to Johnson; perhaps, the prefix in the MS. was simply '*P*.' The Cambridge editors, however, remark that the formal address is appropriate to *Peto* rather than to *Poins*.

III. i. 150., etc. '*telling me of the moldwarp*,' cp. *Legend of Glendour* (stanza 23) in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1559:



*"And for it to set us hereon more agog,  
A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)  
Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,  
Whom Merlin doth a mouldwarp ever call,  
Accurst of God, that must be brought in thrall  
By a wolf, a dragon, and a lion strong,  
Which should divide his kingdom them among."*

III. i. 160, 161. Compare Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, 5860:—

*"Thou saist, that dropping houses, and eek smoke,  
And chiding wives maken men to flee  
Out of her owen hous";*

Vaughan adds the following:—"It is singular that Shakespeare should have combined two annoyances commemorated together by an old Welsh proverb, which I would translate:

*'Three things will drive a man from home:  
A roof that leaks,  
A house that reeks,  
A wife who scolds whene'er she speaks.'*"

III. ii. 32. *'Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost'*, i.e. 'by thy rude or violent conduct'; there is an anachronism here, as the Prince was removed from the council for striking the Chief Justice in 1403, some years after the battle of Shrewsbury.

III. ii. 38. *'doth'*; Quartos and Folios, 'do,' which may be explained as due to the plural implied in *'every man'*; Rowe, *'does'*; Collier MS., *'doth.'*

III. ii. 62. *'carded his state'*; *'to card'* is often used in Elizabethan English in the sense of 'to mix, or debase by mixing' (e.g. "*You card your beer if you see your guests begin to get drunk, half small, half strong.*" Green's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*); Warburton suggested *'carded'* "*'scarded,'* i.e. "*discarded*"; but the former explanation is undoubtedly correct. 'To stir and mix with cards, to stir together, to mix'; the meaning is brought out by a quotation from Topsell's *Four-footed Beasts* (1607), "As for his diet, let it be warm mashies, sodden wheat and hay, thoroughly carded with wool-cards."

III. ii. 154. *'if He be pleased I shall perform'*; the reading of Quartos; Folio 1, *'if I performe, and doe survive'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"if I promise, and doe survive,"* etc.

III. ii. 164. *'Lord Mortimer of Scotland,'* a mistake for Lord

March of Scotland, George Dunbar, who took sides with the English.



A vessel of the early XVth century. From the seal of John Holland, Lord Admiral of England, 1417.

III. iii. 29. '*lantern in poop*.' (Cp. illustration.)

III. iii. 38. '*By this fire, that's God's angel*'; the latter words omitted in Folios and Quartos after Quarto 2; evidently a familiar expression. Vaughan thinks the allusion is to Hebrews i. 7; but it is more probably to Exodus iii. 2.

III. iii. 139. '*neither fish nor flesh*,' alluding to the old proverb, "Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring."

III. iii. 164. '*I pray God my girdle break*'; an allusion to

the old adage, "ungirt, unblessed"; the breaking of the girdle was formerly a serious matter, as the purse generally hung on to the girdle, and would, in the event of the girdle breaking, probably be lost.

IV. i. 31. '*that inward sickness*—'; Rowe first suggested the dash in place of the comma of the early editions; the sentence is suddenly broken off.

IV. i. 85. '*term of fear*'; the Folios and later Quartos (7 and 8) '*dream*' for '*term*.'

IV. i. 98. '*All plumed . . . wing the wind*'; the Camb. ed. read:—

*"All plumed like estridges that with the wind  
Baited like eagles having lately bathed";*

this, the reading of the early editions, has been variously emended; Steevens and Malone suggested that a line has dropt out after *wind*, and the former (too boldly) proposed as the missing line:—

*"Run on, in gallant trim they now advance";*

on the other hand, Rowe's proposal to read '*wing the wind*' for '*with*' has had many supporters, though it is said that '*wing the wind*' applies to ostriches less than to any other birds; Dyce, however, quotes a passage from Claudian (*In Eutropium* II., 310-313) to justify it:—

*"Vasta velut Libya venantium vocibus ales  
Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittet arenas,  
Inque modum veli sinuatis flamina pennis  
Pulverulenta volat";*

the Cambridge editors maintain that this means that the bird spreads its wings like a sail bellying with the wind—a different thing from '*winging the wind*.' "But the Cambridge editors," Dyce replies, "take no notice of the important word *volat*, by which Claudian means, of course, that the ostrich, *when once her wings are filled with the wind, flies* along the ground (though she does not mount into the air)"; he adds the following apt quotation from Rogers:—

*"Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs  
Who course the ostrich, as away she wings."*

COLUMBUS, Canto viii.

*baited* = baiting; *to bait* or *bate* = "to flap the wings, as the hawk did when unhooded and ready to fly."

'*having lately bathed*'; "writers on falconry," says Steevens, "often mention the bathing of hawks and eagles as highly necessary for their health and spirits. All birds, after bathing, spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This, in the falconer's language, is called *bating*."

IV. ii. 29. '*younger sons to younger brothers*,' i.e. 'men of desperate fortune and wild adventure'; the phrase, as Johnson pointed out, occurs in Raleigh's *Discourse on War*.

V. i. *Stage direction*. The Quartos and Folios make the Earl of Westmoreland one of the characters; but, as Malone pointed out, he was in the rebel camp as a pledge for Worcester's safe conduct.

V. i. 13. '*old limbs*'; Henry was, in reality, only thirty years old at this time.

V. ii. 8. '*suspicion*'; Rowe's emendation for '*supposition*' of the early editions. Johnson points out that the same image of '*suspicion*' is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the same time by Dr. William Alabaster.

V. ii. 18. '*adopted name of privilege*,' i.e. the name of *Hotspur* will suggest that his temperament must be his excuse.

V. ii. 33. '*Douglas*' must here be read as a trisyllable.

V. ii. 60. '*By still dispraising praise valued with you*'; omitted by Pope and others as 'foolish,' but defended by Johnson—"to

vilify praise, compared or valued with merit, superior to praise, is no harsh expression."

V. ii. 72. '*so wild a libertine*'; Capell's emendation for the reading of the Folios, '*at libertie*,' and Quartos 1-4 '*a libertie*'; Theobald punctuated the line thus: '*of any prince, so wild, at liberty*'; others proposed '*wild o' liberty*,' which Collier erroneously declared to be the reading of the three oldest Quartos.

V. iii. 46, 47. '*Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms*'; Warburton observes:—"Fox, in his *History*, hath made Gregory (*i.e.* Pope Gregory VII., called Hildebrand) so odious that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one."

V. iv. 81. '*But thought's the slave of life*,' etc.; Dyce and others prefer the reading of Quarto 1:—

*'But thoughts the slaves of life, and life time's fool,  
And time that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop.'*

*i.e.* "Thoughts, which are the slaves of life, aye, and life itself, which is but the fool of Time, aye, and Time itself, which measures the existence of the whole world, must come to an end" (Vaughan).

V. iv. 167. '*Grow great*,' so Quartos; Folios, '*grow great again*.'

V. v. 41. '*sway*'; Folios and later Quartos '*way*.'

# KING HENRY IV.

## Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

### ACT FIRST.

#### Scene I.

34-46. *My liege*, etc.:—The matter of the passage is thus related by Holinshed: "Owen Glendower, according to his accustomed manner robbing and spoiling within the English borders, caused all the forces of the shire of Hereford to assemble together against him, under the conduct of Edmund Mortimer, Earle of March. But comming to trie the matter by battell, whether by treason or otherwise, so it fortun'd, that the English power was discomfitted, the earle taken prisoner, and above a thousand of his people slaine in the place. The shamefull villanie used by the Welshwomen towards the dead carcasses was such as honest eares would be ashamed to heare, and continent tooongs to speake thereof. The dead bodies might not be buried, without great summes of monie given for libertie to conveie them awaie."

92-95. *the prisoners*, etc.:—Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly to himself to acquit or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife; for, he being a prince of the royal blood, Henry might justly claim him, by his acknowledged military prerogative.

#### Scene II.

2. [*Prince*.] We see the Prince, as Brandes says, "plunging into the most boyish and thoughtless diversions, in company with

topers, tavern-wenches, and pot-boys; but we see, also, that he is magnanimous, and full of profound admiration for Harry Percy, that admiration for a rival of which Percy himself was incapable. And he rises, ere long, above this world of triviality and make-believe to the true height of his nature. His alert self-esteem, his immovable self-confidence, can early be traced in minor touches. When Falstaff asks him if 'his blood does not thrill' to think of the alliance between three such formidable foes as Percy, Douglas, and Glendower, he dismisses with a smile all idea of fear. A little later, he plays upon his truncheon of command as upon a fife. He has the great carelessness of the great natures; he does not even lose it when he feels himself unjustly suspected. At bottom he is a good brother, a good son, a great patriot; and he has the makings of a great ruler."

III, 112. *'tis my vocation*, etc.:—We shall err greatly, if we believe all that Shakespeare's characters say of themselves; for, like other men, they do not see themselves as others see them, nor indeed as they are. And this especially in case of Sir John, who seldom speaks of himself even as he sees himself; that is, he speaks for art, not for truth: and a part of his humour lies in all sorts of caricatures and exaggerations about himself; what he says being often designed on purpose to make himself a laughing-stock, that he may join in the laughter. Such appears to be the case in what he here charges himself with. For his *vocation* throughout the play is that of a soldier, which is also the vocation of the Prince. But the trade of a soldier was at that time notoriously trimmed and adorned with habits of plundering; so that to set it forth as a purse-taking vocation, was but a stroke of humorous exaggeration, finely spiced with satire, both as regarded the Prince and himself. The exploit at Gadshill is the only one of the kind that we hear of in the play.

120. *Sack and Sugar*:—A deal of learned ink has been shed in discussing what Sir John's favourite beverage might be. The learned archdeacon Nares has pretty much proved it to have been the Spanish wine now called *Sherry*. Thus in Blount's *Glossographias* "*Sherry sack*, so called from *Xeres*, a town of Corduba in Spain, where that kind of *sack* is made." And in Markham's *English Housewife*: "Your best sacks are of *Seres* in Spaine." And indeed Falstaff expressly calls it *sherris-sack*. The latter part of the name, *sack*, is thought to have come from its being a dry wine, *vin sec*; and it was formerly written *seck*. It appears, however, that there were divers *sacks*. Thus in Howell's *Londin-*

*opolis*: "I read in the reign of Henry VII. that no sweet wines were brought into this reign but Malmseys." And again: "More-over no *sacks* were sold but Rumney, and that for medicine more than drink, but now *many kinds of sacks* are known and used." And still more conclusively in Venners's *Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*, 1637: "But what I have spoken of mixing *sugar* with *sack*, must be understood of *Sherrie sack*, for to mix sugar with other wines, that in a common appellation are called *sack*, and are *sweeter in taste*, makes it unpleasant to the pallat, and fulsome to the taste."

### Scene III.

29 *et seq.* [*Hotspur*.] Shakespeare has put forth all his poetic strength in giving to Percy's speeches, and especially to his descriptions, the most graphic definiteness of detail, and a naturalness which raises into higher sphere the racy audacity of Faulconbridge. Hotspur sets about explaining how it happened that he refused to hand over his prisoners to the King, and begins his defence by describing the courtier who demanded them of him; but he is not content with a general outline, or with relating what this personage said with regard to the prisoners; he gives examples even of his talk. Why this dwelling upon trivial and ludicrous details? Because it is a touch of reality and begets illusion. Precisely because we cannot at first see the reason why Percy should recall such trifling circumstances, it seems impossible that the thing should be a mere invention. Henry Percy stands before our eyes, covered with dust and blood, as on the field of Holmedon. We see the courtier at his side holding his nose as the bodies are carried past, and we hear him giving the young commander his medical advice and irritating him to the verge of frenzy.

34, 35. *his chin new reap'd*, etc.:—To understand this the reader should bear in mind that the courtier's beard, according to the fashion in the Poet's time, would not be closely shaved, but *shorn* or *trimmed*, and would therefore show like a *stubble-land new reap'd*.

83. *that great magician, damn'd Glendower*:—The reputed magic of Glendower is thus set forth by Holinshed: "About mid August [1402] the King went with a great power of men into Wales, but in effect he lost his labour; for Owen conveyed himselfe out of the waie into his known lurking places, and (as was



thought) through art magike he caused such foule weather of winds, tempest, raine, snow, and haile to be raised for the annoiance of the Kings armie, that the like had not beene heard of; in such sort, that the King was constrained to returne home, having caused his people yet to spoile and burne first a great part of the countrie."

84, 85. *Whose daughter*, etc.:—So in Holinshed: "Edmund Mortimer, Earle of March, prisoner with Owen Glendour, whether for irksomnesse of cruell captivitie, or feare of death, or for what other cause, it is uncerteine, agreed to take part with Owen against the King of England, and tooke to wife the daughter of the said Owen." But the Mortimer, who had been sent into Wales, was not the Earl of March, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the earl, and therefore perhaps distrusted by the King, as the natural protector of his nephew. At this time the Earl of March was but about ten years old, and was held in safe keeping at Windsor. The mistake runs through Holinshed's chapter on the reign of Henry IV., and was not original with him.

106. *hid his crisp head*:—The same image occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*: "The Volga trembled at his terror, and hid his seven *curled heads*." Likewise in one of Jonson's *Masques*:—

"The rivers run as smoothèd by his hand,  
Only their *heads* are *crispèd* by his stroke."

In 1762 some very profound genius put forth *A Dialogue on Taste*, wherein the passage in the text is commented on thus: "Nature could never have pointed out, that a river was capable of cowardice, or that, it was consistent with the character of a gentleman such as Percy, to say the thing that was not." A piece of criticism which, though hugely curious, probably need not be criticised. Yet we might ask whether Milton be not guilty of an equal sin against nature, when he represents Sabrina, a tutelary power of the Severn, as rising, attended by water nymphs and singing,—

"By the rushy-fringèd bank,  
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,  
My sliding chariot stays."

146. *next of blood*:—Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was declared heir apparent to the crown in 1385, but was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person proclaimed by Richard II. previous to his



last voyage to Ireland, was *Edmund Mortimer*, son of Roger. He was not Lady Percy's brother, but her nephew. He was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard.

201, 202. *By heaven*, etc.:—Kreyssig contrasts Hotspur's passion for honour with Falstaff's indifference to it (V. i.): "Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no." Henry, in this matter, is equally remote from Falstaff and from Hotspur.

230. *sword-and-buckler*:—The meaning and force of this epithet are well shown by a passage in Stowe's *Survey of London*: "This field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffians' Hall, by reason it was the usual place for frayes and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use; when every *serving man*, from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his sword." And John Florio, in his *First Fruites*, 1578: "What weapons bear they? Some sword and dagger, some *sword and buckler*. What weapon is that *buckler*? A clownish dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman."

## ACT SECOND.

### Scene I.

[*An inn yard.*] "No sooner," says Brandes, "has the rebellion been hatched in the royal palace than the second Act opens with a scene in an inn yard on the Dover road. It is just daybreak; some carriers cross the yard with their lanterns, going to the stable to saddle their horses; they hail each other, gossip, and tell each other how they have passed the night. Not a word do they say about Prince Henry or Falstaff; they talk of the price of oats, and of how 'this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.' Their speeches have nothing to do with the action; they merely sketch its locality and put the audience in tune for it; but seldom in poetry has so much been effected in so few words. The night sky, with Charles' Wain 'over the new chimney,' the flickering gleam of the lanterns in the dirty yard, the fresh air of the early dawn, the misty atmosphere, the mingled odour of damp peas and beans, of bacon and ginger, all comes straight home to our senses. The situation takes hold of us with all the irresistible force of reality."

12, 13. *the price of oats*:—The price of grain was very high in 1596; which may have put Shakespeare upon making poor Robin thus die of one idea.

22. *breeds fleas like a loach*:—It appears from a passage in Holland's translation of Pliny that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas: "Last of all some fishes there be which of themselves are given to breed fleas and lice; among which the chalcis, a kind of turgot, is one." The meaning here, however, appears to be, "breeds fleas as fast as a loach breeds loaches"; the loach being reckoned a peculiarly prolific fish.

28. *turkeys*:—This is one of the Poet's anachronisms. Turkeys were not brought into England until the reign of Henry VIII.

36. *two o'clock*:—The Carrier has just said, "An it be not *four* by the day, I'll be hanged." Probably he suspects Gadshill, and tries to mislead him.

53-56. *quothe the chamberlain, etc.*:—The chamberlain was a tavern officer or servant. Attendants of this class often conspired with highwaymen and shared in their booty. Thus in *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey*, 1605: "He dealt with the *chamberlaine* of the house, to learn which way they went in the morning, which the *chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes if they sped."

## Scene II.

2. *frets like a gummed velvet*:—Thus in *The Malcontent*, 1604: "I'll come among you, like *gum* into taffata, to *fret, fret*." Velvet and taffeta were sometimes stiffened with gum; but the consequence was, that the stuff being thus hardened quickly rubbed and fretted itself out.

## Scene III.

[*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.*] This letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland.

39. *Kate*:—Shakespeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, which was *Elizabeth*, or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the name of *Kate*. Hall and Holinshed call her erroneously *Elinor*.

## Scene IV.

[*The Boar's-Head Tavern.*] Ulrici says: "Between the purely historical elements to which we have hitherto confined our attention, and which Shakespeare's masterly skill has combined into a grand and harmonious work of art—between this purely historical representation which is based entirely upon a serious and profound contemplation of history, there are interspersed, in both parts of the drama, scenes of an entirely comic character, not merely to ridicule the serious aspect presented by history, but which seem to stand in no sort of inner connection with the action or with the motives forming its basis. Falstaff and his boon companions Poins, Peto, Pistol, Bardolph, Mrs. Quickly, etc., are wholly unhistorical persons. No sort of affinity can be proved to exist between the J. Falstolfe who commanded in the so-called *Bataille des Harengs* under Henry VI., and our knight (Sir John); Shakespeare assuredly never thought of any such connection (as is proved even by the difference of the name, and still more by the circumstance that the famous corpulent knight, in Shakespeare, was originally called Sir John Oldcastle, and rechristened Falstaff only upon a demand of the Puritans who honoured a man of the same name among their sect). Yet these scenes fill almost one half of the whole play. In no other historical drama of Shakespeare's do we find such a total division of the subject. It is true that he has elsewhere introduced comic and freely invented scenes, but always merely incidentally as intermediate scenes, which, as such, if closely examined, always have their good meaning, inasmuch as they are intended to represent some secondary motive of the action. Here, on the other hand, the comic and unhistorical portions are so strikingly elaborate, that the questions as to their justification becomes a vital point as regards the historical and æsthetic value of the whole drama."

17. *when you breathe in your watering*:—That is, when you stop and take breath while drinking. So in Rowland's *Letting of Humour's Blood*, 1600:—

"A pox of *piece-meal drinking*, William says,  
*Play it away*, we'll have no stoppes and staves;  
 Blown drinke is odious; what man can digest it?  
 No faithful drunkard but he should detest it."

Thus also in Peacham's *Complcat Gentleman*: "If he dranke off his cups cleanelly, *took not his wind in his draught*, spit not, left

nothing in the pot, nor spilt any upon the ground, he had the prize."

240. *These lies*:—We cannot persuade ourselves that Falstaff thinks of deceiving anybody by this string of "incomprehensible lies." He tells them, surely, not expecting or intending them to be believed, but partly for the pleasure he takes in the excited play of his faculties, partly for the surprise he causes by his still more incomprehensible feats of dodging; that is, they are studied self-exposures to invite an attack; that he may provoke his hearers to come down upon him, and then witch them with his facility and felicity in extricating himself. Thus his course here is all of a piece with his usual practice of surrounding himself with difficulties, the better to exercise and evince his incomparable fertility and alertness of thought; as knowing that the more he entangles himself in his talk, the richer will be the effect when by a word he slips off the entanglement. We shrewdly suspect that he knew the truth all the while, but determined to fall in with and humour the joke, on purpose to make sport for himself and the Prince; and at the same time to retort their deception by pretending to be ignorant of their doings and designs. At all events, we must needs think it were a huge impeachment of his sense, to suppose that in telling such gross and palpable lies he has any thought of being believed.

288, 289. *should I turn*, etc.:—The logic of this passage even beats the wit, fine as is the latter. The Prince was not "the true prince," according to the settled rule of succession. The logic is, that none but a man composed and framed of royalty could inspire a lion with such fear; and on the other hand no beast but the lion is brave and gentle enough to feel this instinctive respect for royalty. So that Falstaff's running from him proves him to be what he is not, and is alike honourable to them both.

535. *hide thee behind the arras*:—When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the walls of houses and castles; but this practice was soon discontinued. After the damp of the stone and brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such distance from the wall as prevented the damp from being injurious; large spaces were thus left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Our old dramatists avail themselves of this convenient hiding-place upon all occasions.

547, 548. *The man*, etc.:—Shakespeare has been blamed for ma-

king the Prince utter this falsehood. Surely the blame were more justly visited on the Prince than on the Poet. Shakespeare did not mean to set forth the connection with Falstaff as altogether harmless; and if he had done so, he would have been untrue to nature. The Prince is indeed censurable; yet not so much for telling the falsehood as for letting himself into a necessity either to do so, or to betray his accomplice. What he does is bad enough; but were it not still worse to expose Falstaff in an act which himself has countenanced?

## ACT THIRD.

### Scene I.

[*Hotspur.*] From first to last, from top to toe, Hotspur is the hero of the feudal ages, indifferent to culture and polish, faithful to his brother-in-arms to the point of risking everything for his sake, caring neither for state, king, nor commons; a rebel, not for the sake of any political idea, but because independence is all in all to him; a proud, self-reliant, unscrupulous vassal, who, himself a sort of sub-king, has deposed one king, and waits to depose the usurper he has exalted, because he has not kept his promises. Clothed in renown, and ever more insatiate of military honour, he is proud from independence of spirit and truthful out of pride. He is a marvellous figure as Shakespeare has projected him, stammering, absent, turbulent, witty, now simple, now magniloquent. His hauberk clatters on his breast, his spurs jingle at his heel, wit flashes from his lips, while he moves and has his being in a golden nimbus of renown.

12-16. *at my nativity*, etc.:—The singular behaviour of nature at the birth of Glendower is thus mentioned by Holinshed: "Strange wonders happened (as men reported) at the nativitie of this man; for the same night he was borne all his fathers horsses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to the bellies." And in 1402 a blazing star appeared, which the Welsh bards construed as foretokening success to Glendower.

39, 40. So in the description of an earthquake at Catania, quoted by Malone: "There was a blow as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; *the cattle in the fields ran crying.*"

72-79. *The archdeacon*. etc.:—This matter is thus given by Holinshed: "They by their deputies, in the house of the Archdeacon of Bangor, divided the realme amongst them, causing a tripartite indenture to bee made and sealed with their seales, by the covenants whereof all England from Severne and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the Earle of March; all Wales and the lands beyond Severne, westward, were appointed to Owen Glendour; and the remnant, from Trent northward, to the Lord Persie."

196. *my aunt Percy*:—Hotspur's wife was sister to Sir Edmund Mortimer, and therefore of course aunt to the young Earl of March. And she has been spoken of in the play as Mortimer's sister, yet he here calls her his *aunt*. From which it appears that Shakespeare not only mistook Sir Edmund for the Earl of March, or rather followed an authority who had so mistaken him, but sometimes confounded the two.

264. *turn tailor*:—Tailors, like weavers, have ever been remarkable for their vocal skill. Percy is jocular in his mode of persuading his wife to sing. The meaning is, "to *sing* is to put yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds."

## Scene II.

1. *the Prince of Wales*:—Henry Percy is by no means the hero of the play. He is only the foil to the hero, throwing into relief the young Prince's unpretentious nature, his careless sporting with rank and dignity, his light-hearted contempt for all conventional honour, all show and appearance. Every garland with which Hotspur wreathes his helm is destined in the end to deck the brows of Henry of Wales. The answer to Hotspur's question as to what has become of the madcap Prince of Wales and his comrades, shows what colours Shakespeare has held in reserve for the portraiture of his true hero.

39-47. *Had I so lavish . . . wonder'd at*:—Brandes says: "The political developments arising from Henry IV.'s wrongful seizure of the throne of Richard II. afford the groundwork of the play. The King, situated partly like Louis Philippe, partly like Napoleon III., does all he can to obliterate the memory of his usurpation. But he does not succeed. Why not? Shakespeare gives a twofold answer. First there is the natural, human reason: the relation of characters and circumstances. The King has risen



by the 'fell working' of his friends; he is afraid of falling again before their power. His position forces him to be mistrustful, and his mistrust repels every one from him, first Mortimer, then Percy, then, as nearly as possible, his own son. Secondly, we have the prescribed religious reason: that wrong avenges itself, that punishment follows upon the heels of guilt—in a word, the so-called principle of 'poetic justice.' If only to propitiate the censorship and the police, Shakespeare could not but do homage to this principle. It was bad enough that the theatres should be suffered to exist at all; if they so far forgot themselves as to show vice unpunished and virtue unrewarded, the playwright would have to be sternly brought to his senses. The character of the King is a masterpiece. He is the shrewd, mistrustful, circumspect ruler, who has made his way to the throne by dint of smiles and pressures of the hand, has employed every artifice for making an impression, has first ingratiated himself with the populace by his affability, and has then been sparing of his personal presence."

103. *in debt to years*:—The Poet with great dramatic propriety approximates the ages of the Prince and Hotspur, for the better kindling of a noble emulation between them. So that we need not suppose him ignorant that Hotspur was about twenty years the older.

### Scene III.

28, 29. *lantern in the poop*, etc.:—So Dekker, in his *Wonderful Year*, 1603: "An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his *nose*. The Hamburgers offered I know not how many dollars for his companie in an East India voyage, to have stood a nights in the poepe of their Admiral, only to save the charges of candles."

79, 80. *eight shillings an ell*:—This, for Holland linen, appears a high price for the time; but hear Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses*: "In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillings, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pound a peece, yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any doth cost a crowne or a noble at the least; and yet that is scarcely thought fine enough for the simplest person."

## ACT FOURTH.

## Scene I.

2. *In this fine age*:—The untamed and violent spirit of feudal nobility, the reckless and adventurous activity of the English race, the masculine nature itself in its uncompromising genuineness, all these vast and infinite forces which lie deep under the surface and determine the life of a whole period, a whole people, and one half of humanity, are at work in Hotspur. Elaborated to infinitesimal detail, this character yet includes the immensities into which thought must plunge if it would seek for the conditions and ideals of a historic epoch.

## Scene II.

[*Falstaff*.] "Swindling, speculation, ill-faith, and fraud," says Lloyd. "had never a better chance of being popular than when combined with the exhaustless wit, humour, good-humour, and general amusingness of Jack Falstaff, and laxity and grossness of body, life, and manners could never go so far to assert their independence of necessary viciousness and vileness, as when brightened by the gleams and sparkles, the lambent phosphorescence and piercing radiance, of his equally fanciful and intellectual invention. Yet the very course and occasion of the manifestation of these enchaining endowments, is the means of setting forth the natural sequence by which idleness, frivolousness, and sensuality bring on and ally with meanness of spirit and of aims, heartlessness, and even malice and murder: and as the action proceeds we become either ashamed of our sympathy with him, or alarmed at the risk we run by continuing any portion of it." And on the original of Falstaff Lloyd remarks: "In 1597, the earliest year we can trace the play in which Falstaff first appeared, the parents of Shakespeare, doubtless with his consent and advice, were parties to a suit which charged the defendant, a neighbour, though not, it would seem, a fellow townsman, with breach of contract in refusal to surrender land near Stratford for a valuable consideration. John Shakespeare, as appears from the bill in Chancery discovered by Malone, mortgaged the land he acquired with his wife for £40 to Edmund Lambert, of Barton on the Heath; but on the tender of repayment at an agreed date, thus the complaint avers,



the money was refused unless other moneys owing were also repaid, and possession of the property withheld by Edmund Lambert, and John, his son and heir after him. . . . I do not hesitate, therefore, to conclude that for some of the roguery and some of the bulk at least, if not the wit, that make up Jack Falstaff, the world is under obligations, and ought to own them, to Goodman Lambert of Barton."

### Scene IV.

13-26. *I fear, Sir Michael, etc.*:—Good faith and mutual confidence well founded, are the bond and tie of alliance, but when the time of muster comes, the presage of earlier scenes of appointments ill kept, is fulfilled. Northumberland absent sick—craftily sick it turns out; Owen Glendower, not come in in deference to his prophecies; and Mortimer, the very pretext of the rebellion, away also; while of those who arrive, Vernon and Worcester falsify the royal proposals, and misdeliver the result of the embassy, to no availing end at last. Lightness, superstition, ill-faith, over-confidence, precipitancy, and some bluster are thus in alliance with no more firmness than might be expected, and this against the steadfast and deliberate power of Henry Bolingbroke.

27, 28. *the king hath drawn, etc.*:—We see the able, energetic, and crafty King vexed by the pride of the powerful nobles, who had helped him to the crown and are reminiscent of the time when he himself, a powerful noble, stood in hardy opposition to his King. There is jealousy, and distrust, and provocation on either side, but Henry stands as the representative of the kingdom, of the injuries or discontents of which we hear nothing; and the Percies take thus the unfavoured part of disturbers of the public peace, whose private wrongs, even as they state them, do not claim much sympathy, as they are at least as guilty as the King. The description of civil war at the beginning assists the imagination, and also helps the reason to true judgement of the disorder and its origin. In Richard II. the crown is borne down by the resistance of an injured and high-spirited nobleman to general tyranny; the same contest is now to be renewed, but on more equal terms; and vigour, precaution, and kingly spirit are now matched in opposition against nobles, high-spirited, and it may be injured, but representing no national injuries—no public cause.

## ACT FIFTH.

## Scene I.

[*Enter the King . . . and Falstaff.*] "Henry's reign," observes Ulrici, "was in reality not disturbed by external hostilities and attacks, his government was internally weak and corrupt; he and his barons suffered because justice and morality, the foundations of political life, were in a state of decay. No reign, therefore, is so poor in true historical action, in creative, formative and improving ideas, so powerless in establishing new and lasting forms. The reign was of historical importance only as a transition stage in the further development of the great historical tragedy, and accordingly could not be passed over. Taken by itself Henry's reign turns solely upon *outwardly* establishing the usurped sovereignty, and is therefore without true value, without internal animation, and without progress to a better state of things. Hence in its outward actions it is wholly absorbed in empty externals and formalities, in semblance and untruth. Henry IV.—whom even Richard II. had described as an excellent actor, and who, in the present drama, himself expressly boasts of his skill in acting—is the chief and greatest among a number of stage heroes, who, it is true, are personally in bitter earnest with the representation of their several parts, but who are nevertheless only acting a play. To give a clear exhibition of this unreality, this semblance, this histrionic parade, was—consciously or unconsciously—the Poet's intention in placing the comic scenes so immediately by the side of the historical action, and in allowing them step by step to accompany the course of the latter."

2. *buſky*:—Some editions have *bosky*, which has the same meaning of wooded. "I do not know," says Blakeway, "whether Shakespeare ever surveyed the ground of Battlefield, but he has described the sun's rising over Haughmond Hill from that spot as accurately as if he had. It still merits the name of a *busky* hill." Milton's *Comus* has this passage, laden with poetical wealth:—

"I know each lane, and every alley green,  
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
And every *bosky* bourn from side to side,  
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood."

60. *the cuckoo's bird*:—The fact, as has been scientifically ascertained since Shakespeare's time, is, that the cuckoo has a habit of

laying her eggs in the hedge-sparrow's nest, and leaving them there to be hatched by the owner. The cuckoo chickens are then cherished, fed, and cared for by the sparrow as her own children, until they grow so large as to "oppress *her* nest," and become so greedy as to frighten and finally drive away their feeder from her own home, and from the objects of her tender solicitude. Thus Dr. Jenner, writing in 1787: "I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow, which then contained a cuckoo and three hedge-sparrows' eggs." And Colonel Montagu found a cuckoo "a few days old in a hedge-sparrow's nest, in a garden close to a cottage." Something of the same kind is affirmed of the cuckoo and *titlark* in Holland's *Pliny*, which first came out in 1601, some years after this play was written: "The *Titling*, therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge, and bringeth up the chicke of another bird; and this she doth so long, untill the young *cuckow*, being once fledge and readie to flie abroad, is so bold as to seize upon the old titling, and eat her up that hatched her." Shakespeare seems to have been the first to notice how the *hedge-sparrow* was wont to be treated by that naughty bird.

122. *bestride me*:—In the battle of Agincourt, Prince Henry, who was then king, did this act of friendship for his brother the Duke of Gloucester.

## Scene II.

29. *Deliver up . . . Westmoreland*:—He had been retained by Hotspur in pledge for the safe return of Worcester.

## Scene III.

58. *Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him*:—This is addressed to the Prince as he goes out; the rest of the speech is soliloquy. The play on *Percy* indicates that the first syllable of this name and the word *pierce* had the same sound.

## Scene IV.

[*Another part of the field.*] Ulrici says: "In the first part [of *Henry IV.*] the battle of Shrewsbury forms the catastrophe, the centre and aim of the action. In this part the nature of feudalism is represented more from its chivalrous aspect. The barons, in whom this element predominates, who are more knights than

feudal lords—Percy, Douglas, Mortimer and Blunt—are the leaders of the events. Hence we have here, of course, preëminently a representation of the nature of personal prowess, the foundation of chivalry. Percy is the representative of that inborn, natural valour, that unbridled conceit in the power of the individual I, that reckless courage of the knight errant which heedlessly throws itself into danger, nay, which finds pleasure in it, and seeks for it, because it is necessary for the development of his nature, for his enjoyment and for the gratification of his ambition. Prince Henry, on the other hand, is the representative of that other and higher valour which is of an entirely intellectual nature, consisting in the mind's conscious superiority over danger, whether it be to overcome it, or to remain the victor in spite of being apparently vanquished."

35-38. *I fear*, etc.:—The matter is thus delivered by Holinshed: "This battell lasted three long houres, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length the King, crieng saint George, victorie, brake the arraie of his enemies, and adventured so farre, that (as some write) the earle Dowglas strake him downee, and at that instant slue sir Walter Blunt and three others, apparalled in the Kings sute and clothing, saieng, I marvell to see so many kings thus suddenlie arise, one in the necke of an other. The King indeed was raised, and did that daie manie a noble feat of armes; for, as it is written, he slue that daie with his owne hands six and thirtie persons of his enemies."

98. *these fair rites*, etc.:—"The old chivalrous times," says Clarke, "afforded many instances of these acts of gentle observance between mutually adverse knights, when one was overthrown; and Shakespeare has here commemorated a specially beautiful one, by making his hero to screen a foe's mangled face in the moment of death, amid the turmoil and distortion of a battle-field."

151, 152. *by Shrewsbury clock*:—In mentioning this church-clock by its name, Shakespeare gives the humorous effect of pretended exactness to Falstaff's account of his exploit, and also reminds the audience of the exact site of the scene they are witnessing, and the great event then enacting—the battle of Shrewsbury.

## Scene V.

1. *Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke*:—The conclusion of the whole matter may be thus summarized from Holinshed: The

Prince that day help his father like a lusty young gentleman; for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow so that divers noblemen that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would not suffer them so to do, lest his departure from amongst his men might happily have stricken some fear into their hearts. The Prince, encouraged by his father's doings, fought valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Sir Henry Hotspur. To conclude, the King's enemies were vanquished and put to flight: in which flight the Earl of Douglas, for haste, falling from the crag of a high mountain, was taken, and, for his valiantness of the King frankly and freely delivered. There were also taken the Earl of Worcester, the procurer and setter-forth of all this mischief, Sir Richard Vernon, with divers other. The Earl of Worcester, the Baron of Kinderton and Sir Richard Vernon, knights, were condemned and beheaded.

## Questions on 1 Henry IV.

1. In the order of historic chronology, where does the present play belong among the historical dramas of Shakespeare?
2. When was it probably written?
3. What evidences of maturity have been noted in this play as compared with *King John*, *Richard II.*, and *Richard III.*?
4. Mention the sources of the play. Point out some historical inaccuracies.

### ACT FIRST.

5. Review the part played by Bolingbroke in the preceding drama, *Richard II.* How does King Henry review this in the opening speech of the present play?
6. Define the literary quality of this speech.
7. To what enterprise is the King about to turn his attention?
8. What reports of troubles in Wales and in the north put aside the King's enterprise?
9. How are Harry Percy and Prince Hal first shown in contrast? What theme, sounded in various keys throughout this play, is first given out in the King's speech?
10. Is the purpose of the play to demonstrate the irony of the King's feeling about Prince Hal?
11. What is Worcester's attitude towards the King? What position has Percy taken which foreshadows rupture with the King?
12. Where does Sc. ii. take place? What is implied by not introducing a common meeting-ground, such as a tavern?
13. How is Falstaff's habit of life presented at the opening of Sc. ii.? Comment upon his good nature, his imagination, his mental alertness, his ability to win laughter and good-humoured toleration.
14. What is implied by the term *buff jerkin*? How is it used twice in this play?
15. Tell what is implied by the Prince's application to Falstaff of the terms, *thou latter spring!* . . . *All-halloven summer!*

16. Show the purpose in the elucidation of Falstaff's character of the robbery plotted in the latter half of Sc. ii.

17. Comment on the bearing of the Prince towards his associates. Does it prepare one for the soliloquy with which the Scene closes? What is the dramatic purpose of this soliloquy in the larger scheme of the drama? Where is its correlative?

18. Can one escape the feeling that the Prince is a prig? Does Shakespeare intend that an impression unfavourable to the Prince shall be derived? What led the Prince to choose such associates?

19. What traits does Sc. iii. show in the King that have been already discerned in the Prince?

20. Who was dismissed from the council?

21. What impression of Hotspur do you get from his defense of himself to the King? Characterize Blunt's speech (line 70 *et seq.*).

22. Relative to Mortimer, what request did Hotspur make of the King, and how was it answered? What confusion does Shakespeare make in this discussion of Mortimer of two individuals bearing that name?

23. Who was *Richard, that sweet lovely rose*? What are the facts relative to him here alluded to? Why the above epithet?

24. How does Worcester characterize the speech of Hotspur? Does the Poet overdo Hotspur in this place, or is his vehemence of language natural to one of his temperament?

25. Who proposes the plot? How was the act foreshadowed? What details of the plot are formulated? Wherein is it weak?

## ACT SECOND.

26. Show how Sc. 1 prepares for the second Scene by suggesting the action and the actors, also by creating the proper atmosphere.

27. What clue to his nature does Falstaff afford in his soliloquy (Sc. ii.) that helps us to understand his non-moral character?

28. Who is the probable writer of the letter shown at the opening of Sc. iii.? Why was the author left unnamed? What part does the letter play in the evolution of the plot?

29. What type of woman was Lady Percy?

30. What side of his nature does Hotspur show to women? Especially note the effect of Hotspur's rejoinder after Lady Percy's long speech. What was Percy's preoccupation of mind during her delivery of it?



31. Was the purpose of the dramatist (Sc. iv.) any other than that alleged by the Prince in presenting the joke played upon the drawer Francis?

32. Explain and account for the mood of the Prince shown in lines 107-122 of Sc. iv.

33. Explain Falstaff's allusion in line 147 *et seq.* What is the humour of it?

34. Why does Poins instead of the Prince take up Falstaff's accusation of coward? What trait of Falstaff is immediately exploited?

35. Why does the lying of Falstaff not offend our moral scruples?

36. What dramatic expedient temporarily takes Falstaff out of the Scene after line 317? What is the quality of Bardolph's wit?

37. Contrast the power of creating humorous diversion possessed respectively by the Prince and by Falstaff, as seen in the Francis episode and in the mock scene of the Prince's examination by his father.

38. What subtle purpose has Falstaff in openly playing false to his associates in friendship with the Prince?

39. What two threads tie the action with subsequent scenes?

## ACT THIRD.

40. What fantastic qualities are displayed by Glendower? Why fantastic rather than poetic? Are these traits racial?

41. Why does Percy enter upon a bickering-match with him?

42. How does the tripartite division of England among the revolters help to point the weakness of the insurrection?

43. What effect is produced by the dispute over the equality of the division?

44. What is the purpose of the scene with the ladies? Indicate the effect of music here. How does this scene help to foreshadow the failure of the revolt?

45. In what way is the conscience of the King troubled? How does he believe himself punished?

46. By what means did Henry secure the good-will of the people, and hence the throne? How does he describe the habit of Richard II.?

47. What is Henry's attitude towards Prince Hal? What is



the Prince's attitude towards his father? Does the King understand the Prince?

48. In Scene ii., after line 128, how might King Henry have gone on and unfolded to the Prince the rationale of the revolt and seen in it, as regards himself, a visitation of nemesis?

49. How much of the philosophic temper had he, added to his immense practical resourcefulness?

50. Comment on the artfulness of the King in touching the chord most calculated to arouse the loyalty of the Prince.

51. What is the effect of Scenes i. and ii. shown in contrast? Where is the climax of the play? What Napoleonic policy does the King profess at the end of Sc. ii.?

52. What is the humorous effect of Falstaff's laying his faults on the company he keeps? How does Falstaff disclose the manner of his return from the Gadshill expedition?

53. Compare Falstaff's scolding-match with Dame Quickly with that between Hotspur and Glendower.

54. How does Falstaff end the quarrel with the Hostess?

## ACT FOURTH.

55. Mention the various speeches of compliment to Douglas that the play contains.

56. What is the first stage in the fall of the action? On what ground does Northumberland urge the prosecution of the plans?

57. What face does Hotspur put on the absence of Northumberland to show to the advantage of the insurgents?

58. What effect is produced by the manner of presenting the character of the opposition coming to meet them and the curtailment of their own forces? Comment on the demonic power displayed by Percy.

59. How does he speak of the Prince of Wales?

60. How is it shown that the cause is lost even before the fighting begins?

61. How did Falstaff recruit his regiment? How does he describe it? What is Falstaff's state of mind in delivering his soliloquy in Sc. ii.?

62. How is the council of war (Sc. iii.) divided in opinion? What message is received from the King?

63. What facts concerning Henry, not already presented in the

play, does Hotspur advance? What facts contained in the earlier parts of the play does Hotspur rehearse?

64. How has the Archbishop of York been referred to in earlier parts of the play? Estimate his character as displayed in Sc. iv.

## ACT FIFTH.

65. What was the appearance of the sky on the day of the battle? What is the purpose of the visit of Worcester and Vernon to the King? Of what does Worcester accuse the King?

66. Is this speech of Worcester necessary for purposes of exposition?

67. What message does the Prince send to Hotspur?

68. What is the effect of the Prince's rebuke to Falstaff in line 29, Sc. i.?

69. In what different lights, in the course of the play, has the subject of honour been presented? Show the humour of Falstaff's arguments; their common sense and their fallacy.

70. Is Worcester's temper more that of the statesman than that of the soldier? Had he lost heart in his affair after his visit to the King?

71. What is the mood of Hotspur before the battle? What hopes had he of success? What is the effect of Vernon's recital of praises of the Prince?

72. What was the King's ruse to secure personal safety in battle? What other ends did he seek to effect by means of this same ruse?

73. How does Shakespeare complete the characterization of the King by making him participate in the active part of the battle?

74. How does the Prince show his magnanimity?

75. What are Hotspur's dying words? What emotions do they arouse? Compare the effect of the death of Percy and the death of Hamlet.

76. In Sc. iv., interpret lines 105, 106: *O, I should have*, etc.

77. To make humour out of Falstaff's desecration of the dead body of Percy argues what for Elizabethan sensibilities?

78. Does Falstaff even redeem himself by the superb impudence of his claiming to be the slayer of Percy? With what resolution does Falstaff quit the scene? Comment on the spirit of it.

79. Does poetic justice approve the fates of Worcester, Vernon, and Douglas?

## KING HENRY IV.

## Questions

80. Does the play show that the ends of righteousness are sometimes best met by the arm of the strongest?

81. How was it that Henry maintained his right to the throne?

82. What is the underlying philosophy of this play?

83. Does the humorous interest outweigh the serious?

84. Whom do you regard as the hero of the play?

85. Does Hotspur or Prince Hal enlist your sympathies? Do you feel any shock to poetic justice in the death of Hotspur? Where in *2 Henry IV.* are there additional touches to his portrait?

See also general questions at the end of *2 Henry IV.*











